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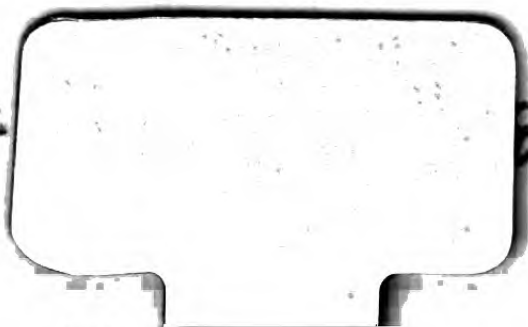


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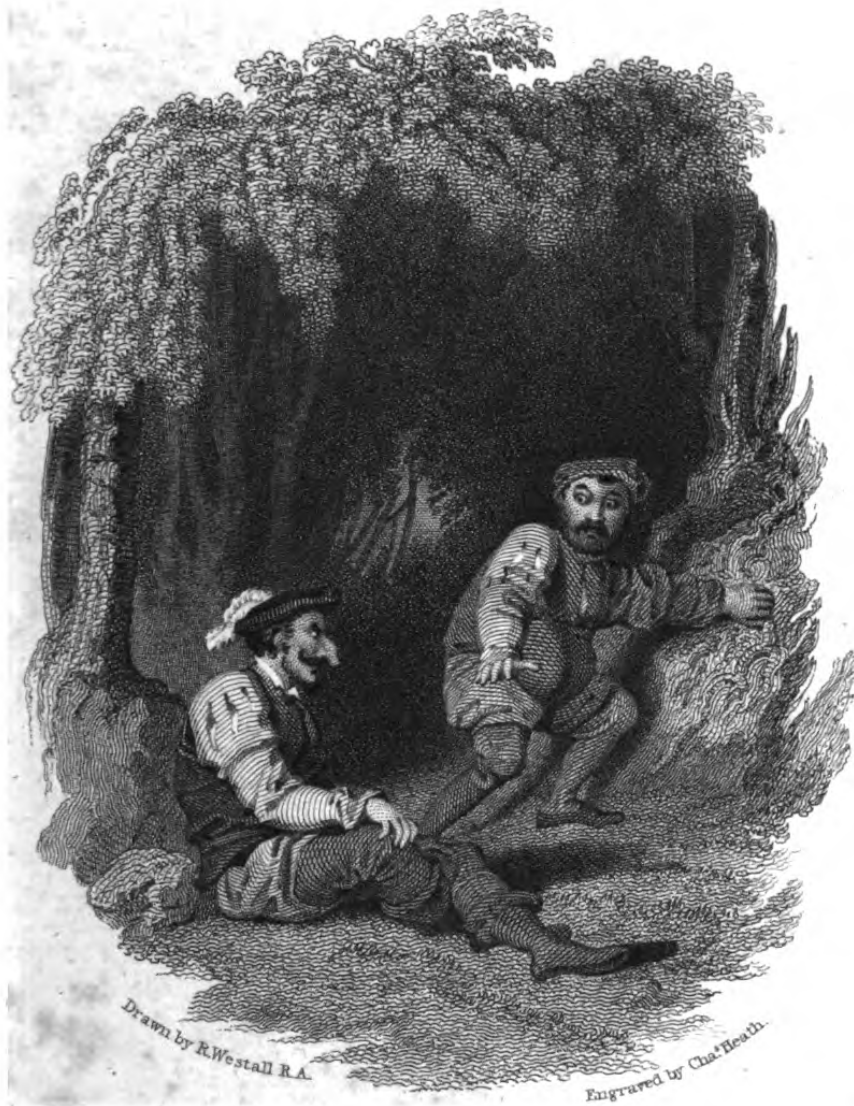
51





DON QUIXOTE.

VOL. III.



Page 142.

LONDON:
Published by Hurst, Robinson & Co. 90 Cheapside.
• 1820.



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THE
LIFE AND ADVENTURES
OF
DON QUIXOTE
DE LA MANCHA.

A NEW EDITION:
WITH ENGRAVINGS FROM DESIGNS
BY RICHARD WESTALL, R. A.



IN FOUR VOLUMES.

VOL. III.

LONDON:
PRINTED FOR HURST, ROBINSON, AND CO.
CHEAPSIDE.

1820.



LONDON:

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CONTENTS

OF

VOL. III.

	Page
The Preface to the Reader - - - - -	1

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of what passed between the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his indisposition - - - - -	7
--	---

CHAP. II.

Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, with other pleasant occurrences - - - - -	23
---	----

CHAP. III.

Of the pleasant conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco - - - - -	31
---	----

CHAP. IV.

Wherein Sancho Panza answers the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's doubts and questions, with other incidents worthy to be known and recited - - - - -	42
--	----

CHAP. V.

Of the wise and pleasant discourse which passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza - - - - -	50
--	----

CHAP. VI.

Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece, and housekeeper; being one of the most important chapters of the whole history - - - - -	59
---	----

CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAP. VII.	
Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire, with other most famous occurrences - - - -	68
CHAP. VIII.	
Wherein is related what befell Don Quixote, as he was going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso - - - -	78
CHAP. IX.	
Which relates what will be found in it - - - -	88
CHAP. X.	
In which is related the cunning used by Sancho in enchanting the lady Dulcinea, with other events as ridiculous as they are true - - - - -	94
CHAP. XI.	
Of the strange adventure, which befell the valorous Don Quixote, with the wain or waggon of the Parliament of Death - - - - -	107
CHAP. XII.	
Of the strange adventure, which befell the valorous Don Quixote, with the brave knight of the looking-glasses -	116
CHAP. XIII.	
Wherein is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood, with the wise, new, and pleasant dialogue between the two squires - - - - -	125
CHAP. XIV.	
In which is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood - - - - -	134
CHAP. XV.	
Giving an account who the knight of the looking-glasses and his squire were - - - - -	150

CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAP. XVI.	
Of what befell Don Quixote with a discreet gentleman of La Mancha - - - - -	153

CHAP. XVII.	
Wherein is set forth the last and highest point at which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did, or could, arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions - - - - -	167

BOOK II.

CHAP. I.	
Of what befell Don Quixote in the castle or house of the knight of the green riding-coat, with other extravagant matters - - - - -	182

CHAP. II.	
Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly pleasant accidents - - - - -	194

CHAP. III.	
Giving an account of the wedding of Camacho the Rich, with the adventure of Basilius the Poor - - - - -	205

CHAP. IV.	
In which is continued the history of Camacho's wedding, with other delightful accidents - - - - -	217

CHAP. V.	
Wherein is related the grand adventure of the cave of Montesinos, lying in the heart of La Mancha; to which the valorous Don Quixote gave a happy conclusion - - - - -	227

CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAP. VI.	
Of the wonderful things which the unexampled Don Quixote de la Mancha declared he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which makes this adventure pass for apocryphal - - - -	238
CHAP. VII.	
In which are recounted a thousand impertinencies necessary to the right understanding of this grand history - - -	253
CHAP. VIII.	
Wherein is begun the braying adventure, together with the pleasant one of the puppet-player, and the memorable divinations of the divining ape - - - - -	263
CHAP. IX.	
Wherein is continued the pleasant adventure of the puppet-player, with sundry other matters in truth sufficiently good - - - - -	276
CHAP. X.	
Wherein is related, who master Peter and his ape were; with the ill success Don Quixote had in the braying adventure, which he finished not as he wished and intended - - -	288
CHAP. XI.	
Of things, which Benengeli says, he who reads them will know, if he read with attention - - - - -	298
CHAP. XII.	
Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark - - -	305
CHAP. XIII.	
Of what befell Don Quixote with a fair huntress - - -	314

CONTENTS.

	Page
CHAP. XIV.	
Which treats of many and great things - - - -	322
CHAP. XV	
Of the answer Don Quixote gave to his reprover, with other grave and pleasant events - - - -	334
Notes - - - - -	355



THE
PREFACE TO THE READER.

HEAVENS! with what impatience, gentle, or, it may be, simple reader, must thou be now waiting for this preface, expecting to find in it resentments, railings, and invectives without number, against the author of the second Don Quixote; him, I mean, who, it is said, was begotten in Tordesillas, and whelped in Tarragona! But, in truth, it is not my design to give thee that satisfaction; for, though injuries are apt to awaken choler in the humblest breasts, yet in mine must this rule admit of an exception. Thou wouldst have me, perhaps, call him ass, coxcomb, madman! But no: be his own sin his punishment; let him chew the cud of remorse, and there, for me, let the matter rest.

Yet I cannot forbear resenting, that he should upbraid me with age, and with having lost my hand: as if it were in my power to have hindered time from passing over my head, or as if the privation he mentions had happened in some drunken quarrel at a tavern, and not on the noblest occasion,¹ that past or

present ages have beheld, or the future can ever hope to witness. If my wounds do not reflect a lustre in the eyes of those who barely see them, they will, however, be esteemed by those who know how they were acquired ; for a soldier makes a better figure dead, in battle, than alive and at liberty, after running away : and so firmly am I of this opinion, that, could an impossibility be rendered practicable, and the same opportunity recalled, I would rather be again present in that prodigious scene, than whole and sound without sharing in the glory of it. The scars which a soldier exhibits in his face and breast, are stars, that guide others to the haven of honour, and the desire of just commendation ; and men do not write with grey hairs, but with the powers of the understanding, which are usually improved by years, and strengthened by experience.

I have also heard, that he taxes me with being envious ; and, as if I were ignorant, describes, for my benefit, what envy is : and, in good truth, he is right ; for of the two kinds of envy, I am acquainted only with that, which is sacred, noble, and virtuous : which would little incline me to reflect on any ecclesiastic, and especially one dignified with the title of a familiar of the inquisition ; and if he said what he did for the sake of that person,² which seems to be the case, he is utterly mistaken as to my sentiments ; for I adore his genius, admire his works, and revere his unwearied zeal in the cause of virtue :

in fine, I own myself obliged to that worthy author, for saying, that though my novels are more satirical than moral, they are, however, good; which they could not be without some share of both those qualities.

Methinks, gentle reader, thou wilt tell me, that I proceed with much circumspection, and confine myself within the limits of my own modesty, knowing, that we should not add affliction to the afflicted; and dire must be the state of this gentleman's feelings, since he dares not appear in the open field, nor in clear daylight, but conceals his name, and dissembles his country, as if he had committed some crime of high treason. If thou shouldst happen to fall into his company, pray, tell him from me, that I do not think myself aggrieved; for I very well know what the temptations of the devil are, and that one of his greatest snares is, the putting it into a man's head, that he can write a book, which shall procure him as much fame as money, and as much money as fame; and, in confirmation of what I say, I would have thee, in a pleasant vein, tell him this story:—

There was in Seville a madman, who formed as ridiculous and extravagant a conceit, as ever entered a disordered brain. He was in the practice of carrying a hollow cane, sharpened at one end; and whenever he met a dog in the street, or elsewhere, he would set his foot on one of the cur's hinder legs, and, holding the other with his hand, adjust the

cane, as well as he could, to the dog's posteriors, and blow him up as round as a ball; then, exhibiting him in this state, would give him a slap or two on the belly with the palm of his hand, and let him go; saying to the by-standers, who were always numerous, "Well, gentlemen, and now you think it an easy matter to blow up a dog?" And you, sir, think it an easy matter to write a book?—If that story should not suit him, pray, kind reader, tell him this other, which is likewise of a madman and a dog:—

In Cordova was another madman, who had a custom of carrying on his head a piece of a marble slab, or a heavy stone; and when he lighted upon any careless cur, would sily get close to him, and let it fall plump upon his head; upon which the terrified animal would limp away, barking and howling, without so much as looking behind him for three streets' length. Now it happened, that, among the dogs, upon whom he played this prank, one belonged to a cap-maker, who valued him mightily: down went the stone, and hit the dog plump on the head; the poor beast cries out; his master seeing the mischief, resents it; and catching up his measuring-yard, sallies forth upon the madman, and leaves him not a whole bone in his skin; saying at every blow, "Dog, rogue, what, abuse my spaniel! did you not see, barbarous villain, that my dog was a spaniel?" And often repeating the word spaniel, he dismissed the madman, beaten to a jelly. The culprit took his cor-

rection patiently, and disappeared from the marketplace for a whole month; at the end of which he returned to his pastime with a greater weight than ever; and coming to a place where a dog was lying, he considered him carefully from head to stern, and, not daring to let the stone fall, said, "Have a care! this is a spaniel." In short, whatever dogs he met with, though mastiffs or hounds, in his estimation were all spaniels; and he never ventured to repeat the ponderous experiment. And thus, perhaps, it may fare with our historian: he may be cautious for the future, how he lets fall his heavy wit in books, which, if bad, are harder than rocks themselves.

Tell him also, that, as to his threat, of depriving me by his book of my expected gain, I value it not a farthing; but shall apply a word or two from the famous interlude of the Perendenga, and answer, "Long live my lord and master, and Christ be with us all!" Long live the great Conde de Lemos, whose well known christian liberality supports me under all the strokes of adverse fortune! and may God prosper the eminent charity of his grace the archbishop of Toledo, Bernardo de Sandoval! Were there as many books written against me as there are letters in the rhymes of Mindo Rebulgo, the favour of these two princes, who, without solicitation, flattery, or praise of any kind on my part, but merely of their own good will, have condescended to patronize me, would be a sufficient defence; and I thus esteem myself

happier and richer, than if fortune, by ordinary means, had placed me on her highest pinnacle. The poor man may be honourable, the vicious can never be so: indigence may cloud, but cannot obscure nobility; and as virtue shines by its own light, though seen through the difficulties and crannies of poverty, it will always gain the esteem, and consequently the protection, of great and noble minds.

More than this thou needst not say to him, nor will I say more to thee, except to observe, that this second part of Don Quixote is cut by the same hand, and out of the same piece, as the first; and that in it I present thee with the knight at full length, and, at last, fairly dead and buried, that no one may presume to bring against him fresh accusations, those already brought being quite enough. Let it suffice, that a writer of some credit has given an account of his ingenious follies, resolving, however, not to take up the subject any more; for too much, even of a good thing, lessens it in our esteem; while scarcity gives a degree of value even to what is indifferent.

I had forgotten to tell thee, that I have nearly finished the *Persiles*, and that the second part of the *Galatea* may soon be expected. Farewell.

DON QUIXOTE.

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

Of what passed between the priest, the barber, and Don Quixote, concerning his indisposition.

CID Hamet Benengeli, in the second part of this history, which contains the third sally of Don Quixote, relates, that the priest and the barber were almost a whole month without seeing him, lest, by their presence, they should bring to his mind the remembrance of things past. Yet did they not refrain from visiting his niece and his housekeeper, charging them to take care and make much of him, and give him comforting things to eat, such as were proper for the heart and the brain, the sources, apparently, from which his disorder proceeded. These good women assured them, that it was their study to do so, and that they would persevere in the same course, with all possible care and good will; for they perceived

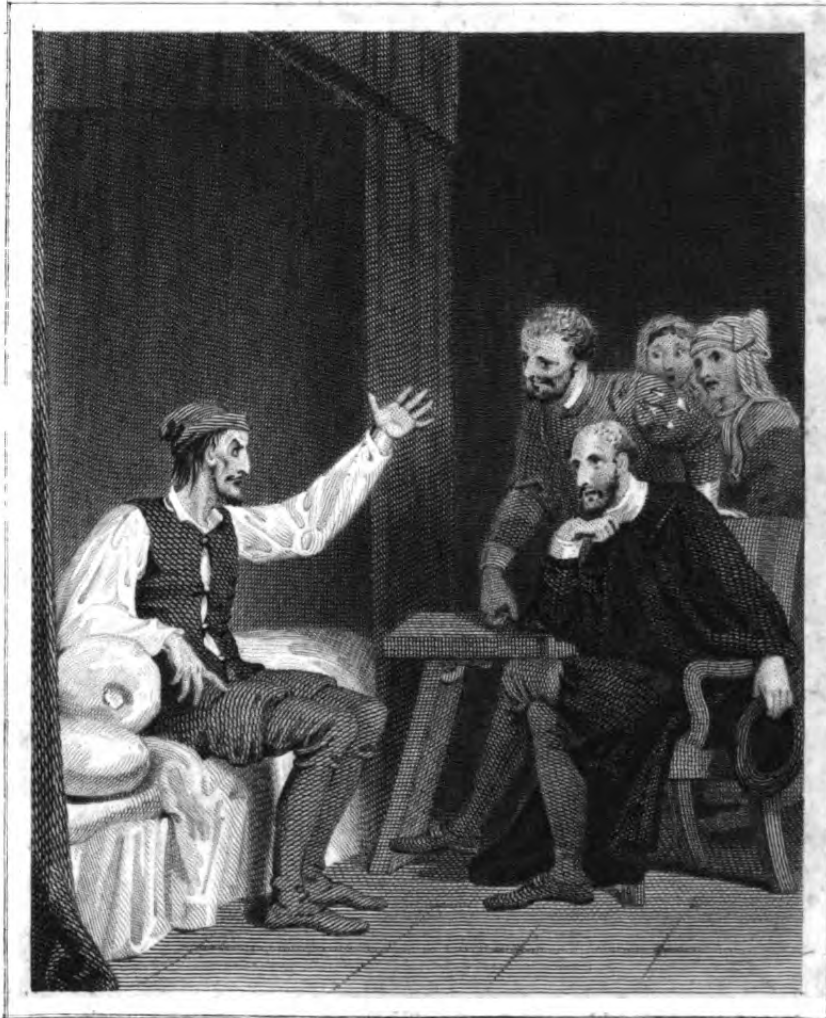
that their master occasionally discovered signs of being again in his right mind: at which the priest and the barber were overjoyed, thinking they had hit upon the proper plan, in having him brought home enchanted in the waggon, as is related in the last chapter of this no less great than exact history. They resolved therefore to visit him, and make trial of his amendment; but agreeing, at the same time, as they deemed it impossible he should be wholly cured, not to touch, in the slightest manner, upon the subject of knight-errantry, lest they should thereby open a wound that was yet tender, from being so recently closed.

In short, they entered his chamber, where they found him sitting on his bed, in a waistcoat of green baize, with a red Toledo bonnet on his head, and in so lean and shrivelled a state, as to be reduced to a seeming mummy. They were received by him with much kindness, and when they inquired respecting his health, he gave an account of his indisposition and of himself, with the utmost propriety both of manner and expression. In the course of conversation, they entered upon matters of state, and forms of government, during which they corrected this abuse and condemned that, reformed one custom and banished another, each setting himself up for a legislator, a modern Lycurgus, or a spick-and-span Solon, till they had remodelled the commonwealth as completely, as if they had committed it to a forge, and

then hammered it into a shape quite different from what it had before. Don Quixote expressed himself with so much good sense on every subject that was discussed, that the two inquisitors were disposed to believe, that he was in the entire possession of his reason; while the niece and the housekeeper, who were present during the conversation, observing in their master such proofs of a sound mind, thought they could never be sufficiently thankful to Heaven. From these favourable auspices, the priest, changing his former purpose, of not touching upon matters of chivalry, now resolved to make a thorough experiment, whether the knight was perfectly recovered or not; and from one transition to another, he at length introduced a piece of news, lately brought from court; that the Turk was coming down with a powerful fleet, and as it was not known what was his design, nor where the storm would burst, all christendom was alarmed, as usual, and the king had already provided for the security of the coasts of Naples and Sicily, as well as of the island of Malta. To this information, Don Quixote replied, "In providing in time for the defence of his dominions, that the enemy may not surprise him, the king has acted like a most prudent warrior; but if my counsel might be taken, I would recommend a precaution, which is perhaps the farthest of any from his majesty's thoughts." The priest no sooner heard these words, than he said within himself, "God help thee, poor knight! for

methinks thou art falling from the summit of thy madness, into the profoundest abyss of thy folly!" But the barber, though he had made the same reflection, ventured to ask, what precaution it was, that he thought so proper to be taken, for, perhaps, it was of a nature to be ranked with the many impertinent admonitions usually given to princes. "No, Mr. shaver," replied Don Quixote, "mine shall not be impertinent, but to the purpose." "I meant no harm," said the barber, "but only to suggest, what experience has proved to be true, that all or most of the projects offered by individuals to his majesty, have been impracticable, or absurd, or else prejudicial to the king or the state." "Granted," said Don Quixote; "but mine is neither impracticable nor absurd, but the most easy, just, feasible, and expeditious, that ever entered the imagination of a projector." "Signor Don Quixote," quoth the priest, "methinks you keep us too long in suspense." "I have no mind," answered Don Quixote, "that my plan should be told here now, and to-morrow by day-break be carried to the ears of the lords of the privy council, and another run away with the thanks and reward of my labour." "I give you my word," said the barber, "here, and before God, that I will not reveal what your worship may communicate, either to king, rook,¹ or any personage upon earth; an oath which I learned from the romance of the Curate, who, in the preface, gives the king notice of the thief,





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who robbed him of the hundred pistoles and his ambling mule." "I am not acquainted with the story," said Don Quixote, "but I will presume the oath to be a good oath, because I believe Mr. barber to be an honest man." "And though he were not," said the priest, "I will make the oath good, and be surety for him, that, in this business, he will be as silent as if he were dumb." "And who will be surety for your reverence, Mr. priest?" said Don Quixote. "My profession," answered the priest, "by which I am in duty bound to keep secrets." "Body of me! then," said Don Quixote, "what has his majesty to do, but to cause proclamation to be made, commanding all the knights-errant, who are wandering about Spain, to repair on a certain day to court? for should but half a dozen appear, there may be found one, even in that small number, who may be able of himself to destroy the whole power of the Turk.² Pray, gentlemen, be attentive, and go along with me. Is it a new thing for a knight-errant to defeat, singly, an army of two hundred thousand men, as if they had but one throat, or were all made of paste? How many histories are replete with such wonders? Unfortunate is it for me—I will not say for any body else—that the famous Don Belianis, or one of the numerous race of Amadis de Gaul, is not now in being! for were it so, were one of those heroes alive, and were he to confront the Turk, in good faith, I should be loath to farm the infidel's winnings. But

God will provide for his people, and send some champion or other, if not as strong as the knights-errant of old, at least not inferior in courage. Heaven knows my meaning—I will say no more.” “Alas!” exclaimed the niece at this intimation, “may I perish, if my uncle has not a mind to turn knight-errant again!” “A knight-errant!” replied Don Quixote, “yes, a knight-errant I will live, and a knight-errant I will die, and let the Turk come down, or up, when he pleases, or where he pleases, and with all the power he can muster—I say again, God knows my meaning.” Here the barber interposed. “I beg leave, gentlemen,” said he, “to tell a short story of what happened once in Seville; for it comes so pat to the purpose, that I cannot well withhold it.” The knight and the priest consenting, and the women giving their attention, he begun thus:—

“A man, deranged in his intellects, was placed by his relations in the madhouse of Seville. He had taken his degrees in the canon law, in the university of Ossuna; and had he taken them in that of Salamanca, it is generally believed, that he would not have been a whit the less insane. After several years’ confinement, this graduate took it into his head, that he was in his right senses and perfect understanding; and with this conceit, he wrote to the archbishop, beseeching, with great earnestness, and many plausible arguments, that he would be pleased to deliver him from the miserable state in which he lived; since,

through the mercy of God, he had recovered his lost reason, though his relations, that they may enjoy his property, kept him still in confinement, and would have him be mad to his dying day. The archbishop, prevailed upon by his letters, which were all penned with equal sense and judgment, sent one of his chaplains to inquire of the rector of the madhouse, whether the information he had received was true, and to talk with the lunatic himself, and if it appeared, that he was a lunatic no longer, to demand his liberty and bring him away. The chaplain went, as he was desired, and the rector assured him, that the individual in question, so far from being as he had himself represented, was as mad as ever: true it was indeed, that he sometimes talked like a man of excellent sense, but in the end he never failed to break out into flights of distraction, that more than counterbalanced his preceding rational demeanour, as the chaplain would find by conversing with him. The chaplain resolved to make the trial, and accordingly talked for more than an hour with the lunatic, who, in all that time, never returned a vague, incoherent, or extravagant answer; on the contrary, he evinced such sobriety, and spoke so much to the purpose, that the examiner was compelled to believe, that he was in his right mind. Among other things, he said, that the rector misrepresented him, affirming that he was still mad, and had only an occasional lucid interval, for the sake of the presents he received from

his relations: for, unfortunately, his great estate was his greatest enemy, since, to enjoy that, his supposed friends had recourse to fraud, and pretended to doubt of the mercy of God, in having restored him from the condition of a brute to that of a man. In short, he talked so rationally, as to cause the rector to be suspected, his relations to be deemed covetous and unnatural, and himself so discreet, that the chaplain resolved to take him away, that the archbishop might satisfy himself of the truth of his recovery; and with this view he desired, that the clothes which he had on his person, when he was brought into the house, should be given to him. The rector again interposed, cautioning the chaplain to take care what he did, since of the continued distraction of the patient there could be no doubt; but his precautions and remonstrances were unavailing, and as the orders of the archbishop were imperative, the graduate was dressed in his own clothes, which appeared fresh and decent. And now, finding himself stripped of the badges of insanity and habited like a rational creature, he begged, that, for charity's sake, the chaplain would permit him to bid farewell to his companions in affliction. The chaplain consented, and said, that he would bear him company in the visitation, and take a view of the lunatics confined in the house. Accordingly up stairs they went, with several other persons who happened to be present; when the graduate, approaching a cell in which was a poor wretch,

in general outrageously mad, though at that time composed and quiet, said to him, 'Well, dear brother, have you any commands for me? I am returning to my own house, God having been pleased, of his infinite goodness and mercy, without any desert of mine, to restore me to my senses. I am now sound and well, for with the Almighty nothing is impossible. Put your whole trust and confidence in him, and he will restore you, as he has restored me. I shall take care to send you some choice nourishing food, and be sure you make use of it: for you must know, that I have found out from experience, that all our distractions proceed from the stomach being empty of victuals, and the brains filled with wind. Take heart, brother, take heart; for despondence under misfortune impairs health, and hastens death.' This discourse being overheard by another lunatic, who was in an opposite cell, he started up stark naked from an old mat on which he had thrown himself, and roared out, 'Who is that going away so sound and whole, pretending to have recovered his senses?' 'It is I, brother,' answered the graduate, 'who have no occasion to stay longer here, and am infinitely thankful to Heaven for the blessing it has bestowed upon me.' 'Take heed, Mr. graduate, what you say; let not the devil delude you,' replied the maniac: 'stir not a foot, but keep where you are, and you will save yourself the trouble of being brought back.' 'But I am perfectly well,' said the graduate, 'and

have no farther need to visit the stations.'³ ' You well !' retorted the maniac : ' we shall soon see that— adieu !—but I swear by Jupiter, whose majesty I represent on earth, that for this offence alone, which Seville is now committing, in delivering you from this house, and judging you to be in your right senses, I will inflict so signal a punishment on the city, that the memory of it shall endure for ever and ever, Amen. Knowest thou not, little crazy graduate, that I can do this ? I, who am Jove the thunderer, who hold in my hands the flaming bolts, with which I used to threaten, and can now destroy the universe. But with one evil only will I chastise this ignorant people : there shall not fall a drop of rain upon this city or the districts round, for three whole years, reckoning from the day and hour in which this my vengeance is denounced. You at liberty, you recovered, and in your right senses ! and I a madman, distempered, and in bonds ! No, I will hang myself, rather than rain a single drop !' The by-standers were very attentive to the ravings of this madman, when our graduate, turning to the chaplain, and pressing both his hands, said, ' Be in no pain, good sir, at what this poor wretch has threatened ; for if he is Jupiter, and will not rain, I, who am Neptune, the father and god of waters, can pour down as much as I please, and whenever there may be occasion.' To which the chaplain replied, ' Yet, signor Neptune, it may not be wise at present to provoke signor Jupiter ; so be

so good as to stay where you are, till we have a better opportunity, and are more at leisure to remove you.' The rector and the company laughed, and the chaplain was half out of countenance. They however disrobed the graduate, who remained in confinement, and thus ends my story."

"And this, Mr. barber," said Don Quixote, "is the story, which comes in so pat, that you would not forbear telling it? Ah! signor cut-beard, signor cut-beard, he must be blind indeed who cannot see through a sieve. Is it possible you should be ignorant, that comparisons of every kind, whether they relate to talents, valour, beauty, or descent, are always odious, and sure to be ill received? I am not Neptune, god of the waters, Mr. barber; nor do I set myself up for a wise man, being not so: all I aim at, is to convince the world of its error, in not reviving those happy times, in which the order of knight-errantry flourished. But this degenerate age does not deserve so great a blessing as that which former ages enjoyed, when knights-errant burdened themselves with the defence of kingdoms, the protection of orphans, the relief of damsels, the chastisement of the proud, and the reward of the humble. Your modern champions rustle in damask, brocade, and other rich stuffs, rather than in coats of mail. In these effeminate days, what knight sleeps in the open field, exposed to the rigour of the heavens, in complete armour from head to foot? what warrior, sitting

on horseback, and resting on his lance, and without stirring his feet from the stirrup, snatches a short nap? what hero is seen issuing from that forest, then ascending that mountain, thence traversing a barren and desert shore of the sea, commonly stormy and tempestuous, where, finding on the beach a small skiff, without oars, sail, mast, or tackle of any kind, he boldly throws himself into it, committing himself to the implacable billows of the restless ocean, which this moment lift him to the skies, and the next sink him to the profound abyss; then, opposing his courage to the irresistible hurricane, he presently finds himself, when he least dreams of such a thing, above three thousand leagues from the place where he embarked, and, leaping on the shore of a remote and unknown country, encounters accidents, and achieves deeds, worthy to be written, not on parchment, but on brass? This was the ancient hero: but now, sloth triumphs over diligence, idleness over labour, vice over virtue, arrogance over bravery, and the theory over the practice of arms, which only lived and flourished in those golden ages when knights-errant, possessing the requisite qualities, lived and flourished. For tell me, if you can, who was more civil, yet more valiant, than the renowned Amadis de Gaul? who more discreet than Palmerin of England? who more affable and obliging than Tyrante the White? who more gallant than Lisuarte of Greece? who gave or received more cuts and slashes than Don Belianis? who was more intrepid than Perion of Gaul? who

more enterprising than Felixmarte of Hyrcania? who more sincere than Esplandian? who more daring than Don Cirongilio of Thrace? who more brave than Rodamonte? who more prudent than king Sobrino? who more fearless than Reynoldo? who more invincible than Orlando? and who more courteous than Rogero, from whom, according to Turpin's Cosmography, the present dukes of Ferrara are descended? All these, Mr. priest, and many others that I could name, were knights-errant, and the light and glory of chivalry; and these, or such as these, are the men I would advise his majesty to employ; and by so doing he would be sure to be well served, and a vast expense would be saved, and the Turk might go tear his beard for very madness: and so I will stay at home, since the chaplain does not fetch me out; and if Jupiter, as the barber has said, will not rain, here am I, ready to rain whenever it may be thought proper. I say all this, to let good-man basin there see that I understand him."

"In truth, signor Don Quixote," said the barber, "I meant no harm; so help me God, as my intention was good; and your worship therefore ought not to take it ill." "Whether I ought to take it ill or not," said Don Quixote, "is best known to myself." "Well," interposed the priest, "I have hardly spoken a word yet, and I would willingly get rid of a scruple, which gnaws and disturbs my conscience, occasioned by what signor Don Quixote has so eloquently detailed." "You have my leave, Mr. priest,

for greater matters," answered Don Quixote, "and so you may out with your scruple: for there is no pleasure in bearing about a scrupulous conscience." "With this license then," answered the priest, "I will venture to say, that I can by no means persuade myself, that the multitude of knights-errant, your worship has mentioned, were really and truly persons of flesh and blood; on the contrary, I imagine the account to be all fiction, fable, and a lie; dreams told by men awake, or, to speak more properly, half asleep." "This is another error," answered Don Quixote, "into which many have fallen, who do not believe, that there ever were any such knights in the world; and frequently, in company with divers persons, and upon sundry occasions, have I endeavoured to confute this common mistake. Sometimes I have failed, and sometimes succeeded in my design, supporting it on the shoulders of a truth, so incontrovertible, that I can almost say, these eyes of mine have seen Amadis de Gaul, who was tall of stature, of a fair complexion, with a well-set beard, though black; his aspect between mild and stern; a man of few words, not easily provoked, and when provoked, soon pacified. In the same manner as I have described Amadis, could I paint and delineate all the knights-errant, that are found in all the histories in the world. For, believing, as I do, that they were such as they are represented, it were no difficult matter, by the exploits they performed, and their dispositions, to give a philosophical guess at their features, their complexions,

and their stature." "Pray, good signor Don Quixote," quoth the barber, "of what size, think you, was the giant Morgante?" "As to the affair of giants," answered Don Quixote, "it is a controverted point, whether there really have been such beings in the world: though the Holy Scripture, which cannot deviate a tittle from truth, proves it beyond contradiction, by giving us the history of that huge Philistine Goliath, who was seven cubits and a half high, which is a prodigious stature. Besides, in the island of Sicily, there have been found thigh and shoulder bones so large, that those to whom they belonged must have been huge giants, and, as can be proved by mathematical demonstration, as tall as lofty steeples. But for all that, I cannot say, with certainty, of what size Morgante was, though I fancy he could not be extremely tall; because we find in the story, in which his achievements are particularly mentioned, that he often slept under a roof; and, since he found a house elevated enough to hold him, it is plain, he was not himself of an immeasurable stature." "That is true," quoth the priest; and delighted with the solemn extravagance of our knight, he proceeded to ask what he thought of the face and person of Reynaldo of Montalvan, Orlando, and the rest of the twelve peers of France, since they were all knights-errant. "Of Reynaldo," answered Don Quixote, "I dare boldly affirm, that he was broad-faced, of a ruddy complexion, large rolling eyes, punctilious, choleric to an extreme, and a friend to rogues and profligates.

As to Roldan, or Rotolando, or Orlando, for histories give him all these names, I will venture to maintain, that he was of a middling stature, broad-shouldered, bandy-legged, brown-complexioned, carrotty-bearded, hairy-bodied, of a lowering aspect, sparing of speech, yet perfectly civil and well-bred." "If Orlando," replied the priest, "was no finer a gentleman than you have described him, no wonder that madam Angelica the Fair disdained and forsook him for the gaiety, sprightliness, and good humour of the downy-chinned little Moor, with whom she had an affair; and she acted discreetly in preferring the softness of Medoro to the roughness of Orlando." "That Angelica, Mr. priest," replied Don Quixote, "was a light, gossiping, wanton hussy, and left the world as full of her impertinencies, as of the fame of her beauty. She undervalued a thousand gentlemen, a thousand valiant and wise men, and took up with a paltry beardless page, with no other estate, and no other reputation, than what the affection he preserved for his friend had obtained him. Even the great extoller of her beauty, the famous Ariosto, either not daring or not caring to celebrate what befell this lady after her pitiful intrigue, the subject not being over modest, left her with this couplet:

Another bard may sing in better strain,
How he Cataya's sceptre did obtain.

And, doubtless, this was a kind of prophecy; for poets are also called vates, which means diviners:

and the event proved it: for, since that time, a celebrated Andalusian bard⁴ has bewailed and sung her tears, as the unrivalled poet of Castile⁵ has celebrated her beauty."

"Pray inform me, signor Don Quixote," quoth the barber, "has no poet written a satire upon this lady, while so many have sung her praises?" "I verily believe," answered Don Quixote, "that, if Sacripante or Orlando had been poets, they would long ago have paid her off; for it is peculiar and natural to poets, disdained or rejected by their false mistresses, such as they have chosen to be the sovereign ladies of their thoughts, whether real or imaginary beings, to revenge themselves by satires and lampoons: a revenge certainly unworthy a generous spirit. But hitherto I have not met with any defamatory verses against the lady Angelica, though she turned the world upside down." "Strange, indeed!" quoth the priest. But they now heard the voice of the housekeeper and the niece, who had some time before quitted the room, bawling aloud in the courtyard; and they broke off the conversation to inquire into the cause of the disturbance.

CHAP. II.

Which treats of the notable quarrel between Sancho Panza and Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper, with other pleasant occurrences.

THE history relates, that the outcry, which Don

Quixote, the priest, and the barber heard, was raised by the niece and the housekeeper upbraiding Sancho Panza, who was striving to get in to see his master, while they defended the door against him. "What would the paunch-gutted fellow have in this house?" said they: "get you to your own, brother; for it is you, and no other, by whom our master is seduced, and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways of the world." To which Sancho replied: "It is I, mistress housekeeper to the devil, it is I, that am seduced and led astray, and carried rambling up and down the highways, and not your master: it was he who led me this dance, and so you deceive yourselves. He inveigled me from my home with fair speeches, promising me an island, which I still hope for." "May islands choke thee, accursed wretch!" answered the niece; "and, pray, what are islands? are they any thing eatable, glutton, cormorant, as thou art?" "They are not to be eaten," replied Sancho, "but governed, and better governments are they, than any four cities, or four justiceships at court." "For all that," said the housekeeper, "you come not in here, bag of mischiefs, and bundle of rogueries. Get you home, and govern there; go, plough and cart, and cease pretending to high lands, or low lands." The priest and the barber were mightily amazed with this dialogue; but Don Quixote, fearing lest Sancho should blunder out some unseasonable absurdity, or touch upon points not much to his credit, called to him, and ordered the women to

hold their tongues, and let him in. Sancho entered, and the priest and the barber took their leave of Don Quixote, of whose cure they despaired, perceiving how bent he was upon extravagance, and how intoxicated with the folly of his unhappy chivalries. On quitting the room, the priest said to the barber, "You will see, neighbour, that when we least think of it, this poor gentleman will take another flight." "I have no doubt of it," answered the barber; yet do I admire less the madness of the knight, than the simplicity of the squire, who is so possessed with the business of the island, that I am persuaded all the demonstrations in the world could not beat it out of his skull." "God help them!" said the priest; "but let us be upon the watch, that we may see the drift of this machine of absurdities, the joint proceedings of such a knight, and such a squire, who, one would think, were cast in the same mould; and, indeed, the madness of the master without the follies of the man would not be worth a farthing." "True," quoth the barber; "and I should be glad to know what they are now talking of." "I would lay my life," answered the priest, "that the niece or the housekeeper will tell us all by and by; for they are not of a temper to forbear listening."

In the mean while, Don Quixote having shut himself up in his chamber with Sancho only, said to him: "I am very sorry, Sancho, thou shouldst say, and stand to it so firmly, that it was I who drew thee out of thy cottage, when thou knowest that at the

same time I did not myself stay in my own house. We set out together ; we went on together ; and together we performed our travels. We both incurred the same fortune, and the same chance. If thou wert once tossed in a blanket, I have been thrashed a hundred times ; and in this only have I had the advantage of thee." " And for reasons good," answered Sancho ; " your worship holding misfortunes to belong more properly to knights-errant themselves, than to their squires." " Thou art mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote ; " for according to the saying, Quando caput dolet, &c." " I understand no language but my own," replied Sancho. " I mean," said Don Quixote, " that, when the head aches, all the members ache with it ; and therefore I, being thy master and lord, am thy head, and thou, being my servant, art a part of me : and for this reason the ill that affects me, must affect thee also ; and the reverse." " And so it ought to be," quoth Sancho : " but when I, as a limb, was tossed in the blanket, my head stood on the other side of the pales, beholding me frisking in the air, without feeling any pain at all ; and since the members are bound to grieve at the ills of the head, the head, in requital, ought to do the same for them." " Wouldst thou insinuate now, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, " that I was not grieved when I saw thee tossed ? If that be thy meaning, say no more, nor so much as think it ; for I felt at that time greater pain in my mind, than thou didst in thy body. But we will wave this at

present ; for a time will come when we may set this matter upon its right bottom.

“ And now, tell me, friend Sancho, what is said of me in this place? what opinion has the common people of me? what think the gentlemen, and what the cavaliers? what is related of my prowess, what of my exploits, and what of my courtesy? What discourse is there of the design I have engaged in, to revive and restore to the world the long-forgotten order of chivalry? In short, Sancho, I would have thee tell me whatever thou hast heard concerning these matters: and that, without adding to the good, or taking from the bad, one tittle; for it is the part of faithful vassals to tell their lords the truth in its native simplicity, and proper figure, neither enlarged by adulation, nor diminished out of any other idle regard. And let me tell thee, Sancho, by the way, that if the naked truth could be conveyed to the ears of princes, without the disguise of flattery, we should see happier days, and former ages would be deemed as iron, in comparison of ours, which would then be justly esteemed the golden age. Remember this, Sancho, and let it caution thee to give me an ingenuous and faithful account of what thou knowest concerning the matters I have mentioned.” “ That I will, with all my heart, sir,” answered Sancho, “ on condition that your worship will not be angry at what I say, since you will have me show you the truth, without arraying her in any other dress than that in which she appeared to me.” “ Be assured, I will in no wise

be angry," replied Don Quixote; "therefore, speak freely, Sancho, and without any circumlocution."

"First and foremost then," said Sancho, "the common people take your worship for a downright madman, and me for no less a fool. The bettermost say, that not content with the rank of a private gentleman, you have taken upon you the style of don, and invaded the dignity of knighthood, having for patrimony, a paltry vineyard, and a couple of acres of land, and a doublet with a tatter before, and another behind. The cavaliers say, they do not choose to be elbowed by those petty gentry, those country esquires, who clout their shoes, and take up the fallen stitches of their black stockings with green silk." "That," said Don Quixote, "can be no reflection upon me; for I always go well attired, and my clothes are never patched; true it is, my doublet may be a little torn, but it is more through the fretting of my armour, than by length of time." "As to what concerns your valour, courtesy, achievements, and your undertaking," quoth Sancho, "there are very different opinions. Some say, that he is mad but humorous; others, that he is valiant, but unlucky; others, courteous, but impertinent; and thus they run their divisions upon us, till neither your worship nor I have a sound place left." "Take notice, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that wherever virtue is found in any eminent degree, it is always persecuted. Few, or none, of the heroes of antiquity, escaped being calumniated by their malicious

contemporaries. Julius Cæsar, a most courageous, prudent, and valiant captain, was accused of being ambitious, slovenly in his apparel, and indelicate in his manners; Alexander, whose exploits gained him the surname of Great, with having a smack of the drunkard; Hercules, notwithstanding his labours, with being lascivious and effeminate; Don Galaor, brother of Amadis de Gaul, with being quarrelsome, and Amadis himself with being a whimperer. So that, amidst so many calumnies cast on the worthy, those bestowed upon me, O Sancho, may very well pass, if they do not exceed what thou hast mentioned.”

“Body of my father! there lies the jest,” replied Sancho. “What then, are there more yet behind?” said Don Quixote. “More! why the tail remains still unflayed,” quoth Sancho; “all thus far has been tarts and cheesecakes; but if your worship has a mind to know the whole torrent of abuse that has been poured upon us, I will presently bring one hither, who shall give it you all, top, bottom, and dregs, without missing a tittle; for last night the son of Bartholomew Carrasco, who has been studying at Salamanca, and taken the degree of bachelor, arrived; and when I went to welcome him home, he told me, that your worship’s history was already printed in a book, under the title of the Ingenious Gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha; and he says, it mentions me too by my very name of Sancho Panza, and my lady by that of Dulcinea del Toboso, with several other things, which passed between us two only;

insomuch that I crossed myself out of pure amazement to think how the historian, who wrote it, could come to know them." "Depend upon it, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the author of this our history must be some sage enchanter, for from them nothing is hid that they have a mind to record." "A sage, and an enchanter!" quoth Sancho; "why, the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, tells me, that he is called Cid Hamet Berengena." "That is a Moorish name," answered Don Quixote. "It may be so," replied Sancho, "for I have heard that your Moors, for the most part, are fond of berengenas."¹ "Thou must certainly be mistaken, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "in the surname of that same Cid, which in Arabic signifies a lord."² "It may be so," answered Sancho; "but if your worship will have me bring him hither, I will fly to fetch him." "It will give me singular pleasure, friend," said Don Quixote; "for I am surprised at what thou hast told me, and shall not eat a morsel that will do me good, till I am informed of every particular." "Then I will go for him," answered Sancho; and leaving his master, he went to seek the bachelor, with whom he returned soon after; and a most pleasant conversation passed between them.

CHAP. III.

Of the pleasant conversation which passed between Don Quixote, Sancho Panza, and the bachelor, Sampson Carrasco.

DON QUIXOTE remained extremely thoughtful, expecting, with impatience, the coming of the bachelor Carrasco, from whom he hoped to hear an account of himself, published in a book, as Sancho had told him ; though he could hardly persuade himself that such a history could be extant, since the blood of the enemies he had slain was still reeking on his sword-blade ; and was it to be supposed, that his high feats of arms should be already in print ? However, he concluded at last, that some sage, either friend or foe, had by magic art sent them to the press ; if a friend, to aggrandize and extol them above the most signal achievements of any knight-errant ; if an enemy, to annihilate and sink them below the meanest that ever were written of any squire ; although, as he recollected, the feats of squires were never written. But should it prove to be fact, that such a history is really extant, since it is the history of a knight-errant, it must of necessity, quoth he to himself, be sublime, lofty, illustrious, magnificent, and true. This thought afforded him some comfort ; but he lost it again upon considering, that the author was a Moor, as was evident from the

title of Cid, and that no truth could be expected from that quarter, the Moors being all impostors, liars and visionaries. He was fearful his amours might be treated with indecency, which might redound to the disparagement and prejudice of the unsullied purity of his lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; whereas he wished to find a faithful representation of his own constancy, and the decorum he had inviolably preserved towards her, slighting, for her sake, queens, empresses, and damsels of every degree, and bridling at all times the violent impulses of natural desire. Tossed and perplexed with these and a thousand other imaginations, Sancho and Carrasco found him ; and the bachelor was received by the knight with much courtesy.

This bachelor, though his name was Sampson, was no giant, but a little arch looking man, of a pale complexion, but good understanding, about twenty-four years of age, round-faced, flat-nosed, and wide-mouthed, all signs of his being of a waggish disposition, and a lover of wit and humour, as appeared on his approaching Don Quixote, before whom he instantly threw himself upon his knees, and said, “ Signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, let me have the honour of kissing your puissant hand ; for, by the habit of St. Peter, which I wear, though I have yet taken no other orders but the first four, your worship is one of the most valiant knights-errant that have been, or shall be, upon the whole circum-

ference of the earth. A blessing light on Cid Hamet Benengeli, who has given us the history of your mighty deeds; and blessings on blessings upon that virtuoso, whose laudable zeal caused it to be translated out of Arabic into our Castilian tongue, for the universal entertainment of mankind!" Don Quixote, raising him up, said, "It is then true, that my history is extant, and that he who composed it was a Moor and a sage?" "So true, sir," said Sampson, "that I verily believe there are, this very day, above twelve thousand copies dispersed through the world; witness Portugal, Barcelona, and Valentia, where they have been printed; and there is a rumour that it is now printing at Antwerp; and I will venture to predict, that no nation or language will be without a translation of it." "One of the things," said Don Quixote, "which ought to afford the highest satisfaction to a virtuous and eminent man, is to find, while he is living, his good name published and in print, in every body's mouth, and in every body's hand: his good name, for if it be otherwise, no death can equal it." "If fame and a good name are to carry it," said the bachelor, "your worship bears away the palm from all the knights-errant that ever lived; for the Moor in his language, and the Castilian in his, have taken care to paint to the life that gallant deportment of your worship, that greatness of soul in confronting dangers, that fortitude in adversity, that patient endurance of mischances, and lastly, that modesty and

continence in love, so apparent in the pure, platonic intercourse subsisting between your worship and my lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso."

Sancho here put in, "I never heard my lady Dulcinea called donna before, but only plain Dulcinea del Toboso; so that in one point the history is already mistaken." "That objection is of no importance," answered Carrasco. "No, certainly," added Don Quixote: "but, pray, tell me, signor bachelor, which of my exploits is most esteemed in this history?" "As to that," answered the bachelor, "there are different opinions, as there are different tastes. Some are for the adventure of the wind-mills, which your worship took for so many Briareuses and giants; others stand up for that of the fulling-hammers: this reader lauds the description of the two armies, which afterwards turned out to be two flocks of sheep; that extols the incident of the dead body, on its way to be interred at Segovia; a third swears that the affair of the galley-slaves was beyond them all; while a fourth as confidently affirms, that none can be compared to that of the two Benedictine giants, with the subsequent combat of the valorous Biscayner."

Here Sancho put in again. "I would fain know, signor bachelor," quoth he, "whether the adventure of the Yanguesian carriers, when our good Rozinante had a longing after the forbidden fruit, be given among the rest?" "The sage," answered Sampson, "has left nothing untold; he inserts and remarks

every thing, even to the capers which Sancho cut in the blanket." "I cut no capers in the blanket," replied Sancho; "in the air I own I did, and more than I desired." "In my opinion," quoth Don Quixote, "there is no history in the world that has not its ups and downs, and especially those which treat of chivalry; for such can never be expected to be altogether filled with events that proceed smoothly, and terminate prosperously." "For all that," replied the bachelor, "some who have read the history say, they should have been better pleased, if the author had forgotten some of those countless drubbings given to signor Don Quixote in different encounters." "Ay, but therein," quoth Sancho, "consists the truth of the history." "They might indeed as well have been omitted," said Don Quixote, "since there is no necessity of recording those actions which do not affect the truth of the narrative, and especially if they redound to the discredit of the hero. Take my word for it, Æneas was not altogether so pious as Virgil paints him, nor Ulysses so prudent as he is described by Homer." "True," replied Sampson; "but it is one thing to write as a poet, and another to record as an historian. The poet may say, or sing, not as things were, but as they ought to have been; but the historian must pen them, not as they ought to have been, but as they really were, without adding or diminishing." "If that Moorish gentleman," said Sancho, "be in such a vein of telling the truth, no doubt but among my master's

rib-roastings, mine also are to be found; for they never measured his worship's shoulders, but they took the dimensions of my whole body: but why should I wonder at that, since, as this self-same master of mine says, the members must partake of the misfortunes of the head?" "Sancho, thou art a sly wag," answered Don Quixote; "and dost not want for a memory, when thou hast a mind to have one." "Though I had never so great a mind to forget the drubs I have received," quoth Sancho, "the tokens, that are still fresh on my ribs, would not let me."

"Hold thy peace, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "and let signor bachelor proceed, that I may know what is farther said of me in the aforesaid history." "And of me too," quoth Sancho; "for I hear that I am one of the principal parsons in it." "Persons, not parsons, friend Sancho," quoth Sampson. "What! another corrector of hard words!" quoth Sancho; "if this be the trade we shall never have done." "Let me die, Sancho," answered the bachelor, "if you are not the second person in the history: nay, there are some who had rather hear you talk, than the finest fellow of them all: though there are others, who think you were a little too credulous in the matter of the government of that island, promised you by signor Don Quixote, here present." "There is still sunshine on the wall," quoth Don Quixote; "and, when Sancho is more advanced in age, with the experience that years will give, he will be better

qualified to be a governor, than he is now." "Before God, sir," quoth Sancho, "if I am not fit to govern an island at these years, I shall not be able even at the age of Methusalem. The mischief of it is, that the said island sticks I know not where, and not in my want of a head-piece to govern it." "Recommend it to God, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for all will end well, and perhaps exceed thy expectation; for a leaf stirs not on the tree without his will." "True," quoth Sampson; "and, if it please God, Sancho will not want a thousand islands to govern, much less one." "I have seen governors ere now," quoth Sancho, "who, in my opinion, did not come up to the sole of my shoe; and yet they were called Your Lordships, and were served in plate." "Those were not governors of islands," replied Sampson, "but of other things more manageable; for those who govern islands must at least understand grammar." "Gramercy for that," quoth Sancho; "it is all Greek to me, for I know nothing of the matter:¹ but leaving the business of governments in the hands of God, who will dispose of me so as I may be most instrumental in his service; I am infinitely pleased, signor bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that the author of the history has spoken of me in so respectful a manner, that what he says is not at all tiresome; for, upon the faith of a trusty squire, had he said any thing of me unbecoming an old christian,² as I am, the deaf should have heard it." "That would be working miracles," answered Sampson. "Miracles,

or no miracles," quoth Sancho, "let every one take heed how he talks or writes of honest people, and not set down at random the first thing that comes into his foolish imagination."

"One of the faults that are found with this history," said the bachelor, "is, that the author has inserted in it a novel, entitled, *The Curious Impertinent*; not that it is bad in itself, or ill-written, but because it is out of place, and has nothing to do with the story of his worship signor Don Quixote." "I will lay a wager," replied Sancho, "the son of a bitch has made a strange hodge-podge, a jumble of fish and flesh together." "And I," said Don Quixote, "will aver, that the author could not be a sage, but some ignorant pretender, who, at random, and without any judgment, has set himself to write it, come what would of his performance: like Orbaneja, the painter of Ubeda, who, being asked what he painted, answered, *As it may hit*. Sometimes he would paint a cock in so strange a guise, and so preposterously designed, that he was forced to write under it in Gothic characters, *This is a cock*: and so will it fare with my history; which will stand in need of a comment to make it intelligible." "Not at all," answered Sampson; "for it is so plain, that there is no possibility of mistake; children thumb it, boys read it, men understand it, and old folks commend it; in short, it is so tossed about, so conned, and so thoroughly known, so familiar to all sorts of people, that a lean scrub horse is no sooner seen, than the

ery is, There goes Rozinante. But no description of persons is so devoted to it as your pages; there is not a nobleman's ante-chamber, in which you will not find a Don Quixote: if one lays it down, another takes it up; while one is asking for it, another snatches it: in short, this history affords the most pleasing and least prejudicial entertainment that ever was published: for there is not so much as the appearance of an immodest word in it, nor a thought that is not entirely catholic." "To write otherwise," said Don Quixote, "had been not to write truths, but lies; and historians, who are fond of venting falsehoods, should be burnt, like coiners of false money. For my part, I cannot imagine what could have moved the author to introduce novels, or foreign narratives, my own story affording such abundant matter: but without doubt we may apply the proverb, 'With hay or with straw,'³ &c.' for verily, had he confined himself to the publishing my thoughts, my sighs, my tears, my good wishes, and my achievements, with these alone he might have compiled a volume as large, or larger, than all the works of Tostatus,⁴ bound up together. In my opinion, signor bachelor, to compile a book requires a clear head, a sound judgment, and a mature understanding: to talk wittily, and write pleasantly, are the talents of a great genius only: in comedy the most difficult character is that of the fool, and he that plays that part must be no simpleton. History is a kind of sacred writing, because truth is essential to it; and where truth is,

there God himself is : yet are there men who compose books, and toss them out into the world like fritters."

"There are few books so bad, but you may find something good in them," said the bachelor. "There can be no doubt of that," replied Don Quixote ; "but it often happens, that persons who have acquired, and deservedly, a good share of reputation by their writings, lessen, or lose it entirely, by committing them to the press." "The reason of that is," said Sampson, "that printed works being examined at leisure, the faults are the more easily discovered ; and the greater be the fame of the author, the more strict and severe is the scrutiny. Men celebrated for their talents, great poets, or great historians, are always envied by those, whose pleasure and pastime it is, to censure other men's writings, without having dared to publish any of their own." "That is not to be wondered at," said Don Quixote, "for there are even divines, who make no figure in the pulpit, and yet are excellent at espying the defects or superfluities of your very best preachers." "All you say is eminently true, signor Don Quixote," said Carrasco ; "and I wish such critics would be more merciful, and less nice, and not dwell so much upon the motes of that bright sun, the work they censure. For, though *aliquando bonus dormitat Homerus*, they ought to consider how long he must have watched to give his work as much light, and leave as little shade, as possible : and perhaps those very parts,

which some men do not relish, are like moles, which not unfrequently add to the beauty of the face on which they are seen. I therefore think, that whoever prints a book runs a very great risk, it being of all impossibilities the most impossible to write one that shall satisfy and please all readers." "That which treats of me," said Don Quixote, "I fear has pleased but a few." "Quite the contrary," replied the bachelor; "for as *stultorum infinitus est numerus*, so is the number of those infinite who have been delighted with that history: though some have taxed the author's memory as faulty or treacherous, in forgetting to tell us who the thief was that stole Sancho's Dapple;⁵ which is not related, and we are left to infer that he was stolen; yet shortly after, we find the squire mounted upon the self-same beast, without hearing how it was recovered. It is also objected, that he has omitted to mention what Sancho did with the hundred crowns which he found in the portmanteau upon the sable mountain; for he never speaks of them; and many persons would be glad to learn what he did with them, or how he spent them; and this is deemed one of the most glaring defects in the work." "Master Sampson," replied Sancho, "I am not now in a condition to tell tales, or make up accounts; for I have a qualm come over my stomach, and shall be upon the rack⁶ till I have removed it with a couple of draughts of old stingo. I have the comforter at home, and my chuck stays for me. As soon as I have dined I will come back, and satisfy your wor-

ship, and the whole world, in whatever they are pleased to ask me, both concerning the loss of Dapple, and what became of the hundred crowns:" and without waiting for an answer, or speaking another word, away he went to his own house. Don Quixote pressed and entreated the bachelor to stay, and do penance with him. The bachelor accepted the invitation: a couple of pigeons was added to the usual commons, and the conversation at table fell upon the subject of chivalry, which Carrasco carried on with appropriate humour: the banquet ended, they slept during the heat of the day: Sancho came back, and the former discourse was renewed.

CHAP. IV.

Wherein Sancho Panza answers the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's doubts and questions, with other incidents worthy to be known and recited.

SANCHO, returning to Don Quixote's house, resumed the conversation that had been broken off so abruptly, and in answer to what the bachelor Sampson Carrasco desired to be informed of, namely, by whom, when, and how the ass was stolen, said, " You must know, Mr. Sampson, that on the very night, when, flying from the holy brotherhood, we entered into the sable mountain, after the unlucky adventure of the galley-slaves, and of the dead body that was carrying to Segovia, my master and I took up our quarters in

a thicket, where, he leaning upon his lance, and I sitting upon Dapple, being both mauled and fatigued by our late skirmishes, we fell into as profound a sleep as if four feather-beds had been stretched under us: I in particular slept so soundly, that the thief, whoever he was, had leisure enough to suspend me upon four stakes, which he planted under the four corners of the pannel, and in this manner, leaving me mounted thereon, got Dapple from under me, without my being conscious of it." "That is no difficult matter, and no new stratagem," said Don Quixote; "for at the siege of Albraca, Sacripante, in a similar way, had his horse stolen from between his legs, by that famous robber Brunelo." "The dawn appeared," continued Sancho, "and scarcely had I stretched myself, when, the stakes giving way, down I came, with a confounded squelch, to the ground. I looked about for my ass, but saw him not: the tears came into my eyes, and I made such a lamentation, that, if the author of our history has not set it down, depend upon it he has omitted a very amusing circumstance. At the end of I know not how many days, as I was accompanying the princess Micomicona, I saw and knew my ass again; and who should be mounted upon his back, in the garb of a gypsy, but that cunning rogue, and notorious malefactor, Gines de Passamonte, whom my master and I had freed from the galley-chain." "The mistake does not lie there," said Sampson, "but in the author making Sancho still ride upon the very same beast, before he gives

any account of his being found again." "To this," said Sancho, "I know not what to answer, unless it be, that the historian was mistaken; or it might be an oversight of the printer." "It must be so, no doubt," quoth Sampson; "but what became of the hundred crowns? were they sunk?" "I laid them out," quoth Sancho, "for the use and behoof of my own person, and those of my wife and children; and they have been the cause of her bearing patiently the tedious journeys and rambles I have taken in the service of my master Don Quixote: for had I returned, after so long a time, penniless, and without my ass, black would have been my luck. If you would know any thing more of me, here am I, ready to answer the king himself in person; though nobody has any right to meddle or make, whether I brought or brought not, whether I spent or spent not; for if the blows that have been given me in these sallies were to be paid for in ready money, though rated only at four maravedis apiece, another hundred crowns would not pay for half of them: and let every man lay his hand upon his heart, and let him not be judging white for black, nor black for white; for every one is as God has made him, and oftentimes a great deal worse."

"I will take care," said Carrasco, "to apprise the author of the history, that, in the next edition, he may not forget to insert what honest Sancho has told us, which will make the book as good again." "Is there any thing else to be corrected in that le-

gend, signor bachelor?" quoth Don Quixote. "There may be other errata," answered Sampson, "but none of the importance of those already mentioned." "And, peradventure," said Don Quixote, "the author promises a second part?" "He does," answered Sampson, "but says he has not met with it, nor can learn in whose possession it is; and therefore we are in doubt whether it will appear or not: and for another reason, that some people say, second parts are never good for any thing, and that there is enough of Don Quixote already, it is believed, there will be no second part; though there are partisans more jovial than saturnine, who cry, Quixote for ever! let the knight encounter, and Sancho Panza talk; and, be the rest what it will, we shall be contented." "And pray, signor, how stands the editor affected?" Don Quixote asked. "How!" answered Sampson, "why, as soon as ever he can lay hands on the history, which he is looking for with extraordinary diligence, he will immediately commit it to the press, prompted more by interest than any motive of praise." To which Sancho replied, "O the rogue! what, does he aim at money and profit? if so, it will be a wonder if he succeeds, since he will only stitch away in haste, like a tailor on Easter-eve; for works that are done hastily are never finished with that neatness they require. I wish this same signor Moor would consider a little what he is about: for I and my master will furnish him so abundantly with lime and mortar, in matter of adventures and variety of accidents, that

he may not only compile a second part, but a hundred parts. The good man thinks, without doubt, that we lie sleeping here in straw; but let him hold up the foot while the smith is shoeing, and he will see on which side we halt. What I can say is, that, if this master of mine had taken my counsel, we had ere now been in the field, redressing grievances, and righting wrongs, as is the practice and usage of your true knights-errant."

Sancho had scarcely finished this speech, when the neighings of Rozinante saluted their ears; which Don Quixote took for a most happy omen, and instantly resolved to make another sally within three or four days; and, declaring his intention to the bachelor, he asked his advice as to the route he should pursue. The bachelor replied, he was of opinion that he should go directly to the kingdom of Arragon, and the city of Saragossa, where in a few days a most solemn tournament was to be held, in honour of the festival of Saint George, in which he might acquire renown above all the Arragonian knights in the world. He commended his resolution, as most honourable and most valorous, and gave him a hint to be more wary in encountering dangers, seeing his life was not his own, but theirs who stood in need of his aid and succour in their distresses. "That is just what I denounce, signor Sampson," quoth Sancho; "for my master makes no more of attacking an hundred armed men, than a greedy boy would do half a dozen melons. Body of the world! signor bachelor, surely, there must

be a time to attack, and a time to retreat; and it must not be always, 'Saint Jago, and charge, Spain!'¹ And farther I have heard say, and, if I rightly remember, from my master himself, that the mean of true valour lies between the extremes of cowardice and rashness: and if this be so, I would neither have him run away when there is no need of it, nor would I have him fall on when the too great superiority requires quite a different conduct: but above all things, I would let my master know that, if he will take me with him, it must be upon condition that he shall battle it all himself, and that I will not be obliged to any other service, but to look after his clothes and his diet; to which purposes I will fetch and carry like any spaniel: but to imagine that I will lay hand to my sword, though it be against rascally wood-cutters with hooks and hatchets, would be a very great mistake. I, signor Sampson, do not set up for the fame of being valiant, but for that of being the best and faithfullest squire that ever served a knight-errant: and if my lord Don Quixote, in consideration of my many and good services, has a mind to bestow on me some one island of the many his worship says he shall light upon, I shall be much beholden to him for the favour; and though he should not give me one, born I am, and we must not rely upon one another, but upon God: and perhaps the bread I shall eat without the government may go down more savourily than that I should eat with it: and how do I know but the devil, in one of these governments, may provide me

some stumbling-block, that I may fall, and dash out my grinders? Sancho I was born, and Sancho I intend to die: yet for all that, if, fairly and squarely, without much solicitude or much danger, Heaven should chance to throw an island, or some such benefit, in my way, I am not such a fool neither as to refuse it; for it is a saying, When they give you a heifer, be ready with the rope: and When good-fortune comes to the door, be sure to take her in."

"Brother Sancho," quoth Carrasco, "you have spoken like any professor: nevertheless trust in God, and signor Don Quixote, that he will give you, not only an island, but even a kingdom." "One is as likely as the other," answered Sancho; "though I could tell signor Carrasco, that my master will not throw the kingdom he gives me into a sack without a bottom: for I have felt my own pulse, and find myself in health enough both to rule kingdoms and govern islands, and so much I have signified before now to my lord." "Look you, Sancho," quoth Sampson, "honours change manners; and it may come to pass, when you are a governor, that you may not know the very mother that bore you." "That," answered Sancho, "may be the case with those that are born among the mallows, but not with souls, like mine, covered four inches thick with the grease of the old christian; then, consider my disposition, and you will find it is not likely to be ungrateful to any body." "God grant it," said Don Quixote;

“ but we shall see when the government comes ; and methinks I have it already in my eye.”

This said, he desired the bachelor, if he were a poet, to favour him with a copy of verses, by way of a farewell to his lady Dulcinea del Toboso, and that he would place a letter of her name at the beginning of every line, so that the initials being joined together might make Dulcinea del Toboso. The bachelor answered, though he was not one of the famous poets of Spain, who were said to be but three and a half,² he would not fail to comply with his request ; observing, at the same time, that it would be no easy task, the name consisting of seventeen letters ; for if he made four stanzas of four verses each, there would be a letter too much, and if he made them of five, which they call decimas or redondillas, there would be three letters wanting : nevertheless he would endeavour to sink a letter as well as he could, so as that the name of Dulcinea del Toboso should be included in the four stanzas. “ Let it be so by all means,” said Don Quixote ; “ for if the name be not plain and manifest, no woman will believe that the rhymes were made for her.” Having settled this, it was farther agreed, that the knight should set out in eight days. Don Quixote enjoined the bachelor to keep it secret, especially from the priest and master Nicholas, and from his niece and housekeeper, that they might not obstruct his honourable and valorous purpose : all which Carrasco promised, and took his leave, charging

Don Quixote to give him advice of his good or ill success, as opportunity offered: and so they again bid each other farewell, and Sancho went to provide and put in order what was necessary for the expedition.

CHAP. V.

Of the wise and pleasant discourse which passed between Sancho Panza and his wife Teresa Panza.

THE translator of this history, coming to the present chapter, says, that he considers it to be apocryphal, because Sancho talks in it, in a style very different from what could be expected from his shallow understanding, and says such subtle things, that he conceives it impossible he should know them: nevertheless, in compliance with the duty of his office, he would not omit translating them, and therefore went on, thus.

Sancho came home so gay and so merry, that his wife perceived his joy a bow-shot off, insomuch that she could not help asking, "What is the matter, friend Sancho, you are so merry?" To which he answered, "Dear wife, if it were God's will, I should be very glad not to be so well pleased as I appear to be." "Husband," replied she, "I do not understand you, and cannot guess what you mean by saying, you should be glad, if it were God's will, you were not so much pleased as you are: for, silly as I am, to my

mind, no one can take pleasure in not being pleased.” “Look you, Teresa,” answered Sancho, “I am thus merry, because I am resolved, on my part, to return to the service of my master Don Quixote, who is resolved, on his, to make a third sally in quest of adventures; and I am to accompany him, for so my necessity will have it: besides I am pleased with the hopes of finding another hundred crowns, like those we have spent: though it grieves me, that I must part from you and my children; and if God would be pleased to give me bread, dryshod and at home, without dragging me over rough and smooth, and through thick and thin, which he might do at a small expense, and by only willing it so, it is plain, my joy would be more firm and solid, since it is now mingled with sorrow for leaving you: so that I said right, when I said I should be glad, if it were God’s will, I were not so well pleased.” “Look you, Sancho,” replied Teresa, “ever since you have been a limb of knight-errantry, you talk in such a round-about manner, that nobody understands you.” “It is enough that God understands me, wife,” answered Sancho; “for he is the understander of all things; and so much for that: and do you hear, sister, it is convenient you should take more than ordinary care of Dapple these three days, that he may be in a condition to bear arms: double his allowance, and get the pack-saddle in order, and the rest of his tackling; for we are not going to a wedding, but to roam about the world, and to have now and then a bout at ‘give and take’ with

giants, fiery dragons, and goblins, and to hear hissings, roarings, bellowings, and bleatings : all which would be but flowers of lavender, if we had not to do with Yanguesians and enchanted Moors." " I believe indeed, husband," replied Teresa, " that your squire-errant do not eat their bread for nothing, and therefore I shall not fail to beseech our Lord to deliver you speedily from so much evil hap." " I tell you, wife," answered Sancho, " that, did I not expect ere long to see myself a governor of an island, I should drop down dead upon the spot." " Not so, my dear husband," quoth Teresa ; " let the hen live, though it be with the pip ; so, live you, and the devil take all the governments in the world. Without a government came you from your mother's womb ; without a government have you lived hitherto ; and without a government will you go, or be carried, to your grave, whenever it shall please God. How many folks are there in the world that have not a government ; and yet they live for all that, and are reckoned in the number of the people ? The best sauce in the world is hunger, and, as that is never wanting to the poor, they always eat with a relish. But if, perchance, Sancho, you should get a government, do not forget me, and your children. Consider, that little Sancho is just fifteen years old, and it is fit he should go to school, if so be his uncle, the abbot, means to breed him up to the church. Consider, also, that Mary Sancha, your daughter, will not break her heart if we marry her ; for I am mistaken, if she has not as

much mind to a husband, as you have to a government ; and indeed, indeed, it is better a daughter be indifferently married, than well kept."

" In good faith," answered Sancho, " if God be so bountiful to me, that I get any thing like a government, dear wife, I will match Mary Sancha so highly, that there will be no coming near her, without calling her Your Ladyship." " Not so, Sancho," answered Teresa ; " the best way is to marry her to her equal ; for if, instead of pattens, you put her on clogs, and, instead of her russet petticoat of fourteen-penny stuff, you give her a farthingale and petticoats of silk, and instead of plain Molly and You, she be called My Lady, and your Ladyship, the girl will not know where she is, and will fall into a thousand mistakes at every step, discovering the coarse thread of her home-spun country-stuff." " Peace, fool," quoth Sancho ; " the business is only to practise two or three years, and after that the ladyship and the gravity will sit upon her as well, as if they were made for her ; and, if not, what matters it ? Let her be a lady, come what will of it." " Measure yourself by your condition, Sancho," answered Teresa ; " seek not to raise yourself higher, and remember the proverb, Wipe your neighbour's son's nose, and take him into your house.¹ It would be a pretty business truly to marry our Mary to some great count or knight, who, when the fancy takes him, would look upon her as some strange thing, and be calling her country-wench, clod-breaker's brat, and I know not what :

not while I live, husband ; I have not brought up my child to be so used ; do you provide money, Sancho, and leave the matching of her to my care ; for there is Lope Tocho, John Tocho's son, a lusty hale young man, whom we know, and I am sure he has a sneaking kindness for the girl ; she will be very well married to him, considering he is our equal, and will always be under our eye ; and we shall be all as one, parents and children, grandsons, and sons-in-law, and so the peace and blessing of God will be among us all ; and do not you pretend to be marrying her now at your courts and great palaces, where they will neither understand her, nor she understand herself." " Hark you, beast, and yoke fellow for Barabbas," replied Sancho, " why would you now, without rhyme or reason, hinder me from marrying my daughter with one, who may bring me grand-children that may be stiled Your Lordships ? Look you, Teresa, I have always heard my betters say, He that will not when he may, when he will he shall have nay ; and it would be very wrong, now that fortune is knocking at our door, to shut it in her face : let us spread our sails to the favourable gale that blows." [It was this language, and what Sancho says farther below, which made the translator of this history suppose the chapter to be apocryphal.]

" Do you not think, animal," continued Sancho, " that it would be well for me to be really possessed of some beneficial government, that may lift us out of the dirt, and enable me to match Mary Sancha

with whom I pleased? You will then see how people will call you Donna Teresa Panza, and you will sit in the church with velvet cushions, carpets, and tapestries, in spite of the best gentlewoman of the parish. No, no, continue as you are, forsooth, and be always the same thing, without increase or diminution, like a figure in the hangings! Let us have no more of this, pray, wife; for little Sancha shall be a countess, in spite of your teeth." "For all that, husband," answered Teresa, "I am afraid the countesship will be my daughter's undoing. However, as you please; make her a duchess or a princess: but I can tell you, it shall never be with my goodwill or consent. I was always a lover of equality, and cannot abide to see folks taking state upon themselves. Teresa, did my parents christen me at the font, a plain simple name, without the addition, lace, or garniture, of Dons or Donnas. My father's name was Cascajo; and I, by being your wife, am called Teresa Panza, though indeed, by right, I ought to be called Teresa Cascajo. But the laws still are the prince's will. I am contented with the name, without the leaden weight of Donna, to make it so heavy, that I shall not be able to carry it; and I would not have people, when they see me decked out like any little countess or governess, immediately say, 'Look how stately madam hog-feeder moves! Yesterday she toiled at her distaff from morning to night, and went to mass with the tail of her petticoat over her head, for lack of a veil; and to-day, forsooth, she is

tricked in her farthingale, and her embroideries, and holds up her head, as if we did not know her.' God keep me in my seven, or my five senses, or as many as I have ; for I do not intend to expose myself after this manner. Go you, brother, to your governing and islanding, and puff yourself up as you please ; as for my girl and me, by the life of my father, we will neither of us stir a step from our own town. For the proverb says,

The wife that expects to have a good name,
Is always at home as if she were lame ;
And the maid that is honest, her chiefest delight
Is still to be doing from morning to night.

Go you, with your Don Quixote, to your adventures, and leave us with our ill-fortunes ; God will better them for us, if we deserve it ; though truly I cannot imagine who made him a Don, for neither his father nor his grandfather ever had such a title." " Certainly, wife," replied Sancho, " thou must have some familiar in that body of thine ; heavens bless thee, woman ! what a parcel of things hast thou been stringing one upon another, without either head or tail ! What has Cascajo, embroideries, or proverbs to do with what I am saying ? Hark you, fool, and ignorant prate-apace, for so I may call thee, since thou dost not understand what I say, and art flying from good fortune,—had I told thee, that our daughter was to throw herself headlong from some high tower, or go strolling about the world, as did the Infanta

Donna Urraca, thou wouldst be right in not coming into my opinion ; but if, in two turns of a hand, and less than one twinkling of an eye, I can equip her with a Don and Your Ladyship, and raise thee from the straw, to sit under a canopy of state, and upon a sofa with more velvet cushions, than all the Almohadas² of Morocco had Moors in their lineage, why wilt thou not consent, and fall in with my desires ?”

“ Would you know why, husband ?” answered Teresa ; “ it is because of the proverb, which says, He that covers thee, discovers thee. All glance their eyes hastily over the poor man, and fix them upon the rich ; and if that rich man was once poor, then go to work your murmurers and backbiters, who swarm every where like bees.”

“ List, Teresa,” answered Sancho ; “ list to what I am going to say ; perhaps you have never heard it in all the days of your life ; and I do not now speak of my own head ; for all that I intend to say are sentences of that good father, the preacher, who held forth to us last Lent in this village ; one of which, if I remember right, was, that all things present, which our eyes behold, do appear and exist in our minds more distinctly, and with greater force, than things that are past.”

The reasonings here employed were another argument, persuading the translator that this chapter was apocryphal, as exceeding the bounds of Sancho’s capacity, who went on, saying,—“ Whence it proceeds, that, when we see any person finely dressed, and set off with rich apparel, and a train of servants, we are

compelled, as it were, to show him respect, although the memory, in that instant, should recall to our thoughts some mean circumstances, under which we have seen him : which mean circumstances, whether relating to poverty or descent, being already past, no longer exist, and we see only what is present before our eyes : and if the person whom fortune has raised from his native obscurity prove well-behaved, liberal, and courteous, and do not set himself to vie with the ancient nobility, be assured, Teresa, that nobody will remember what he was, but will reverence what he is, excepting the envious, from whom no prosperous fortune is secure." " I really do not understand you, husband," replied Teresa ; " act as you think fit, and do not break my brains any more with your speeches and flourishes : and if you are revolved to do what you say——" " Resolved, you should say, wife," quoth Sancho, " and not revolved." " Set not yourself to dispute with me," answered Teresa ; " I speak as it pleases God, and meddle not with what does not concern me. I say, if you hold still in the same mind of being a governor, take your son Sancho with you, and henceforward train him up to your art of government ; for it is fitting the sons should inherit and learn their father's calling." " When I have a government," quoth Sancho, " I will send for him by the post, and will provide you with money, which will be no difficult matter, though I should have none of my own : for there are always people ready enough to lend to governors :

but then be sure to clothe the boy so, that he may look, not like what he is, but what he is to be." "Send you the money," quoth Teresa, "and I will equip him as fine as a palm-branch."³ "We are agreed then," quoth Sancho, "that our daughter is to be a countess?" "The day that I see her a countess," answered Teresa, "I shall reckon that I am laying her in her grave; but I say again, you may do as you please; for we women are born to bear the clog of obedience to our husbands, be they never such blockheads:" and then she began to weep as bitterly, as if she already saw little Sancha dead and buried. Sancho comforted her, and promised, that though he must make her a countess, he would continue to put it off as long as he possibly could. Thus ended their dialogue, and he went back to Don Quixote, to concert measures for their departure.

CHAP. VI.

Of what passed between Don Quixote, his niece, and housekeeper; being one of the most important chapters of the whole history.

WHILE Sancho Panza, and his wife Teresa Cascajo, were holding the foregoing impertinent¹ dialogue, Don Quixote's niece and housekeeper were not idle; for, suspecting by a thousand signs, that their uncle and master was cogitating how to break loose the third time, and return to the exercise of

his (for them) unlucky knight-errantry, they endeavoured, in every possible way, to divert him from so foolish a design ; but it was all preaching in the desert, and hammering on cold iron. However, among the many luminous reasonings, which passed between them, the housekeeper said, “ Sir, if your worship will not tarry quietly at home, and leave this rambling over hills and dales like a disturbed ghost, in quest of those same adventures, which I call misadventures, I am resolved to complain aloud to God and the king, to put a stop to it.” To which Don Quixote replied, “ Mistress housekeeper, what answer God will return to your complaints, I know not ; and as little what his majesty will reply ; I only know, that, if I were king, I would dispense with answering that infinity of impertinent memorials, which are every day presented to him ; for one of the greatest fatigues attendant upon royalty is, the being obliged to hear and reply to every body ; and therefore I would not have his majesty be troubled with any concern of mine.” To which the housekeeper replied, “ Pray, sir, are there no knights in his majesty’s court ?” “ Yes,” answered Don Quixote, “ many ; and it is fitting there should, for the ornament and grandeur of princes, and the ostentation of the royal dignity.” “ Would it not then be better,” replied she, “ that your worship should be one of them, and quietly serve your lord and king there ?” “ Look you, friend,” answered Don Quixote, “ all knights cannot be courtiers, neither can, nor ought,

all courtiers to be knights-errant ; there must be of all sorts in the world ; and though we are all knights, there is between the courtier-knight and knight-errant a great difference ; for the courtiers, without stirring out of their apartments, or over the threshold, traverse the whole globe, in a map, without a farthing expense, and without suffering heat or cold, hunger or thirst : but we, the true knights-errant, measure the whole earth with our own feet, exposed to sun and cold, to the air and the inclemencies of the sky, by night and by day, on foot and on horseback ; nor do we know our enemies in picture only, but in their proper persons, and attack them at every turn and upon every occasion ; without standing upon trifles, or the laws of duelling, such as, whether the adversary's lance or sword be longer or shorter than ours, whether he carry any relics about him, or wear any secret coat of mail, or whether the sun be duly divided or not ; with other ceremonies of the same stamp, used in single combats between man and man, which you understand not, but I do. And you must know farther, that your true knight-errant, though he should espy ten giants, whose heads not only touch, but overtop the clouds, and though each of them were to stalk on two prodigious towers instead of legs, and should have arms like the main-masts of mighty ships of war, and eyes like huge mill-wheels, and more fiery than the furnace of a glass-house, yet must he in nowise be terrified, but on the contrary, with a genteel air, and an undaunted

heart, encounter, assail, and, if possible, overcome and rout them in an instant of time, though they should come armed with the shell of a certain fish, which, they say, is harder than adamant, and, instead of swords, should bring trenchant sabres of Damascan steel, or iron maces pointed with the same metal, as I have seen in more than one instance. All this I have said, mistress housekeeper, to show you the difference between some knights and others; and it were to be wished, that every prince knew how to esteem this second, or rather first species of knights-errant, since, as we read in their histories, some among them have been the bulwark, not of one only, but of many kingdoms."

"Ah! dear uncle of mine," said the niece, "be assured, that what you tell us of knights-errant is all invention and lies, and their histories deserve, if not to be burnt, at least to wear a sanbenito², or some badge, by which it may be known, that they are infamous, and destructive of good manners." "By the God in whom I live," said Don Quixote, "wert thou not my niece direct, as being my own sister's daughter, I would make such an example of thee, for the blasphemy thou hast uttered, that the whole world should ring of it. How! is it possible, that a young baggage, who scarcely knows how to manage a dozen of bobbins, should presume to put in her oar, and censure the histories of knights-errant? What would sir Amadis have said, should he have heard of such a thing? But now I think of it, I am sure he

would have forgiven this presumption ; for he was the most humble and courteous knight of his time, and the greatest favourer of damsels. But some other might have heard thy tongue, from whose wrath thou wouldst not have escaped so well ; for all are not courteous and good-natured ; on the contrary, there are who are uncivil and even brutal. Neither are all those who call themselves knights really such at bottom ; some being of pure gold, and others of a base, counterfeit stuff, wholly unable to abide the touchstone of truth. There are persons of low origin, who strain almost to bursting to show themselves knights, and there are knights, ay, and toping ones too, who, one might think, were dying with the desire of appearing mean and despicable. The former raise themselves by their ambition or by their virtues ; the latter debase themselves by their weakness or their vices ; and a good discernment is necessary to distinguish between these two, so near in their titles and so distant in their actions.” “ Bless me ! uncle,” quoth the niece, “ how strange it is, that you, who are so knowing, that, if need were, you might mount a pulpit, and hold forth in the streets³, yet should give into so blind a vagary, and so exploded a folly, as to persuade yourself and think to persuade the world, that you are valiant, now you are old ; strong, when, alas ! you are infirm ; able to make crooked things straight, though stooping under the weight of years ; and above all, should believe yourself a knight, when you are really none : for, though your

rich gentlemen may be such, poor ones, such as you, hardly can."

"You are much in the right, niece, in what you say," answered Don Quixote; "and I could tell you such things concerning lineages, as would surprise you; but, because I would not mix things divine with human, I forbear. Yet, hear me, my friends, with attention. All the genealogies in the world may be reduced to four kinds, or families, which are these: First, those who, having had low beginnings, have gone on, extending and dilating themselves, till they have arrived at the summit of human grandeur. Secondly, those who, having had great beginnings, have preserved, and continue to preserve them, in the same level and respectable condition. Thirdly, those who, though they have had great beginnings, have ended in nothing, having gone on diminishing, till they have come to a point, like that of a pyramid, which, in respect of its base or pedestal, is nearly as nothing. And lastly, of those, and they are the most numerous, who, having had neither a good beginning, nor a tolerable middle, will therefore end without a name, like the families of common and ordinary people. Of the first sort, who, having had a mean beginning, have rose to greatness, and still preserve it, we have an instance in the Ottoman family, which, from a poor shepherd its founder, is arrived at the height at which we now see it. Of the second, which began great, and preserve themselves so without augmentation, ex-

amples may be derived from sundry hereditary princes, who remain peaceably within the limits of their own dominions, without either enlarging or contracting them. Of those, who began great, and have ended in a point, the instances are numberless: for such were the Pharaohs and Ptolemies of Egypt, the Cæsars of Rome, with the whole herd, if I may so call them, of princes, monarchs, and lords, Medes, Assyrians, Persians, Greeks, and Barbarians: families and dominions, which, as well as their founders, have all ended in nothing, or next to nothing; for where now are to be found any of their descendants, unless perchance in some low and abject condition? Of the lineages of the common sort I have nothing to say, except, that they serve to swell the number of the living, without deserving any other fame or eulogy. From what I have said, I would have you infer, my dear fools, that in genealogies there is strange confusion, and that those only are great and illustrious, which show themselves such by the virtue, riches, and liberality of their inheritors. I say, virtue, riches, and liberality; because the great man that is vicious, is only a great sinner; and the rich man who is not liberal, a mere covetous beggar; for the possessor of wealth, if happy, is so, not in having, but in spending it, and not in spending it merely according to his own inclination, but in knowing how to do it properly. The knight, who is poor, has no other way of evincing his claim to rank,

but that of virtue, by being affable, well-behaved, courteous, kind, and obliging; a stranger to pride, arrogance, and slander, and above all charitable; for, by two farthings given cheerfully to the poor, he may discover as much generosity, as he who bestows large alms by sound of bell: and there is no one, who sees him adorned with the virtues I have mentioned, though he knows him not, but will judge and repute him to be well descended. Indeed it would be a miracle, were it otherwise: praise was always the reward of virtue, and the virtuous cannot fail of being commended. There are two roads, my children, by which men may arrive at wealth and honours; the one that of letters, the other that of arms. I have more in me of the soldier than of the scholar; I was born, as appears by my propensity to arms, under the influence of the planet Mars; and thus I am forced, as it were, into that track, and that track I must take, in spite of the whole world; and it will be in vain for you to tire yourselves, in persuading me not to attempt what Heaven requires, fortune ordains, reason demands, and, above all, my inclination leads me to. I know the innumerable toils attending on knight-errantry. I know also the numberless advantages to be obtained by it. I know that the path of virtue is strait and narrow, that of vice broad and spacious. I know besides, that their ends and resting-places are different; those of vice, large and open, terminating in death; and those of virtue, narrow and intricate, in life, and not in life

that has an end, but in that which is eternal. And, lastly, I know, as our great Castilian poet observes, that,

Through these rough paths, to gain a glorious name,
We climb the steep ascent that leads to fame.
They miss the road, who quit the rugged way,
And in the smoother tracks of pleasure stray."

"Ah! wo is me!" quoth the niece; "my uncle is a poet too; he knows every thing; nothing comes amiss to him: I will lay a wager, that, if he had a mind to turn mason, he would build a house with as much ease as a birdcage." "I assure you, niece," answered Don Quixote, "that if these knightly thoughts did not employ all my senses, there is nothing I could not do, nor any curious art, but what I could turn my hand to, especially birdcages and toothpicks." 4

At this moment a knocking was heard at the door; and upon asking, "Who is there?" Sancho Panza answered, "It is I." The housekeeper no sooner knew his voice, but she ran to hide herself, so much she abhorred the very sight of him. The niece let him in, and his master, Don Quixote, went out and received him with open arms; and they two being locked up together in the knight's chamber, another dialogue ensued, not a jot inferior to the former.

CHAP. VII.

Of what passed between Don Quixote and his squire, with other most famous occurrences.

THE housekeeper no sooner saw, that Sancho and her master had locked themselves up together, than she began to suspect the drift of their conference; and imagining, that it would end in a resolution for a third sally, she took her veil, and, full of anxiety and trouble, went in quest of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, thinking that, as he was a well-spoken person, and a new acquaintance of her master's, he might be able to dissuade him from so extravagant a purpose. She found him walking to and fro in the court-yard of his house; and, as soon as she espied him, she fell down at his feet, in violent disorder and a cold sweat. When Carrasco beheld her with signs of so much sorrow and heart-beating, he said, "What is the matter, good mistress housekeeper? What has befallen you, that you look as if your heart was at your mouth?" "Nothing at all, dear master Sampson," quoth she, "only that my master is most certainly breaking forth." "How breaking forth, madam?" demanded Sampson; "has he burst a hole in any part of his body?" "No," quoth she, "he is only breaking forth at the door of his own madness: I mean, signor bachelor of my soul, that he has a mind to sally out again, and this will be the third time, to ramble about the world in quest of what he calls ad-

ventures,¹ though for my part I cannot tell why he calls them so. The first time, he was brought home to us athwart an ass, and mashed to mummy. The second time, he returned in an ox-waggon, locked up in a cage, in which he persuaded himself he was enchanted; and the poor soul was so changed, that he could not be known by the mother that bore him, feeble, wan, his eyes sunk to the inmost lodgings of his brain, insomuch that I spent above six hundred eggs in getting him a little up again, as God and the world is my witness, and my hens, that will not let me lie." "I can easily believe that," answered the bachelor; "for they are so good, so well bred, and well fed, that rather than say one thing for another, they would burst. In short then, mistress housekeeper, nothing has happened, no other disaster, than what is feared signor Don Quixote peradventure may have a mind should happen?" "No, sir," answered she. "Be in no pain then," replied the bachelor, "but go home, in God's name, and get me something warm for breakfast, and, by the way, as you go, repeat the prayer of Saint Apollonia, if you know it; and I will be with you instantly, and you shall see wonders." "Dear me!" replied the housekeeper, "the prayer of Saint Apollonia, say you? that might do something, if my master's distemper lay in his gums; but, alas! it lies in his brain." "I know what I say, mistress housekeeper," replied Sampson; "so get you home, and do not stand disputing with me; for know, that I am

a Salamanca bachelor of arts, and there is no bachelorizing² beyond that." Accordingly, away went the housekeeper, and the bachelor proceeded immediately after in search of the priest, to consult with him about what will be told in due time.

While Don Quixote and Sancho were closeted together, there passed between them a conversation, which the history relates at large with great punctuality and truth. Quoth Sancho to his master, "Sir, I have now traduced my wife to consent, to let me go with your worship wherever you please." "Reduced, thou shouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "and not traduced³." "Once or twice already," answered Sancho, "if I remember right, have I besought your worship not to mend my words, if you understand my meaning; and when you do not, say, Sancho, or devil, I understand thee not; and if I do not explain myself, then you may correct me; for I am so focile"——"I do not understand thee now, Sancho," said Don Quixote; "for I do not know the meaning of focile." "So focile," answered Sancho, "means, I am so much so." "I understand less now than before," replied Don Quixote. "Why, if you do not understand me now," answered Sancho, "it is no fault of mine; God help me, I cannot express it better." "O! now I have it," answered Don Quixote; "thy meaning is, thou art so docile, so pliant, and so tractable, that thou art ready to comprehend whatever I shall say, and to learn whatever I shall teach thee." "I will lay a wager," quoth

Sancho, "you took me from the beginning, and understood me perfectly; only you had a mind to put me out, to hear me make two hundred blunders more." "That may be," replied Don Quixote, "but, in short, what says Teresa." "Teresa," quoth Sancho, "says, that fast bind is fast find, and that we must have less talking, and more doing; for he who shuffles is not he who cuts, and one performance is worth two promises: and, I say, though there is but little in woman's advice, yet he that won't take it as wise, must himself be otherwise." "I say so too," replied Don Quixote: "proceed, Sancho, for thou talkest admirably to-day." "Why then, the case is this," replied Sancho; "your worship very well knows we are all mortal, here to-day, and gone to-morrow; that the lamb goes to the spit as soon as the sheep; and that nobody can promise himself in this world more hours of life than God pleases to give him; for death is deaf, and when he knocks at life's door, is always in haste, and nothing can stay him, neither force, nor entreaties, nor sceptres, nor mitres, according to public voice and report, and according to what is told us from your pulpits." "All this is true," said Don Quixote; "but I do not perceive, friend, what thou wouldst be at." "What I would be at," quoth Sancho, "is, that your worship would be pleased to appoint me a certain salary, at so much per month, for the time I shall serve you, and that the said salary be paid me out of your estate; for I have no mind to stand to the courtesy

of recompenses, which come late, or lame, or never ; God help me with my own. In short, I would know what I am to get, be it little or much : for the hen sits, if it be but upon one egg, and many littles make a mickle, and while one is getting something, one is losing nothing. In good truth, should it fall out (which I neither believe nor expect), that your worship should give me that same island you have promised me, I am not so ungrateful, nor am I for making so hard a bargain, as not to consent, that the amount of the rent of such island should be appraised, and my salary be deducted, cantity for cantity." " Is not quantity as good as cantity, friend Sancho?" answered Don Quixote. " I understand you," quoth Sancho, " and I will lay a wager, I should have said quantity, and not cantity : but that signifies nothing, since your worship knew my meaning." " Yes, and so perfectly too," returned Don Quixote, " that I see to the very bottom of thy thoughts, and the mark thou wouldst drive at with the innumerable arrows of thy proverbs. Look you, Sancho, I could easily appoint thee a salary, had I ever met with any precedent, among the histories of knights-errant, to discover, or show me the least glimmering of what they used to give monthly or yearly. I have read all, or most of those histories, but do not remember ever to have read, that any knight-errant allowed his squire set wages. I only know, that they all served upon courtesy, and that, when they least thought of it, if their masters had good luck, they were rewarded

with an island, or something equivalent, or at least remained with a title and dignity. If, Sancho, upon the strength of these expectations, thou art willing to return to my service, in God's name do so: but to think that I will force the ancient usage of knight-errantry off the hinges, is a very great mistake. And therefore, Sancho, go home, and tell thy wife my intention, and if she be willing, and thou hast a mind to stay with me upon courtesy, *bene quidem*; if not, we are as we were; for if the dovehouse does not want bait, it will never want pigeons; and take notice, son, that a good reversion is better than a bad possession, and a good claim than bad pay. I talk thus, Sancho, to show, that I can let fly a volley of proverbs as well as thyself. However, to be plain with thee, if thou art not disposed to go along with me upon courtesy, and share my fortunes, the Lord have thee in his keeping, and make thee a saint; for I can never want squires, who, while they will be more obedient, and more diligent, will at the same time be less selfish and less talkative."

When Sancho heard his master's fixed resolution, the sky clouded over him, and the wings of his heart downright flagged; for till now he verily believed his master would not go without him for the world's worth. While he stood thus thoughtful, and in suspense, came in Sampson Carrasco, and the niece and the housekeeper, who had a mind to hear by what arguments the bachelor would dissuade their master and uncle from going again in quest of adventures.

Sampson, who, as mentioned before, was a notable wag, the moment he entered, embraced Don Quixote, as in the preceding instance, and then in an exalted voice, said, "O flower of knight-errantry! O resplendent light of arms! O mirror and glory of the Spanish nation! may it please Almighty God, of his infinite goodness, that the person, or persons, who shall obstruct or disappoint your third sally, may never find the way out of the labyrinth of their desires, nor ever see accomplished what they so ardently wish!" And turning to the housekeeper, he said, "Now, mistress housekeeper, you may save yourself the trouble of saying the prayer of St. Apollonia; for I know that it is the precise determination of the stars, that signor Don Quixote shall once more put in execution his glorious and uncommon designs, and I should greatly burden my conscience, did I not give intimation thereof, and persuade this knight, no longer to detain and withhold the force of his valorous arm, and the worth of his heroic soul, lest by delay he should defraud the injured world of redress, orphans of protection, damsels of deliverance, widows of relief, and wives of support, with other matters of the same nature, which concern, depend upon, appertain, and are annexed to, the order of knight-errantry. Go on then, dear signor Don Quixote, beautiful and brave; and let your worship and grandeur lose no time, but set forward rather to-day than to-morrow; and if any thing be wanting towards putting your design in execution, here am I, ready to supply it

with my life and fortune ; and if your magnificence stands in need of a squire, I shall think it a singular piece of good fortune to serve you as such."

Don Quixote, upon this, turning to Sancho, said, " Did I not tell thee, Sancho, that I should have squires enough, and to spare ? behold, who it is that condescendingly offers himself, who, but the unheard-of bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, the perpetual darling and delight of the Salamancan schools, sound and active of body, no prater, patient of heat and cold, of hunger and thirst, with all the qualifications necessary to the squire of a knight-errant ? but Heaven forbid, that, to gratify my own private inclination, I should endanger this pillar of literature, this urn of sciences, and lop off so eminent a branch of the noble and liberal arts. Let our new Sampson abide in his country, and, in doing it honour, at the same time reverence the grey hairs of his ancient parents ; I will make shift with any squire, since Sancho deigns not to go with me." " I do deign," quoth Sancho, melted into tenderness, and his eyes overflowing with tears. " It shall never be said of me, dear master, the bread eaten, the company broke up. I am not come of an ungrateful stock ; since all the world knows, and especially our village, who the Panzas were, from whom I am descended ; besides, I am convinced, by many good works, and more good words, of your worship's desire to do me a kindness ; and if I have taken upon me more than I ought, by intermeddling in the article of wages, it was out of complaisance to

my wife, who, when once she takes it in hand to persuade me to any thing, no mallet drives the hoops of a tub so forcibly, as she does her purpose till she has obtained it; but in short, a man must be a man, and a woman a woman; and since I am a man every where else, which cannot be denied, I will also be one in my own house, vex whom it will: and therefore there is no more to be done, but that your worship give orders about your will, and its codicil, in such manner, that it cannot be rebuked, and let us set out immediately, that the soul of signor Sampson may not suffer, who says he is obliged in conscience to persuade your worship to make a third sally; and I again offer myself to serve your worship, faithfully and loyally, as well, and better than all the squires that ever served knight-errant, in past or present times."

The bachelor stood aghast at Sancho Panza's style and manner of talking; for, though he had read the first part of his master's history, he never believed he was so ridiculous, as he is described in it; but hearing him now talk of will and codicil, that could not be rebuked, instead of revoked, he believed all he had read of him, and concluded him to be one of the most solemn coxcombs of the age; and said to himself, that two such fools as master and man were never before seen in the world. In fine, Don Quixote and Sancho being perfectly reconciled, embraced each other, and with the approbation and good liking of the grand Carrasco, now their oracle, it was decreed

their departure should be within three days, in which time they might have leisure to provide what was necessary for the expedition, especially a complete helmet, which Don Quixote said he must by all means carry with him into the field. Sampson accordingly offered him one belonging to a friend of his, who, he was sure, would not refuse it, though, to say the truth, the brightness of the steel was not a little obscured by the tarnish and rust. The curses, which the housekeeper and niece heaped upon the bachelor, were not to be numbered: they tore their hair, and scratched their faces, and, like the hired mourners of old, lamented the approaching departure, as if it were the death of their master. Sampson's design, however, in persuading him to sally forth again, was to bring about what the history will hereafter tell us, for he acted in concert with the priest and the barber, with whom he had plotted beforehand.

In short, during those three days, Don Quixote and Sancho furnished themselves with what they thought convenient; and the time being now expired, and Sancho having appeased his wife, and Don Quixote his niece and housekeeper, in the dusk of the evening, unobserved by any body but the bachelor, who insisted on bearing them company half a league from the village, they took the road to Toboso; Don Quixote upon his good Rozinante, and Sancho upon his old trusty Dapple, his wallets stored with provisions, and his purse with money, which the knight

had furnished against whatever might happen. Sampson embraced him, begging to be favoured with occasional advice of his good or ill fortune, that he might rejoice or condole with him, as the laws of friendship required. Don Quixote having promised compliance, Sampson returned to the village, and the knight and squire took their way toward the great city we have mentioned.

CHAP. VIII.

Wherein is related what befell Don Quixote, as he was going to visit his lady Dulcinea del Toboso.

BLESSED be the mighty Alla! Blessed be the mighty Alla! says Cid Hamet Benengeli, at the beginning of this eighth chapter: and he repeats the thanksgiving a third time, in grateful transport, to find that Don Quixote and Sancho had again taken the field, and that the readers of their delightful history would enjoy a farther treat, in the continuation of the exploits and witty sayings of the knight and his squire: and he entreats them, to forget the former chivalries of the ingenious gentleman, and fix their eyes upon his future achievements, which now open upon the road to Toboso, as the former began in the fields of Montiel: and truly this request is but reasonable, considering the mighty things he promises. The history then goes on thus.

Scarcely was Sampson departed, and Don Quixote

and Sancho left to themselves, than Rozinante began to neigh, and Dapple to sigh and bray ; which was held by both knight and squire for a good sign, and a most happy omen ; though, if the truth must be told, the sighs and brayings of the ass exceeded in number the neighings of the steed ; from whence Sancho inferred, that his good luck was to surpass and get above that of his master. But whether he drew this inference from judicial astrology, is not known, since the history says nothing of his being versed in it : only he had been heard to say, whenever he stumbled or fell, that he would have been glad he had not gone out of doors ; for by a stumble or a fall nothing was to be got but a torn shoe, or a broken rib ; and, though a simpleton, he was not much out of his reckoning in this.

Don Quixote said to him, “ Friend Sancho, the night is coming on apace, and we shall not be able to reach Toboso by daylight ; yet thither I am resolved to go, before I undertake any other adventure : there will I receive the farewell blessing of the peerless Dulcinea, with which I shall be sure to finish happily every perilous adventure in which I may be engaged ; for nothing in this world inspires a knight-errant with so much valour, as the favour of his mistress.” “ I believe it,” answered Sancho ; “ but I am of opinion, it will be difficult for your worship to come to her speech, or be alone with her, at least in any place where you may receive her benediction, unless she should toss it over the pales of the yard, through which I saw her, when I carried her the letter, with

the news of the follies and extravagancies your worship was playing in the heart of the sable mountain." "Pales, didst thou fancy them to be, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "within which thou sawest that paragon of gentility and beauty? Impossible! they must have been galleries, arcades, or cloisters, suitable to a rich and royal palace." "All that may be," answered Sancho; "but to me they seemed pales, or I have a very shallow memory." "However, let us go thither, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "for so I am but blessed with a sight of her, be it through pales, through windows, through crannies, or through the rails of a garden, this I shall gain by it, that, however small a ray of the sun of her beauty reaches my eyes, it will so enlighten my understanding, and fortify my heart, that I shall remain without a rival either in wisdom or valour." "In truth, sir," answered Sancho, "when I saw this sun of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, it was not so bright as to send forth rays; and the reason must be, that, as her ladyship was winnowing that wheat I told you of, the great quantity of dust that flew out of it, overcast her face like a cloud, and obscured it." "What! Sancho," said Don Quixote, "dost thou persist in saying and believing, that my lady Dulcinea was winnowing wheat; a business and employment quite foreign to persons of distinction, who are designed and reserved for other exercises and amusements, which denote their high quality a bow-shot off? Thou hast surely forgotten, Sancho, our poet's¹ verses, in which

are described the labours of those four nymphs, in their crystal mansions, when they raised their heads above the delightful Tagus, and seated themselves in the green meadow, to work those rich stuffs, which, as the ingenious bard represents them, were all embroidered with gold, silk, and pearls. And in this manner must my lady have been employed, when thou sawest her: but the envy, some wicked enchanter bears me, changes and converts into different shapes every thing that should give me pleasure; and therefore, in that history, said to be published, of my exploits, if peradventure its author was some sage, my enemy, he has, I fear, put one thing for another, with one truth mixing a thousand lies, and amusing himself with relating circumstances foreign to the interesting detail of true history. O envy! thou root of infinite evils, and canker-worm of virtues! All other vices, Sancho, carry a portion of pleasure along with them: but in the heart of the envious there is nothing but distaste, rancour, and rage." "That is what I say too," replied Sancho; "and I take it for granted, in that same legend or history of us, which the bachelor Carrasco tells us he has seen, that my reputation is tossed about like a tennis-ball. Now, as I am an honest man, I never spoke ill of any enchanter, nor have I wealth enough to be envied. It is true, indeed, I am said to be somewhat sly, and to have a little spice of the knave; but the grand cloke of my simplicity, always natural and never artificial,

hides and covers all. And if I had nothing else to boast of, but the believing, as I do always, firmly and truly in God, and in all that the holy catholic Roman church holds and believes, and the being, as I really am, a mortal enemy to the Jews, the historians ought to have mercy upon me, and treat me well in their writings. But let them say what they will: naked was I born, and naked I remain: I neither lose nor win; and, so my name be but in print, and go about the world from hand to hand, I care not a fig, let people say of me whatever they list."

"That, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "reminds me of what happened to a famous poet of our times, who having written an ill-natured satire upon the court-ladies, a certain female of rank, who was not expressly named in it, and it was even doubtful whether she was implied, complained to the poet, asking him what he had seen in her, that he had not inserted her among the rest, telling him he must enlarge his satire, and put her in the supplement, or wo be to him. The poet did as he was bidden, and set her down for such a one, as duennas will not name; yet was the lady perfectly satisfied to find herself thus infamously famous. Of the same kind is the story they tell of that shepherd, who set fire to, and burnt down, the famous temple of Diana, reckoned one of the seven wonders of the world, only that his name might live in future ages: and though it was ordered by public edict, that nobody should mention him either by word or writing, that he might not attain

the end he proposed, yet is it well known that he was called Erostratus. To the same purpose again may be alleged what happened to the great emperor Charles the Fifth, who had a desire to see the celebrated Rotunda, which was called by the ancients the Pantheon, or temple of all the gods, and now is more happily termed the church of All Saints, and is the most entire edifice remaining of heathen Rome, and that which best preserves the fame of the greatness and magnificence of its founders. It is built in the shape of a half-orange, very spacious, and very lightsome, though it has but one window, or rather round opening at the top: from whence the emperor having surveyed the inside of the structure, the Roman knight, who attended him to point out the beauty and ingenious contrivance of so vast and memorable a piece of architecture, said to him, when they came down from the skylight, ' Sacred sir, a thousand times did it come into my head to clasp your majesty in my arms, and cast myself down with you from the top of the church to the bottom, merely that my name might be eternal upon earth.' ' I thank you,' answered the emperor, ' for not putting so wicked a thought into execution, and will henceforward take care, that you have no opportunity of giving me a similar proof of your loyalty, and therefore command you never more to speak to me, or appear in my presence;' yet did he afterwards bestow upon him some great favour. What I mean, Sancho, is, that the desire of fame is a very active

principle in the heart of man. What was it that cast Horatius down from the bridge, armed at all points, into the depth of the Tiber? What burnt the arm and hand of Mutius? What impelled Curtius to throw himself into the flaming gulf, that opened itself in the midst of Rome? What made Cæsar pass the Rubicon in opposition to all presages? And, in more modern instances, what bored the ships and stranded those valiant Spaniards, conducted by the most courteous Cortez to the new world? All these, and other great and various exploits, are, were, and shall be, the works of fame, which mortals desire as the reward and earnest of that immortality, which their noble deeds merit: though we christian and catholic knights-errant ought to be more intent upon the glory of the world to come, which is eternal in the heavens, than upon the vanity of fame, acquired in this present and transitory world; for, let it last never so long, it must end with the world itself, which has its appointed period. Therefore, O Sancho, let not our works exceed the bounds prescribed by the religion we profess. In destroying giants we are to destroy pride; envy must be overcome by generosity and good-nature; anger, by sedateness and composure of mind; gluttony and sleep, by eating little and watching much; lust and lasciviousness, by the fidelity we maintain to those we have made mistresses of our thoughts; laziness, by traversing the globe, seeking occasions every where, by which to evince ourselves not only good Christians, but re-

nowned knights. These, Sancho, are the means of obtaining those extremes of praise, which a good name is sure to bring along with it."

"What your worship has hitherto said," quoth Sancho, "I very well understand: but, for all that, I wish, sir, you would be so kind as to dissolve me one doubt, which has this moment come into my mind." "Resolve, thou wouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote: "well, out with it in God's name, and I will answer, as far as I know." "Pray, tell me, sir," proceeded Sancho, "those Julys and Augusts, and all those feat-doing knights you spoke of, that are dead, where are they now?" "The gentiles," answered Don Quixote, "are doubtless in hell: the Christians, if they were good Christians, are either in purgatory, or in heaven." "Right," quoth Sancho; "but I would farther know, whether the sepulchres, in which the bodies of those great lords lie interred, have silver lamps burning before them, and whether the walls of their chapels are adorned with crutches, winding-sheets, old perukes, legs, and eyes; and, if not with these, pray, sir, with what are they adorned?" To which Don Quixote answered, "The sepulchres of the heathens were for the most part sumptuous temples. The ashes of Julius Cæsar were deposited in an urn, placed on the top of a stone pyramid, of a prodigious size; it is now called the obelisk of St. Peter. The Moles Adriani, or sepulchre of the emperor Adrian, was a castle as large as a good village, as may be still seen at Rome, where

it bears the name of the castle of St. Angelo. Queen Artemisia buried her husband Mausolus in a tomb, which was esteemed one of the seven wonders of the world. But neither were these, nor any of the numerous sepulchres belonging to the gentiles, hung with winding-sheets, or other offerings, or signs, denoting those to be saints, who were buried in them." "That is what I am coming to," replied Sancho; "and now, pray, your worship, tell me; which is the more difficult, to raise a dead man to life, or to slay a giant?" "The answer is obvious," answered Don Quixote; "to raise a dead man." "There I have caught you," quoth Sancho. "His fame then, who raises the dead, gives sight to the blind, makes the lame walk, and cures the sick, before whose sepulchre lamps are continually burning, and whose chapels are crowded with devotees, adoring his relics upon their knees; his fame, I say, shall be greater, both in this world and the next, than that, which all the heathen emperors and knights-errant in the world ever had, or ever will have." "I grant it," answered Don Quixote. "Then," replied Sancho, "the bodies and relics of saints have this fame, these graces, these prerogatives, or how do you call it, with the approbation and licence of our holy mother church? and have they not their lamps, winding-sheets, crutches, pictures, perukes, eyes, and legs, whereby they increase other men's devotion, and spread their own christian fame? and kings themselves carry the bodies or relics of saints upon their shoulders, kiss bits of

their bones, and adorn and enrich their chapels and most favourite altars with them, do they not?" "Certainly: but what wouldst thou have me infer, Sancho, from these long-winded questions?" quoth Don Quixote. "I would infer," said Sancho, "that we had better turn saints immediately, and we shall then soon attain to that renown we aim at. And pray take notice, sir, that it was but yesterday, or t'other day, for it is so little a while ago that I may so speak, that a couple of poor bare-footed friars³ were beatified or canonized, and the iron chains, with which they girded and disciplined themselves, people now reckon it a great happiness to touch or kiss; and these relics are now held in greater veneration, than Orlando's sword in the armoury of our lord the king, God bless him. So that, master of mine, it is better being a poor friar of the meanest order, than the valiantest knight-errant that ever lived; for a couple of dozen of penitential lashes are more esteemed in the sight of God, than two thousand tilts with a lance, whether it be against giants, goblins, or dragons." "All this," answered Don Quixote, "I confess is very true: but we cannot be all friars, Sancho; and many and various are the ways, by which God conducts his elect to heaven. Chivalry is a kind of religious profession; and some knights are now saints in glory." "True," answered Sancho; "but I have heard say, there are more friars in heaven, than knights-errant." "It may well be so," replied Don Quixote, "because the number of monks is much

greater than that of knights-errant." 4 "And yet," quoth Sancho, "there is an abundance of the errant sort." "Abundance, indeed," answered Don Quixote; "but few who deserve the name."

In this and other similar talk did they pass that night, and the following day, without any accident worth relating; at which Don Quixote was not a little grieved. Next day, however, they descried the great city of Toboso; at sight whereof our knight's spirits were much elevated, and Sancho's as much depressed, because he did not know Dulcinea's house, and had never seen her in his life, any more than his master had; so that both were equally in pain, the one to see her, and the other for not having seen her; and Sancho was at a loss what plan to devise, should his master send him to Toboso. Don Quixote, however, resolved to enter the city shrouded by the night, and they tarried among some oak trees on an eminence near it, till the hour of darkness came, when they made their ingress, and things befel them that were things indeed.

CHAP. IX.

Which relates what will be found in it.

HALF the night, or nearly so, was spent, when Don Quixote and Sancho left the mountain, and entered the city of Toboso, which was hushed in silence; its inhabitants being sound asleep, reposing,

as the phrase is, with out-stretched legs. The night was not quite dark ; though Sancho could have wished it were, that the obscurity might cover or excuse his prevarication. Nothing was heard but the barking of dogs, stunning Don Quixote's ears, and disquieting Sancho's heart ; except that now and then an ass brayed, or hog grunted, or cat mewed : which different sounds being augmented by the surrounding stillness, were considered as ill omens by the enamoured knight, who nevertheless said to Sancho : " Sancho, son, lead on before to Dulcinea's palace ; for it may be we shall find her awake." " To what palace ? body of the sun !" answered Sancho ; " that I saw her highness in was but a little mean hovel." " She must have been retired at that time," replied Don Quixote, " to some small apartment of her castle, amusing herself with her damsels, as is usual with great ladies and princesses." " Since your worship," quoth Sancho, " will needs have my lady Dulcinea's house to be a castle, is this an hour to find the gates open ; and is it fitting we should stand thundering at the door, till they open and let us in, putting the whole house in an uproar ? Think you we are going to a bawdy-house, like your gallants, who knock, and call, and are let in at what hour they please, be it never so late ?" " First, to make one thing sure, let us find this castle," replied Don Quixote, " and then I will tell thee what is fitting to be done : and look, Sancho ; for either my eyes deceive me, or that great, shadowy bulk we see yonder must be the

palace." "Then lead on yourself, sir," answered Sancho: "perhaps it may be so; though, if I were to see it with my eyes, and touch it with my hands, I would believe it, just as much as I believe it is now day."

Don Quixote led the way, and, having advanced about two hundred paces, they came to the bulk, which cast the shadow, and perceiving a large steeple, they presently discovered, that the building was no palace, but the principal church of the town; upon which the knight said, "We are come to the church, Sancho." "So I perceive," answered the squire, "and God grant we be not come to our graves: for it is no very good sign, to be rambling about churchyards at such hours, and especially since I have already told your worship, if I remember right, that this same lady's house stands in an alley, where there is no thoroughfare." "God's curse light upon thee, thou blockhead!" said Don Quixote: "where hast thou ever found castles and royal palaces built in alleys without a thoroughfare?" "Sir," replied Sancho, "every country has its customs; so perhaps it is the fashion here in Toboso, to build your great edifices in by places; and therefore I beseech your worship, to let me look about among the lanes or passages before me; and it may be in one nook or other I may pop upon this same palace, which I wish I may see devoured by dogs, for confounding and bewildering us at this rate." "Speak with respect, Sancho, of my lady's matters," quoth Don Quixote: "let

us keep our holidays in peace, and not throw the rope after the bucket." "I will curb myself," answered Sancho: "but with what patience can I bear to think, that your worship will needs have me know our mistress's house, and find it at midnight, having seen it but once, when you cannot find it yourself, though you must have seen it thousands of times?" "Thou wilt drive me mad, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "come hither, heretic; have I not told thee, over and over again, that I never saw the peerless Dulcinea in all the days of my life; nor ever stepped over the threshold of her palace, and that I am enamoured only by hearsay, and by the great fame of her wit and beauty?" "I hear it now," answered Sancho; "and, to speak the truth, I have seen her just as much as your worship has seen her, and no more." "That cannot be," replied Don Quixote: "for didst thou not wait upon her, and find her winnowing wheat? And didst thou not receive from her an answer to the letter I sent?" "You must not depend upon that, sir," answered Sancho; "for the sight of her, and the answer I brought, were both by hearsay too; and I can no more tell who the lady Dulcinea is, than I can box the moon." "Sancho! Sancho!" said Don Quixote, "there is a time to jest, and a time when jests are unseasonable. What! because I say, that I never saw nor spoke to the mistress of my soul, is that a reason for thy saying so too, when thou knowest the contrary so well?"

While they were thus conversing, they perceived a

man passing by with a couple of mules, and, by the noise a ploughshare made in dragging along the ground, they judged it must be some husbandman, who had risen before day, and was going to his work; and so in truth it was. The ploughman was singing, as he went, the ballad of the defeat of the French in Roncesvalles.¹ Don Quixote hearing it, exclaimed, "Let me die, Sancho, if we shall have any good luck to-night: dost thou not hear what this peasant is singing?" "Yes, I do," answered Sancho; "but what is the defeat at Roncesvalles to us? He might as well have sung the ballad of Calainos; for any thing it has to do with the good or ill success of our business." The countryman being now come up to them, Don Quixote said to him, "Good morrow, honest friend; can you inform me whereabouts stands the palace of the peerless princess, Donna Dulcinea del Toboso?" "Sir," answered the young man, "I am a stranger, and have been but a few days in the service of a rich farmer of this town, whose grounds I till: in yon house over the way live the parish-priest and the sexton; both, or either of whom, can give your worship an account of this same lady-princess; for they keep a register of all the inhabitants of Toboso; though I am of opinion there is no such thing as a princess all over the place; but there are several great ladies, every one of whom, mayhap, may be a princess in her own house." "One of these, then," quoth Don Quixote, "must be the lady I am inquiring after."

“Not unlikely,” answered the ploughman, “and God speed you well; for the dawn begins to appear:” and, pricking on his mules, he staid for no more questions.

Sancho, seeing his master in suspense, and sufficiently dissatisfied, said to him, “Sir, the day comes on apace, and it will not be advisable to let the sun overtake us in the streets; we had therefore better retire out of the city, and while your worship shelters yourself in some neighbouring grove, will I return by daylight, and leave no hole or corner in all the town, unsearched for this house, castle, or palace of my lady; and ill luck attend me, if I do not find it; and as soon as I have found it, I will speak to her ladyship, and tell her, where and how your worship is waiting her orders and direction, that you may see her without prejudice to her honour or reputation.” “Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote, “in the compass of a few words, thou hast uttered a thousand sentences: I relish much thy counsel, and accept of it most heartily: come along, son, and let us seek a place where we can take covert: afterwards, thou shalt return, as thou advisest, to seek, see, and speak to my lady, from whose discretion and courtesy I expect more than miraculous favours.” Sancho stood upon thorns till he got his master out of town, lest he should detect the lying answer he delivered to him in the sable mountain, pretending it came from Dulcinea: and therefore he made haste to depart, which they did instantly; and about two miles from the

town they found a grove or wood, in which Don Quixote took shelter, while Sancho went back to commune with Dulcinea; in which embassy there befel him things, which require fresh attention and fresh credit.

CHAP. X.

Wherein is related the cunning used by Sancho in enchanting the lady Dulcinea, with other events as ridiculous as they are true.

THE author of this grand history, coming to relate what is contained in this chapter, says, he was disposed to have passed it over in silence, fearing not to be believed, Don Quixote's madness, as related in it, exceeding all bounds, and rising to the utmost pitch, even two bow-shots beyond the greatest extravagance: however, notwithstanding this fear and diffidence, he has set every thing down in the manner it was transacted, without adding or diminishing a tittle; regardless of the objections that might be made against his veracity: and he was surely in the right; for though truth may be stretched, it cannot be broken, but will always get above falsehood, as oil does above water: and so, pursuing his narrative, he says:

As soon as Don Quixote had sheltered himself in the grove, wood, or forest, near the great Toboso, he hastened Sancho back, commanding him not to ap-

pear in his presence, till he had first spoken to his lady, beseeching her, that she would be pleased to give her captive knight leave to wait upon her, and that she would deign to bestow upon him her blessing, from which he might hope for the most prosperous success in all his encounters and enterprises, however difficult they may be. Sancho undertook to fulfil his command, and to bring him as good an answer in this, as he had done in the preceding instance. "Go then, son," replied Don Quixote, "and be in no confusion when standing before the blaze of that sun of beauty thou art going to seek. Happy art thou above all the squires in the world! Bear in mind, I charge thee, the particulars of thy reception; whether she changes colour while thou art delivering thy embassy; whether any uneasiness or perturbation at hearing my name, be perceivable in her; whether her cushion cannot hold her, if perchance thou shouldst find her seated on the rich estrado¹ of her dignity; and, if she be standing, mark, whether she stands sometimes upon one foot and sometimes upon the other; whether she repeats the answer she may give three or four times; whether she changes it from soft to harsh, from sharp to amorous; whether she lifts her hand to adjust her hair, though it be not disordered: in short, son, observe all her actions and motions; for, by thy relating them to me precisely as they were, I shall be able to give a shrewd guess at what she keeps concealed in the secret folds of her heart, touching the affair of my love. For be it

known to thee, Sancho, if thou dost not know it already, that with lovers, the external actions and gestures, when their amorous flame is the subject, are most certain couriers, and bring infallible tidings of what passes in the inmost recesses of the soul. Go, friend, and better fortune than mine be thy guide; and may better success, than what I fear and expect in this bitter solitude, send thee back safe." "I will both go, and return quickly," quoth Sancho: "in the mean time, good sir, enlarge that little heart of yours, which at present can be no bigger than a hazel-nut, and consider the common saying, that a good heart breaks bad luck; and that where there are no pins to hang it on, there will be no bacon; and, where we least think it, there starts the hare; this I say, because, though we could not find the castles or palaces of my lady Dulcinea last night, now that it is daylight, I hope to stumble upon them at unawares; and when I have found them, let me alone to deal with her ladyship." "Verily, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou hast a happy knack of applying thy proverbs to the subject in hand, yet I pray God to send me a happier fate in obtaining my wishes!"

This was no sooner said, than Sancho switched his Dapple, leaving Don Quixote on horseback, resting on his stirrups, and leaning on his lance, full of sad and confused imaginations: and there we will leave him for a while, and go along with Sancho Panza, who departed from his master no less confused and

thoughtful than he ; insomuch that he was scarcely out of the grove, when, turning his head, and finding that Don Quixote was not in sight, he lighted from his beast, and setting himself down at the foot of a tree, began to reason with himself thus ; “ Tell me now, brother Sancho, whither is your worship going ? Are you going to seek some ass that is lost ? ” “ No, verily. ” “ Then what are you going to seek ? ” “ Why I go to seek for a thing of nothing, a princess, and in her the sun of beauty, and all heaven together. ” “ Well, Sancho, and where expect you to find all this ? ” “ Where ? In the grand city of Toboso. ” “ In the grand city of Toboso ? And pray who sent you on this errand ? ” “ Why the renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, who redresses wrongs, gives drink to the hungry, and meat to the thirsty. ” “ All this is mighty well : and do you know her house, Sancho ? ” “ My master says, it must be some royal palace, or stately castle. ” “ And have you ever seen her ? ” “ Neither I, nor my master, have ever seen her. ” “ And do you think it would be advisable, that the people of Toboso should know you come with a design, to inveigle away their princesses, and lead their ladies astray ? What if they should grind your ribs with pure dry basting, and not leave you a whole bone in your skin ? ” “ Truly they would be much in the right of it, unless they are pleased to consider, that I am commanded, and, being but a messenger, am not in fault. ” “ Trust

not to that, Sancho; for the Manchegans are as choleric as they are honourable, and so ticklish, nobody must touch them." "God's my life! if they smoke us, wo be to us. But why go I looking for three legs in a cat, for another man's pleasure? Besides, to look for Dulcinea up and down Toboso, is as if one should look for little Mary in Rabena, or a bachelor in Salamanca. The devil, the devil, and nobody else, has put me upon this business."

This dialogue Sancho held with himself, and the upshot was, to return to it again, saying to himself; "Well; there is a remedy for every thing but death, under whose dominion we must all pass, in spite of our teeth, at the end of our lives. This master of mine, by a thousand tokens that I have seen, is mad enough to be tied down in his bed; and in truth I come very little behind him; nay, I am madder than he, thus to follow, and serve him, if there be any truth in the proverb, which says, Show me thy company, and I will tell thee what thou art; or in that other, Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou art fed. He then being a madman, as he really is, and so mad, as frequently to mistake one thing for another, taking black for white, and white for black;—as appeared plainly, when he said, the windmills were giants, and the monks' mules, dromedaries, and the flocks of sheep, armies of enemies, and many more matters to the same tune,—it will not be very difficult to make him believe, that a country wench, the first I light upon, is the lady Dulcinea; and,

should he not believe it, I will swear to it ; and if he should swear in his turn, I will out-swear him ; and, if he persist, I will persist more than he, in such manner, that my obstinacy shall still be uppermost, come what will of it. Perhaps, by this means, I shall put an end to his sending me again upon such errands, seeing what preposterous answers I bring him ; or, he will think, which is most likely, that some wicked enchanter, of the many who bear him a spite, as he says, has changed her form, to vex and disquiet him."

This project set Sancho's spirit at rest, and he deemed the business as good as half done ; so he alighted, and remained where he was till the evening, that Don Quixote might think he had sufficient time to execute his commission and return ; and every thing fell out so luckily for him, that when he rose up to mount his Dapple, he espied three country wenches, coming from Toboso toward the place where he was, upon three young asses ; but whether male or female, the author does not say, though it is more probable they were she-asses, that being the ordinary mounting of countrywomen ; but as it is a matter of no consequence, we need not give ourselves any trouble to decide the question.

In short, as soon as Sancho espied the lasses, he rode back at a round rate to his master, Don Quixote, whom he found breathing a thousand sighs, and amorous lamentations. As soon as the knight saw him, he said, " Well, friend Sancho, am I to mark



this day with a white or a black stone?" "Your worship," answered Sancho, "had better mark it with red ochre, as they do the inscriptions on professors' chairs, to be the more easily read by the lookers on." "By this," quoth Don Quixote, "thou shouldst bring good news." "So good," answered Sancho, "that your worship has no more to do, but to clap spurs to Rozinante, and gallop out upon the plain, to see the lady Dulcinea del Toboso, who, with a couple of her damsels, is coming to make your worship a visit." "Gracious God!" exclaimed Don Quixote, "what dost thou say, friend Sancho? take care thou dost not impose on my real sorrow by a counterfeit joy." "What should I get," answered Sancho, "by deceiving your worship, and being detected the next moment? Come, sir, put on, and you will see the princess, our mistress, arrayed and adorned, in short, like herself. She and her damsels are one blaze of flaming gold; all strings of pearls, all diamonds, all rubies, all cloth of tissue above ten hands deep: their tresses, loose about their shoulders, are so many sunbeams playing with the wind; and, what is more, they come mounted upon three pyebellied belfreys, the finest that eyes ever beheld." "Palfreys, thou wouldst say, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote. "There is no great difference, I think," answered Sancho, "between belfreys and palfreys: but let them be mounted how they will, they are the finest damsels one would wish to see, especially my mistress the princess Dulcinea, who ravishes one's

very senses." "Let us begone, son Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and, as a reward for this news, as unexpected as it is good, I bequeath thee the choicest spoils I shall gain in my next adventure; and, if that will not satisfy thee, thou shalt have the colts my three mares will foal this year upon our town common." "I stick to the colts," answered Sancho; "for it is not clear, that the spoils of your next adventure will be worth having."

By this time they were out of the wood, and the three wenches very near them. Don Quixote darted his eyes along the road toward Toboso, and seeing no one else, he was troubled, and asked Sancho, whether Dulcinea and her attendants were out of the city when he left them. "Out of the city!" answered Sancho; "are your worship's eyes in the nape of your neck, that you do not see it is they who are coming, shining like the sun at noon day?" "I see only three country girls," answered Don Quixote, "on three asses." "Now, God keep me from the devil!" answered Sancho; "is it possible, that three palfreys, or how do you call them, white as the driven snow, should appear to you to be asses? As the Lord liveth, you shall pluck off this beard of mine, if it be so." "I tell thee, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "that it is as certain, they are he or she asses, as I am Don Quixote, and thou Sancho Panza; at least such they seem to me." "Sir," quoth Sancho, "say not such a word, but snuff those eyes of yours, and come and make your reverence to the

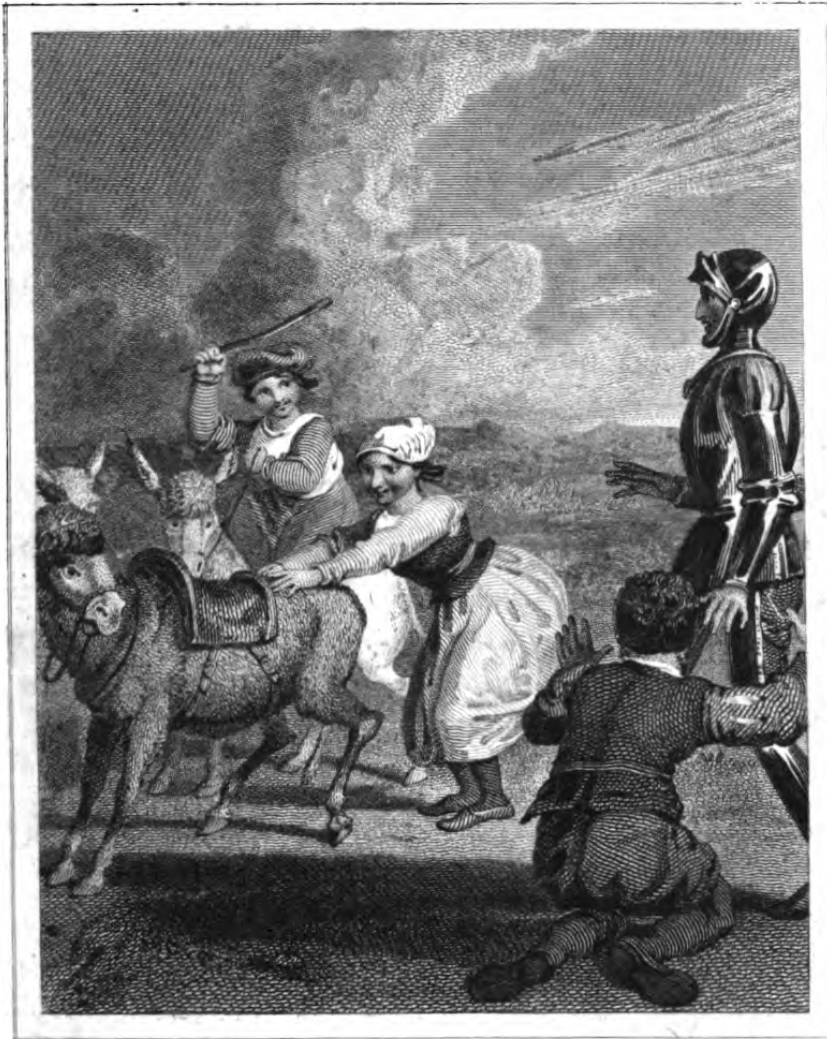
mistress of your thoughts, who is just at hand." And saying so, he advanced a little forward to meet the country wenches, and then alighting from Dapple, laid hold of one of the palfreys by the halter, and, bending both knees to the ground, said, "Queen, princess, and duchess of beauty, let your haughtiness and greatness be pleased to receive into your grace and good-liking your captive knight, who stands there turned into stone, in total disorder, and without any pulse, to find himself in your magnificent presence. I am Sancho Panza, his squire, and he that forlorn knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the knight of the rueful countenance."

Don Quixote had now placed himself on his knees close by Sancho, and with staring and disturbed eyes, looked wistfully at her, whom Sancho addressed by the appellations of queen, and lady; and as he saw nothing in her but a homely peasant girl, and homely enough, for she was round-visaged and flat-nosed, he was confounded and amazed, without daring to open his lips. The wenches too were astonished to find themselves thus stopped by two men, of such strange aspects, and both on their knees; but she, who was addressed, without ceremony, in an angry tone, said, "Get out of the road, and be hanged to ye, and let us pass, for we are in haste." To which Sancho made answer, "O princess, and universal lady of Toboso, does not your magnificent heart relent to see, in so humble a posture before your sublimated presence, the pillar and prop of knight-errantry?"

Which one of the other two hearing, said, checking her beast that was turning out of the way,² “ Look ye, how these small gentry make a jest of us poor country girls, as if we did not know how to give them as good as they bring ! Get ye gone your way, ye loons, and let us go ours, and so speed you well.” “ Rise, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, on hearing this ; “ for I now perceive, that fortune, not yet satisfied with afflicting me, has barred all the avenues, by which any relief might come to this wretched soul, that I bear about me in the flesh. And thou, O extreme of all that is valuable, utmost limit of all human gracefulness, sole remedy of this disconsolate heart that adores thee, though now some wicked enchanter persecutes me, spreading clouds and cataracts over my eyes, and to them, and them only, changing and transforming thy peerless beauty and countenance into that of a poor country wench ; if he has not converted my figure also into that of some goblin, to render it abominable in your eyes, afford me one kind and amorous look, and let this submissive posture, and these bended knees, before your disguised beauty, speak the humility with which my soul adores you.” “ Marry come up,” quoth the girl, “ with your idle gibberish ! get you gone, and let us go, and we shall be obliged to you.” Sancho let go the bridle, and moved out of the way, that she might pass, highly delighted with the success of his contrivance ; and the imaginary Dulcinea was scarcely at liberty, when, pricking her beast with a goad at the end of a stick

she held in her hand, she scoured along the field ; but the ass, feeling the smart more than usual, began kicking and wincing in such a manner, that down came the fair burden to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing this, ran to help her up, and Sancho to adjust the pannel, that had slid under the ass's belly. The mischief being righted, Don Quixote was desirous of raising his enchanted mistress in his arms, and setting her upon her palfrey, but the lady saved him that trouble ; for, retiring a step or two, she took a little run, and, clapping both hands upon the ass's crupper, jumped into the saddle lighter than a falcon, and seated herself astride like a man. " By Saint Roque," said Sancho, observing her agility, " madam our mistress is lighter than a hawk, and able to teach the most expert Cordovan or Mexican how to mount à la gineta : she springs into the saddle at a jump, and, without the help of spurs, makes her palfrey run like a wild ass's colt ; and her damsels are as good at it as she ; they all fly like the wind : " and so it really was ; for Dulcinea being re-mounted, her companions made after her, with all speed, and without looking behind them, for above half a league.

Don Quixote followed them, as far as he could, with his eyes, and, when they were out of sight, turning to Sancho, he sorrowfully said, " Sancho, what thinkest thou now ? See how I am persecuted by enchanters ! and take notice how far their malice, and the grudge they bear me, extends, even to the depriving me of the pleasure I should have had in



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DON QUIXOTE.

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beholding my mistress in her own proper form. Surely I was born to be an example to the unhappy, and the butt and mark at which all the arrows of ill-fortune are aimed and levelled. And observe, besides, Sancho, that these traitors were not contented with barely changing and transforming my Dulcinea, but they must change and transform her into the mean and despicable resemblance of that country wench ; at the same time robbing her of that, which is peculiar to ladies of rank, the fragrant scent, which they derive from being always among flowers and perfumes : for I must tell thee, Sancho, that, when I approached to help Dulcinea upon her palfrey, as thou callest it, though to me it appeared to be nothing but a she ass, she gave me such a whiff of undigested garlic, as almost knocked me down, and poisoned my very soul." " O scoundrels !" cried Sancho, " O barbarous and base-minded enchanters ! Would that I could see you all strung and hung up by the gills like sardines^s a smoking ! Much have ye done, much ye can, and much will ye still do. One would think it might have sufficed ye, rogues as ye are, to have changed the pearls of my lady's eyes into cork-galls, and her hair of the purest gold into bristles of a red cow's tail, and lastly all her features from beautiful to deformed, without meddling with her breath, by which we might have guessed at what was hidden beneath that coarse disguise : though, to say the truth, to me she did not appear in the least deformed, but rather all beauty, and that increased too by a

mole she had on her right lip, like a whisker, with seven or eight red hairs on it, like threads of gold, and above a span long." "As to that mole," said Don Quixote, "according to the correspondence there is between those of the face and those of the body, Dulcinea should have another on the brawn of her thigh, on the same side as that on her face: but hairs of the length thou hast mentioned are rather of the longest for moles." "Yet I can assure your worship," answered Sancho, "that there they were, and looked as if they had been born with her." "I believe it, friend," replied Don Quixote; "for Nature has placed nothing about Dulcinea but what is finished and perfect: and therefore, had she a hundred such moles, in her they would not be moles, but moons and resplendent stars. But, tell me, Sancho, that which to me appeared to be a pannel, and which thy hands adjusted, was it a side-saddle, or a pillion?" "It was a side-saddle," answered Sancho, "with a field covering, worth half a kingdom for the richness of it." "And why could not I see all this, Sancho?" quoth the knight. "Well, I say it again, and will repeat it a thousand times, that I am the most unfortunate of men."

The sly rogue Sancho had much ado to forbear laughing, to hear the fooleries of his master, who was so delicately gulled. In fine, after many conversations of a similar nature had passed between them, they mounted their beasts again, and followed the road to Saragossa, which they intended to reach in time

to be present at a solemn festival wont to be held every year in that noble city. But, before their arrival, there befell them things, which, for their number, greatness, and novelty, deserve to be written and read, as will be seen.

CHAP. XI.

Of the strange adventure, which befell the valorous Don Quixote, with the wain or waggon of the Parliament of Death.

DON QUIXOTE went on his way exceedingly pensive, to think what a base trick the enchanters had played him, in thus transforming his lady Dulcinea into the homely figure of a country wench: nor could he devise what course to take, to restore her to her former state: and these meditations so distracted him, that, without perceiving it, he let drop the bridle on Rozinante's neck; who, finding the liberty that was given him, at every step turned aside to take a mouthful of the fresh grass, with which those fields abounded. Sancho brought the knight out of the maze in which he was bewildered, by saying to him, "Sir, sorrow was made, not for beasts, but men: but, if men give too much way to it, they become beasts: rouse, sir, recollect yourself, and gather up Rozinante's reins; cheer up, awake, and exert that lively courage so befitting a knight-errant. What the devil is the matter with your worship?"

What dejection is this? Are we here, or in France? Let Satan take every Dulcinea in the world, since the welfare of a single knight-errant is of more worth than all the enchantments and transformations upon earth." "Peace, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, in a voice that was none of the faintest; "peace, I say, and do not utter blasphemies against that enchanted lady, whose disgrace and misfortune are owing to me alone, since they proceed entirely from the envy which the wicked bear me." "I say so too," answered Sancho; "since, Who saw her then and sees her now, his heart must melt with grief, I vow." "Well mayst thou say so, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "thou who sawest her in the full lustre of her beauty; for the enchantment extended not to disturb thy sight, nor to conceal her perfections from thee: against me alone, against my eyes, was the force of its poison directed. Nevertheless, Sancho, I cannot help thinking thou didst not give me a true description of her beauty: for, if I remember right, her eyes were likened by thee to pearl; now eyes that look like pearl are fitter for a sea-bream than a lady. I rather think Dulcinea's eyes must be of verdant emeralds, arched over with two celestial bows, that serve for eyebrows. Take therefore those pearls from her eyes, and apply them to her teeth: for doubtless, Sancho, thou hast mistaken eyes for teeth." "It may be so," answered Sancho; "for her beauty confounded me, as much as her deformity did your worship. But let us re-

commend all to God, who alone knows what shall befall in this vale of tears, this evil world we have here, in which there is scarcely any thing to be found without some mixture of iniquity, imposture, or knavery. One thing, dear sir, troubles me more than all the rest; which is, to think what must be done when your worship shall overcome some giant, or some other knight-errant, and send him to present himself before the beauty of the lady Dulcinea. Where shall this poor giant, or miserable vanquished knight, be able to find her? Methinks I see them sauntering up and down Toboso, and looking about, like fools, ¹ for my lady Dulcinea; and though they should meet her in the middle of the street, they will no more know her, than they would my father." "Perhaps, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "the enchantment may not extend so far as to conceal Dulcinea from the knowledge of the vanquished knights or giants, who shall present themselves before her; we will, however, make the experiment upon one or two of the first I may overcome, and send them with orders to return and give me an account of what happens with respect to this business." "I mightily approve of your worship's plan," replied Sancho; "for by this trial we shall arrive at the knowledge of what we desire; and if she be concealed from your worship alone, the misfortune will be more yours than hers: but, so the lady Dulcinea have health and contentment, we, for our parts, will make a shift, and bear it as well as we can, pursuing our adventures, and

leaving it to time to do his work, who is the best physician for these, and other greater maladies."

Don Quixote would have answered Sancho, but was prevented by a sort of waggon crossing the road before him, full of the strangest figures and personages imaginable ; while he, who guided the mules, was scarcely less frightful than the devil himself. The waggon was wholly uncovered, open to the sky, without awning, or even wicker sides. The first figure that presented itself to Don Quixote's eyes was that of Death itself in human shape ; an angel, with large painted wings sitting by him ; on the other side stood an emperor, with a crown, seemingly of gold, on his head, and at Death's feet the little god Cupid was squatted, not blindfolded, but with his bow, quiver, and arrows. A knight also appeared among them completely armed, except that he wore neither morion nor casque, but a hat with a large plume of feathers of various colours : and there were several other personages differing both in dress and countenance. A group like this coming thus suddenly upon them, while it startled Don Quixote, frightened Sancho to the very heart. But the knight presently rejoiced at it, believing it to be some new and perilous adventure : and with this thought, and a courage prepared to encounter any danger, he planted himself before the vehicle, and, with a loud menacing voice, said, " Carter, coachman, devil, or whatever you are, tell me without delay whence you come, whither you are going, who you are, and who

the persons are you are conveying in that coach-waggon, which looks more like Charon's ferry-boat, than any carriage now in fashion." To which the devil, stopping the waggon, calmly replied, "Sir, we are strolling players belonging to the company of Angulo el Malo: this morning, which is the octave of Corpus Christi, we have been performing, in a village on the other side of yonder hill, a piece representing the Cortes, or Parliament of Death; and this evening we are to play it again in the village just before us; which being so near, to save ourselves the trouble of dressing and undressing, we travel in the clothes in which we are to act. That lad plays the part of Death; that other represents an angel; the woman, who is our author's wife, a queen; he that is armed, a soldier; he with the plume, an emperor; and I, a devil: I am one of the principal personages of the drama; for in this company I have all the chief parts. If your worship would know more of us, ask freely, and I will as freely answer; for, being a devil, I know every thing." "Upon the faith of a knight-errant," said Don Quixote, "when I first descried this machine, I imagined myself on the eve of some grand adventure; and I find, if we would not be deceived, we must examine appearances with more senses than the eyes. God be with you, good people: go, enact your play, and, if there be any thing in which I can be of service to you, command me; for I will do it readily, and with a good will, having been, from my youth,

a great admirer of masques and theatrical representations.”

As this conversation ended, fortune so ordered it, that one of the motley crew, in an antic dress, hung round with bells, and carrying at the end of a stick three full blown ox-bladders, came skipping after the company. This masque, approaching Don Quixote, began to parry with the stick, and beat the bladders against the ground, capering, and tinkling all his bells; and the horrid apparition so startled Rozinante, that, taking the bit between his teeth, his rider not being able to hold him in, he fled from the scene with greater speed than the bones of his anatomy would have led us to expect. Sancho, considering the danger his master was in of getting a fall, leaped from Dapple in a trice, with a view to prevent accidents; but before he could effect his purpose, his master was already upon the ground, and the steed too, for both fell together: the usual end and upshot of Rozinante's frolics and adventurings. Meanwhile, scarcely had Sancho dismounted to assist Don Quixote, than the bladder-dancing devil jumped upon Dapple, and thumping him with the bladders, fear and noise, more than the smart, made him fly through the field towards the village, in which these gentry were going to act. Sancho, beholding Dapple's career, and his master's fall, did not know to which of the two necessities he should apply first: but, in short, like a good squire and good servant, the love he bore his master prevailed over his affection for his beast;

though every time he saw the bladders hoisted in the air, and fall upon the buttocks of his Dapple, they were to him so many tortures and terrors of death, and he could have wished the blows had fallen on the apple of his own eyes, rather than on the least hair of his ass's tail. In this perplexity and tribulation he came up to Don Quixote, who was in a much worse plight than he could have wished ; and helping him to get upon Rozinante, he said to him, " Sir, the devil has run away with Dapple." " What devil?" demanded Don Quixote. " He with the bladders," answered Sancho. " I will recover him," replied Don Quixote, " though he should hide him in the deepest and darkest dungeon of hell. Follow me, Sancho ; for the machine moves but slowly, and the mules shall make satisfaction for the loss of the ass." " There is no need," answered Sancho, " to make such haste : moderate your anger, sir ; for the devil, I think, has already abandoned his prize." And so it was ; for having fallen with Dapple, in imitation of Don Quixote and Rozinante, he trudged towards the town on foot, and the ass turned immediately back to his master. " Nevertheless," said Don Quixote, " it will not be amiss to chastise the unmannerliness of this devil, at the expense of some of his company, though it were the emperor himself." " Good your worship," quoth Sancho, " never think of it, but take my advice, which is, never to meddle with players ; for they are a people mightily beloved.

I have seen a player taken up for two murders, and get off scot-free. Your worship must know, that, as they are merry folks and give pleasure, they are favoured, protected, assisted, and esteemed by every body, and especially if they are of his majesty's company of comedians, or that of some grandee, in which case all or most, in their manner and garb, have the appearance of so many princes." "For all that," answered Don Quixote, "that farcical demon shall not escape me, nor have cause to brag, though all human kind favoured him."

And so saying, he rode after the waggon, which was now very near the town, and calling aloud, said, "Halt, stop a little, merry sirs, and let me teach you how to treat asses and cattle, which serve to mount the squires of knights-errant." The cries of the knight were so loud, that the players heard him, and judging of his design by his words, in an instant out jumped Death, and after him the emperor, the carter-devil, and the angel; nor did the queen, or the god Cupid, stay behind; and all of them taking up stones, ranged themselves in battle-array, waiting to receive the enemy at the points of their pebbles. Don Quixote, seeing so formidable a battalion, and posted in such order, with arms uplifted, ready to discharge a ponderous volley of stones, checked Rozinante with the bridle, and set himself to consider, how he might open the ball with least danger to his person. While he delayed, Sancho came up, and, seeing him preparing to attack so well-formed a bri-

gade, he said to him, "It is mere madness, sir, to attempt such an enterprise: pray, consider, there is no fencing against a flail, nor is any defensive armour firm against stones and brick-bats, unless your worship could creep into a bell of brass. Consider also, that it is rather rashness than courage, for one man alone to encounter an army, where death is present, and emperors fight in person, and are assisted by good and bad angels. But if that consideration will not prevail with you to be quiet, be assured, that, among all those, who stand there in battle array, though they appear to be princes, kings, and emperors, there is not so much as one knight-errant among them." "Now, indeed," said Don Quixote, "thou hast hit the point, Sancho, which only can, and must make me change my determinate resolution. I neither can, nor ought to draw my sword, as I have often told thee, against any who are not dubbed knights. To thee it belongs, Sancho, to revenge the affront offered to Dapple; and from this station I will encourage and assist thee with my voice, and with salutary instructions." "There is no need, sir," replied Sancho, "to be revenged on any body; for good Christians should not take revenge for injuries: besides, I will settle it with my ass, as to the injury done him, to submit to my will, which is, to live peaceably all the days that Heaven shall give me of life." "Since this is thy resolution, good Sancho, discreet Sancho, christian Sancho, and pure Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us leave these phantoms,

and seek better and more substantial adventures : for this country, I see, is like to afford us many and very extraordinary ones." He then wheeled Rozinante about ; Sancho took his Dapple ; Death and all his flying squadron returned to their vehicle, and pursued their way : and this was the happy conclusion of the terrible adventure of Death's waggon, thanks to the wholesome advice Sancho Panza gave his master, to whom the day following there happened an adventure, no less surprising than the former, with an enamoured knight-errant.

CHAP. XII.

Of the strange adventure, which befell the valorous Don Quixote, with the brave knight of the looking-glasses.

DON QUIXOTE and his squire passed the night, that followed the rencounter with Death, under some tall and shady trees. By Sancho's persuasion, Don Quixote refreshed himself with a portion of the provisions, carried by Dapple ; and while they were at supper, Sancho said to his master, " Sir, what a fool should I have been, had I chosen, as a reward for my good news, the spoils of the first adventure your worship should achieve, before the three colts ! Verily, a sparrow in the hand is better than a vulture upon the wing." " However, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, " hadst thou suffered me to commence the

attack, as I had resolved to do, thy share of the booty would at least have been the emperor's crown of gold, and Cupid's painted wings; for I would have plucked them off against the grain, and put them into thy possession." "The crowns and sceptres of your theatrical emperors," answered Sancho, "are never of pure gold, but of tinsel, or copper." "That is true," replied the knight; "nor would it be proper, that the decorations of a play should be other than counterfeit, and mere show, as the drama itself is, which I would have thee value and take into favour, as well as the actors and authors; for they are all instruments of much benefit to the commonwealth, holding at every step a looking-glass before our eyes, in which we see lively representations of the actions of human life: and there are no comparisons which more truly exhibit to us what we are, and what we should be, than comedy and comedians. Tell me, Sancho, hast thou never seen a play, in which kings, emperors, popes, lords, and ladies are introduced, besides divers other personages: one acting the pimp, another the cheat, a third the merchant, a fourth the soldier, a fifth a designing fool, a sixth a whimpering lover; and when the play is done, and the actors undressed, all restored again to an equality?" "Yes, truly, have I," quoth Sancho. "The very same thing," continued Don Quixote, "happens on the stage of this world, where some play the part of emperors, others of popes; in short, all the various characters that can be introduced in a comedy: but at

the conclusion, that is, at the end of our life, death strips us of the robes, which made the difference, and we remain upon a level and equal in the grave." "A brave comparison," quoth Sancho, "but not so new, but that I have heard it many times before, as well as that of the game at chess; in which, while the game lasts, every piece has its particular office, and when ended, they are all huddled together, and put into a bag, which is just like being buried after we are dead." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "thou art every day growing less simple and more discreet." "And good reason why," replied Sancho; "for some of your worship's discretion must needs stick to me, as lands, in themselves barren and dry, by manuring and cultivating, come to bear good fruit. My meaning is, that your worship's conversation has been the dung laid upon the barren soil of my dry understanding, and the season of cultivation has been the time I have been in your service, and in your company; and by that I hope to produce fruit like any blessing, and such as will not disparage or deviate from the seeds of good-breeding, which your worship has sown in my shallow mind." Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's affected mode of expressing himself, though what he had said of his improvement appeared to be true: for every now and then he surprised him by his manner of talking; yet always, or for the most part, when he would speak in contradiction, or attempted to be courteous, he was sure to end his discourse by falling headlong from the height of his

simplicity into the depth of his ignorance ; his chief strength lying in the artillery of his proverbs, which he brought in whether to the purpose or not, as may be seen and observed through the whole progress of this history.

In these and other similar dialogues a great part of the night was spent, till Sancho had a mind to let down the portcullises of his eyes, as he used to term it, when he was inclined to sleep ; and so unrigging Dapple, he turned him loose into abundant pasture. But the furniture on Rozinante's back he did not remove, it being the express command of his master, that he should continue saddled, all the time they kept the field, or did not sleep under a roof : for it was an ancient established custom, religiously observed by knights-errant, on such occasions, to take off the bridle, and hang it at the pommel of the saddle ; but to leave the saddle itself untouched. Sancho observed this rule, but gave Rozinante the same liberty he had given Dapple : the friendship of which pair was so singular and reciprocal, that there is a tradition handed down from father to son, that the author of this faithful history compiled particular chapters upon that subject : but, to preserve the decency and decorum due to so heroic a history, he would not insert them ; though sometimes, waving this precaution, he writes, that, as soon as the two beasts came together, they would fall to nibbling one another with their teeth, and when they were tired, or satisfied, Rozinante would stretch his neck at least

half a yard across Dapple's, and both, fixing their eyes attentively on the ground, would stand three days in that manner, or at least as long as they were let alone, or till hunger compelled them to go in search of food. It is even reported, that the author compared their friendship to that of Nisus and Euryalus, or that of Pylades and Orestes: whence it may be seen, how firm the fellowship of these two peaceable creatures must have been; to the shame of men, who so little know how to preserve the rules of social intercourse, that it is said, A friend cannot find a friend; Reeds become darts; and, as the poet sings, From a friend to a friend, the bug, &c.¹ Nor let it be thought, that the author travelled at all out of the way, when he compared the friendship of these animals to that of human beings: for men have derived divers wholesome instructions, and many lessons of importance, from the brute creation; such as the clyster from storks, the vomit and gratitude from dogs, vigilance from cranes, industry from ants, modesty from elephants, and fidelity from horses.

In fine, Sancho fell asleep at the foot of a cork-tree, and Don Quixote slumbered under an oak. But it was not long before the knight was roused by a noise behind him; and, starting up, he began to look about, and listen from whence it came: and presently he perceived two men on horseback, one of whom dismounting, said to the other, "Alight, friend, and unbridle; for this place seems as if it would afford excellent pasture for our steeds, and for

me the silence and solitude which my amorous thoughts require." And without uttering another word, he threw himself along on the ground, with so little caution, that his armour rattled as he fell: too manifest a token, for Don Quixote not to conclude from it, that he must be a knight-errant: and going to Sancho, who was fast asleep, he pulled him by the arm, and having with some difficulty waked him, said, in a low voice, "Brother Sancho, we have an adventure." "God send it be a good one," answered Sancho; "and pray, sir, where may her ladyship, this same adventure, be?" "Where, Sancho?" replied Don Quixote; "turn thine eyes and look about thee, and thou wilt see a knight-errant lying along, who, to my thoughts, does not seem to be over-pleased; for I saw him throw himself off his horse, and stretch himself on the ground, with signs of discontent; and his armour rattled as he fell." "But from what does your worship infer," quoth Sancho, "that this is an adventure?" "I will not affirm," answered Don Quixote, "that it is altogether an adventure, but an introduction to one; for adventures usually begin thus. But hearken; for methinks he is tuning a lute of some sort or other, and, by his hemming and clearing his pipes, he should be preparing to sing." "In good faith, so he is," answered Sancho, "and he must certainly be some knight or other in love." "There is no knight-errant that is otherwise," quoth Don Quixote: "but let us listen; and by the thread we shall guess at the

bottom of his thoughts, if he should sing: for out of the abundance of the heart the mouth speaketh." Sancho would have replied to his master; but the voice of the knight of the wood, which was neither very bad nor very excellent, hindered him; and, while they both stood amazed, they heard him sing the following sonnet.

SONNET.

Bright auth'ress of my good or ill,
 Prescribe the law I must observe;
 My heart, obedient to thy will,
 Shall never from its duty swerve.

If you refuse my griefs to know,
 The stifled anguish seals my fate;
 But if your ears would drink my woe,
 Love shall himself the tale relate.

Though opposites my heart compose,
 Hard as the diamond's solid frame,
 And soft as yielding wax that flows,
 To thee, my fair, 'tis still the same.

Take it for ev'ry stamp prepar'd;
 Imprint what characters you choose;
 The faithful tablet, soft or hard,
 The dear impression ne'er shall lose.

The knight of the wood ended his song with so deep a sigh, that it seemed fetched from the very bottom of his heart; and, after a pause, in a mournful and complaining voice, said, "O thou, the most beautiful and most ungrateful woman upon earth! O Casildea

de Vandalia, is it possible thou shouldst suffer this thy captive knight to consume and pine away in continual travels, and in rough and laborious toils? Is it not enough, that I have caused thee to be acknowledged the most consummate beauty in the world by all the knights of Navarre, Leon, Andalusians, Castile, ay, and even of La Mancha?" "Not so," quoth Don Quixote; "for I am of La Mancha, and have never acknowledged any such thing: neither could I, nor ought I, to confess what is so prejudicial to the beauty of my mistress. Seest thou, Sancho, how mad this knight is, how he raves? but listen; perhaps he will make some farther declaration." "Ay, marry will he," replied Sancho; "for he seems to be in a strain of complaining for a month to come." But it was not so; for, overhearing somebody talk, he proceeded no farther in his lamentation, but stood up, and said, with an audible and courteous voice, "Who goes there? what are ye? of the number of the happy, or of the afflicted?" "Of the afflicted," answered Don Quixote. "Come hither then," answered the knight of the wood, "and be assured you find in me sorrow and affliction itself." Don Quixote, finding he returned so soft and civil an answer, approached him, and Sancho did the same. The wailing knight took hold of Don Quixote by the arm, saying, "Sit down here, sir knight; for to know, that you are of the order of those who profess chivalry, it is sufficient to have found you in this place, where solitude and the night-dew are your com-

panions, the natural beds and proper stations of knights-errant." To this Don Quixote answered, "I am indeed a knight, and of the profession you say; and, though sorrow, disgrace, and misery have laid their hand upon me, yet have they not chased from my heart compassion for other men's misfortunes. From the soliloquy and song just now heard, I gather that yours are of the amorous kind; I mean occasioned by the love you bear to that ungrateful fair, whom you named in your complaint."

While this conversation was passing, they sat down together upon the hard ground, peaceably and sociably, as if, at break of day, they were not destined to break one another's heads. "Peradventure you are in love, sir knight," said he of the wood to Don Quixote. "By misadventure I am," answered Don Quixote; "though the mischiefs arising from well-placed affections, ought rather to be accounted blessings than disasters." "That is true," replied he of the wood, "supposing disdain not to disturb our reason and understanding; for when it is great, it seems to have the nature of revenge." "I never," answered Don Quixote, "was disdained by my mistress." "No, verily," quoth Sancho, who stood close by; "for my lady is as gentle as a lamb, and as soft as a print of butter." "Is this your squire?" demanded the knight of the wood. "It is," replied Don Quixote. "I never knew a squire," replied the knight of the wood, "who presumed to talk, where his lord was talking; at least yonder stands

mine, as tall as his father, and it cannot be proved, that he ever opened his lips where I was speaking.” “ In faith,” quoth Sancho, “ I have talked, and can talk, before one as good as —— and perhaps, —— but let that rest ; for the more you stir it ——.” Here the other squire took Sancho by the arm, and said, “ Let us two go, brother, where we may talk by ourselves, in squire-like discourse, all we have a mind to, and leave these masters of ours to have their bellies full of relating the histories of their loves to each other ; for I warrant they will not have done before to-morrow morning.” “ With all my heart,” quoth Sancho, “ and I will tell you who I am, that you may see, whether I am fit to make one among the most talkative squires.” And the two squires withdrew ; and there passed between whom, a dialogue as pleasant, as that of their masters was grave.

CHAP. XIII.

Wherein is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood, with the wise, new, and pleasant dialogue between the two squires.

THE knights and squires were separated, the latter relating the story of their lives, and the former that of their loves ; but the history begins with the conversation between the servants, and afterwards proceeds to that of the masters : and it says, that, having

retired a little apart, the squire of the wood said to Sancho, "It is a toilsome life we lead, sir, we who are squires to knights-errant: in good truth we eat our bread in the sweat of our brows, which is one of the curses God laid upon our first parents." "It may also be said," added Sancho, "that we eat it in the frost of our bodies; for who endure more cold, as well as heat, than your miserable squires to knight-errantry? Nay, it would not be quite so bad, did we but eat at all; for good fare lessens care; but it sometimes happens, that we pass a whole day, yea two, without breaking our fast, unless it be upon air." "All this may be endured," quoth he of the wood, "with the hopes we entertain of the reward; for if the knight-errant, whom a squire serves, be not over and above unlucky, he must, in a short time, find himself recompensed, at least, with a handsome government of some island, or some pretty earldom." "I," replied Sancho, "have already told my master, that I should be satisfied with the government of an island; and he is so noble and so generous, that he has promised it me a thousand times." "I," said he of the wood, "should think myself amply rewarded for all my services with a canonry, and my master has already ordered me one." "Why then," quoth Sancho, "belike your master is a knight in the ecclesiastical way, and so has it in his power to bestow these sort of rewards on his faithful squires: but mine is a mere layman, though I remember some discreet persons, but in my opinion with no very

good design, advised him to endeavour to be an archbishop ; but he rejected their counsel, and would be nothing but an emperor. I trembled all the while, lest he should take it into his head to be of the church, because I am not qualified to hold ecclesiastical preferments ; and, to say the truth, sir, though I look like a man, I am a very beast in church matters." " Truly, you are under a great mistake," quoth he of the wood ; " for your insulary governments are not all of them so inviting ; some are crabbed, some poor, and some unpleasant : in short, the best and most desirable of them brings along with it a heavy burden of cares and inconveniences, which the unhappy wight, to whose lot it falls, must unavoidably undergo. It would be far better for us, who profess this cursed service, to return to our own homes, and pass our time there in more easy employments, such as hunting or fishing ; for what squire is there in the world so poor, as not to have his nag, his brace of greyhounds, and his angle-rod, to divert himself withal in his own village ?"

" I want nothing of all this," answered Sancho : " it is true, indeed, I have no horse, but then I have an ass, that is worth twice as much as my master's steed. God send me a bad Easter, and may it be the first that comes, if I would swap with him, though he should give me four bushels of barley to boot : you smile, sir, but the price I set upon Dapple is no joke, for dapple is the colour of my ass. And then I cannot want greyhounds, our town being

overstocked with them: besides, sporting is the more pleasant, when it is at other people's charge." "Really and truly, signor squire," answered he of the wood, "I have resolved and determined with myself to quit the frolics of these knights-errant, and get me again to our village, and look after my children, for I have three, like three oriental pearls." "And I have two," quoth Sancho, "fit to be presented to the pope himself in person, and especially a girl, that I am breeding up for a countess, if it please God, in spite of her mother." "And, pray, what may be the age of the young lady you are breeding up for a countess?" demanded he of the wood. "Fifteen years, or thereabout," answered Sancho: "but she is as tall as a lance, as fresh as an April morning, and as strong as a porter." "These are qualifications," said he of the wood, "not only for a countess, but for a nymph of the grove. Ah the whoreson young slut! how buxom must the jade be!" To which Sancho answered somewhat angrily, "She is no whore, nor was her mother one before her, nor shall either of them be so, God willing, whilst I live: and, pray, speak more civilly, for such language is little becoming a person educated, as you have been, among knights-errant, who are courtesy itself." "How little, signor squire, do you understand what belongs to praising!" quoth he of the wood: "what! do you not know, that, when some knight, at a bull-feast, gives the bull a home thrust with his lance, or when any one does a thing well, the common people usually

cry, How cleverly the son of a whore did it! and what seems to carry reproach with it, is a notable commendation? I would have you renounce those sons or daughters, whose actions do not render their parents deserving of praise in that fashion." "I do renounce them," answered Sancho; "and in this sense, and by this same rule, if you mean no otherwise, you may call my wife and children all the whores and bawds you please; for all they do or say are perfections worthy of such praises: and that I may return and see them again, I beseech God to deliver me from mortal sin; that is, from this dangerous profession of a squire, into which I have run a second time, enticed and deluded by a purse of a hundred ducats, which I found one day in the midst of the sable mountain; and the devil is continually setting before my eyes, here and there, and every where, a bag full of gold pistoles, so that methinks, at every step, I am laying my hand upon it, embracing it, and carrying it home, buying lands, settling rents, and living like a prince; and all the while this runs in my head, all the toils I undergo with this fool my master, who to my knowledge is more of the madman than of the knight, becomes supportable and easy to me."

"For this reason," answered he of the wood, "it is said, that covetousness bursts the bag; and now you talk of madmen, there is not a greater in the world than my master, who is one of those meant by

the saying, Other folks' burdens break the ass's back: for, that another knight may recover his wits, he loses his own, and is searching after that which, when found, may chance to hit him in the teeth." "By the way, is he in love?" demanded Sancho. "Yes," quoth he of the wood, "with one Casildea de Vandalia, one of the most whimsical dames in the world. But that is not the foot on which he halts at present: he has some other crotchets of more consequence in his pate, and we shall be sure to hear more of them anon." "There is no road so even," replied Sancho, "but it has some stumbling places or rubs in it: in other folks' houses they boil beans, but in mine whole kettles-full; madness will have more followers than discretion: but if the common saying be true, that it is some relief to have partners in grief, I may comfort myself with your worship, who serve a master as crack-brained as my own." "Crack-brained, but valiant," answered he of the wood, "and more knavish than either crack-brained or valiant." "Mine is not so," answered Sancho: "I can assure you, he has nothing of the knave in him; on the contrary, he has a soul as dull as a pitcher; knows not how to do ill to any, but good to all; bears no malice; a child may persuade him it is night at noon-day; and for this simplicity I love him as my life, and cannot find in my heart to leave him, let him commit never so many extravagancies." "For all that, brother and signor," quoth he of the wood, "if the blind lead the blind, both are in danger of falling into the

ditch: we had better turn us fairly about, and go back to our homes; for they, who seek adventures, do not always find them to their liking."

Here the squire of the wood observing Sancho to spit every now and then, as if very dry, said, "Methinks, we have talked till our tongues cleave to the roofs of our mouths: but I have got, hanging at my saddle-bow, what will loosen them:" and rising up, he soon returned with a large bottle of wine, and a pasty half a yard long; and this is no exaggeration; for it was of a tame rabbit, so large, that Sancho, on lifting it, thought verily it must contain a whole goat, or at least a kid. Sancho, viewing it, said, "And do you carry all this about with you?" "Why, what did you think?" answered the other: "Did you take me for some holiday squire?² I have a better cupboard behind me on my horse, than a general has with him upon a march." Sancho fell to, without staying to be entreated, and swallowing mouthfuls in the dark, said, "Your worship is indeed a squire, trusty and loyal, wanting for nothing, magnificent and great, as this banquet demonstrates, which, if it came not hither by enchantment, at least looks as if it did; and not as I am, a poor unfortunate wretch, who have nothing in my wallet but a piece of cheese, and that so hard, that you may knock out a giant's brains with it, and, to bear it company, four dozen of carobes,³ and as many hazel-nuts; thanks to the opinion and stinginess of my master, and the rule he observes, that knights-errant ought

to feed and diet themselves only upon dried fruits and wild salads." "By my faith, brother," replied he of the wood, "I have no stomach for your wild pears, sweet thistles, and mountain roots; let our masters have them, with their opinions and laws of chivalry, and let them eat what they commend: I carry cold meats, and this bottle hanging at the pommel of my saddle, happen what will: and such a reverence I have for it, and so devoutly do I love it, that few minutes pass but I give it a thousand precious kisses and hugs." And so saying, he put it into Sancho's hand, who, grasping and setting it to his mouth, stood gazing at the stars for a quarter of an hour; and having done drinking, he let fall his head on one side, and, fetching a deep sigh, said, "O whoreson rogue! how catholic it is!" "See now," quoth he of the wood, hearing Sancho's phrase, "how you have commended this wine in calling it whoreson." "I confess my error," answered Sancho, "and see plainly that it is no discredit to any body to be called son of a whore, when it comes under the notion of praise. But tell me, sir, by the life of him you love best, is not this wine of Ciudad Real?" "You have a distinguishing palate," answered he of the wood: "it is of no other growth, and besides has some years over its head." "Trust me for that," quoth Sancho; "depend upon it, I always hit right, and guess the kind. But is it not strange, signor squire, that I should have so great and natural an instinct in the business of knowing wines, that let

me but smell to any, I hit upon the country, the kind, the flavour, and how long it will keep, how many changes it will undergo, with all other circumstances appertaining to wines? But no wonder; for I have had in my family, by the father's side, the two most exquisite tasters that La Mancha has known for many ages; for proof whereof there happened to them what I am going to relate. To each of them was given a taste of a certain hogshead, and their opinion asked of the condition, quality, goodness, or badness of the wine. The one tried it with the tip of his tongue, the other put it to his nose. The first said the wine savoured of iron, and the second that it had rather a twang of goat's leather. The owner protested the vessel was clean, and the wine neat, so that it could not taste either of iron or leather. Notwithstanding this, the two famous tasters stood firmly to what they had said. Time went on; the wine was sold; and upon rincing out the hogshead, there was found in it a small key hanging to a leather thong. Judge then, whether one of that race may not very well undertake to give his opinion in these matters." "Therefore, I say," quoth he of the wood, "let us give over seeking adventures, and, since we have a good loaf of bread, let us not look for cheesecakes; and let us get home to our cabins, for there God will find us, if it be his will." "I will serve my master, till he arrives at Saragossa," quoth Sancho, "and then mayhap we shall come to a right understanding."

In fine, the two honest squires talked and drank so much, that it was high time sleep should tie their tongues, and allay their thirst, for to quench it in any other way was impossible : and thus, both grasping the almost empty bottle, with their meat half chewed, they fell fast asleep ; and in this situation we will leave them for the present, to relate what passed between the knight of the wood and him of the rueful countenance.

CHAP. XIV.

In which is continued the adventure of the knight of the wood.

IN the course of the conversation which passed between the two knights, the history informs us, that he of the wood said to Don Quixote, " In short, sir knight, you must know, that my destiny, or rather my choice, led me to fall in love with the peerless Casildea de Vandalia. Peerless I call her, not so much on account of her stature, as the pre-eminence of her state and beauty ; and she repaid my honourable thoughts and virtuous desires, by employing me, as Hercules was employed by his step-mother, in many and various perils, promising me at the end of each, that the next should crown my hopes : but she still goes on, adding link upon link to the chain of my labours, till they are become almost numberless ; nor can I guess which will be

the last, the happy one that is to give a beginning to the accomplishment of my good wishes. First and foremost, I was to go and challenge the famous giantess of Seville, called Giralda,¹ who is as stout and strong, as if she were made of brass, and, at the same time, without stirring from the place, is the most changeable and unsteady woman in the world. I came, I saw, I conquered: I made her stand still, and fixed her to a point; for during more than a week, no wind blew but from the north. Then she sent me to weigh the ancient stones of the stout bulls of Guisando,² an enterprise fitter for porters than knights; and then again, I was to plunge headlong into Cabra's cave, an unheard-of and dreadful attempt! and to bring her a particular account of what is locked up in that obscure abyss. I stopped the motion of the Giralda, I weighed the bulls of Guisando, I precipitated myself into the cavern of Cabra, and brought to light its hidden secrets: and yet my hopes are dead, O how dead! and her commands and disdains alive, O how alive! In short, she at last commanded me to travel over all the provinces of Spain, and oblige all the knights I shall find wandering therein, to confess, that she excels in beauty every beauty this day living, and that I am the most valiant and completely enamoured knight in the world: and in obedience to this behest, I have already traversed the greatest part of Spain, and have vanquished divers knights, who have dared to contradict me: but what I am most proud of, what

I value myself most upon is, the having defeated, in single combat, the so renowned knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, and made him confess, that my Casildea is more beautiful than his Dulcinea: and in this conquest alone, I deem myself to have vanquished all the knights in the world; for that very Don Quixote I speak of, has conquered them all, and I, having overcome him, his glory, fame, and honour are transferred and passed over to my person; for the victor's renown rises in proportion to that of the vanquished; so that the innumerable exploits of the said Don Quixote are already mine, and placed to my account."

Don Quixote was amazed to hear the knight of the wood talk thus, and was tempted a thousand times to give him the lie; and the words, you lie, were at the tip of his tongue; but he restrained himself as well as he could, that he might convict him of falsehood from his own mouth; and therefore said calmly to him, "Sir knight, that you may have vanquished most of the knights-errant of Spain, yea, and of the whole world, I will not dispute: but that you have conquered Don Quixote de la Mancha, I have a trifling doubt; it might indeed be somebody resembling him, though there are very few such." "Why not?" replied he of the wood; "by the canopy of Heaven, I fought with Don Quixote, vanquished him, and made him submit. He is tall of stature, thin-visaged, upright-bodied, robust-limbed, grizzle-haired, hawk-nosed, with large black mus-

tachoes : he gives himself the name of the knight of the rueful countenance : his squire is a country fellow, called Sancho Panza : he oppresses the back, and governs the reins, of a famous steed called Rozinante : in a word, he has for the mistress of his thoughts one Dulcinea del Toboso, sometimes called Aldonza Lorenzo ; in like manner as mine, who because her name was Casildea, and she is a native of Andalusia, is now distinguished by the title of Casildea de Vandalia. If all these tokens are not sufficient to prove the truth of what I say, here is my sword, which shall make incredulity itself believe it." "Be not in a passion, sir knight," said Don Quixote, "and hear what I have to say. You must know, that this Don Quixote you speak of, is the dearest friend I have in the world, insomuch that in point of regard, I may say he is as it were my very self : and by the tokens and marks you have given of him, so exact and so precise, I should think it must be himself that you have subdued : but then, I see with my eyes, and feel with my hands, that it cannot be the same, unless it be, that, having many enchanters for his enemies, and one especially, who is continually persecuting him, some one or other of these may have assumed his shape, and suffered himself to be vanquished, in order to defraud him of the fame his exalted feats of chivalry have acquired over the face of the whole earth. It was but two days ago, they transformed the figure and person of the beautiful Dulcinea del Toboso into those of a dirty, mean,

country wench ; and in like manner must they have transformed Don Quixote : in proof of which, behold, here stands Don Quixote himself, ready to maintain it by force of arms, on foot, or on horseback, or in whatever manner you please." And so saying, he rose up, and, grasping his sword, waited the resolution of the knight of the wood, who very calmly answered, " A good paymaster is in pain for no pawn ; he who could once vanquish you, signor Don Quixote, when transformed, may well hope to make you yield in your own proper person. But as knights-errant should by no means perform their feats of arms in the dark, like robbers and ruffians, let us wait for daylight, that the sun may be witness of our exploits ; and the condition of our combat shall be, that the conquered shall be entirely at the mercy and disposal of the conqueror, to do with him whatever he pleases, provided always, that he command nothing but what a knight may with honour submit to." " I am entirely satisfied with this condition and compact," answered Don Quixote ; and they both went to look for their squires, whom they found snoring in the very same posture in which sleep had overtaken them. Having roused them, they ordered them to get ready their steeds ; for at sunrise they were to engage in a bloody and unparalleled single combat : news, at which Sancho was thunder-struck, and ready to swoon, in dread of Don Quixote's safety, from what he had heard the squire of the wood tell of his master's valour : but the two squires,

without speaking a word, went as they were bidden to look for their cattle, and found them all sociably together; for the three horses and Dapple had already smelled one another out.

By the way, the squire of the wood said to Sancho, "You must understand, brother, that the fighters of Andalusia have a custom, when they are godfathers in any combat, not to stand idle with their arms across, while their godsons are fighting.³ This I say, to give you notice, that, while our masters are engaged, we must engage too, and make splinters of one another." "This custom, signor squire," answered Sancho, "may be current, and pass among the ruffians and fighters you speak of; but among the squires of knights-errant, it does not take place so much as in thought: at least I have not heard my master speak of any such custom, and he has all the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry by heart. But, taking it for granted, that there is an express statute for the squires to fight while their masters are at it, yet will I not comply with it, but rather pay the penalty imposed upon peaceable squires; which I dare say cannot exceed above a couple of pounds of white wax,⁴ and that will cost me less than the money I shall spend in lints to get my head cured, which I already reckon as cut and divided in twain. Besides, another thing which makes it impossible for me to fight, is, my having no sword, for I never wore one in my life." "I know a remedy for that," said he of the wood; "I have here two linen bags of

equal size ; you shall take one, and I the other, and we will have a bout at bag-blows with the same weapons." "With all my heart," answered Sancho ; "for such a battle will rather dust our jackets, than wound our persons." "It must not be quite so neither," replied the other ; "for, lest the wind should blow them aside, we must put into each half a dozen clean and smooth pebbles ; and thus we may brush one another without much harm or damage." "Body of my father !" answered Sancho, "what sable fur, what bottoms of carded cotton, he puts into the bags, that we may not break our noddles, nor beat our bones to powder ! But though they should be filled with balls of raw silk, be it known to you, sir, I shall not fight ; let our masters fight, and hear of it in another world, and let us drink and live ; for time takes care to take away our lives, without our seeking new appetites to destroy them, before they reach their appointed term and season, and drop with ripeness." "For all that," replied he of the wood, "we must fight, if it be but for half an hour." "No, no," answered Sancho, "I shall not be so discourteous, nor so ungrateful, as to have any quarrel at all, be it never so little, with a gentleman, after having eat of his bread, and drank of his drink ; besides, who the devil can set about dry fighting, without anger, and without provocation ?" "If that be all," quoth he of the wood, "I will provide a sufficient remedy ; which is, that, before we begin the combat, I will come up to your worship,

and fairly give you three or four good cuffs, which will lay you flat at my feet, and awaken your choler, though it slept sounder than a dormouse." "Against that expedient," answered Sancho, "I have another not a whit behind it: I will take a good cudgel, and, before you reach me to awaken my choler, I will bastinado yours so dead asleep, that it shall never wake more but in another world, where it is well known I am not a man to let any body handle my face; and let every one take heed to the arrow; though the safest way would be for each man to let his choler sleep on; for nobody knows what another can do; and some who go out for wool, come home shorn themselves; and God in all times blessed the peace-makers, and cursed the peace-breakers; for if a cat, pursued, and pent in a room, and hard put to it, turns into a lion, God knows what I, that am a man, may turn into: and therefore from henceforward I intimate to your worship, signor squire, that all the damage and mischief, that shall result from our quarrel, must be placed to your account." "It is well," replied he of the wood; "God send us daylight, and we shall see what will come of it."

And now a thousand species of enamelled birds began to warble in the trees, and in variety of joyous songs to give the good-morrow, and salute the blooming Aurora, disclosing the beauties of her face through the gates and balconies of the east, and shaking from her locks an infinite number of liquid pearls, in which delicious fluid the herbs bathing themselves, appeared

to sprout, and rain a shower of seed-pearl upon the earth. At her approach, the willows distilled savoury manna, the fountains smiled, the brooks murmured their gratulations, the woods rejoiced, and the meads put on their best attire. But scarcely had the clearness of the day given opportunity to distinguish objects, when the first thing that presented itself to Sancho's eyes was the nose of the squire of the wood, which was so large, that it almost overshadowed his whole body. Besides its prodigious magnitude, it was hooked in the middle, was full of warts and carbuncles of a mulberry colour, and hung two fingers' breadth below his mouth. The size, the colour, the carbuncles, and the crookedness, so disfigured his face, that Sancho, at sight thereof, began to tremble hand and foot, like a child in a fit, and resolved within himself, to take two hundred cuffs before his choler should be awakened to encounter so terrific a hobgoblin.

Don Quixote viewed his antagonist, whom he observed to be a strong-made man, of middling stature; but as he had his helmet on, with the beaver down, he could not see his face. Over his armour he wore a kind of cassoc or loose coat, apparently of gold cloth, of the finest tissue, and studded with sundry little moons of looking-glass, which made a most gallant and splendid show. About his helmet, waved a number of green, yellow, and white feathers. His lance, which was leaning against a tree, was of uncommon dimensions, and headed with pointed steel above a

span long. Don Quixote viewed, and noted every thing, and judged by what he saw and remarked, that he had to contend with an adversary of no ordinary strength: but he was not therefore daunted, like Sancho Panza; on the contrary, with a gallant boldness, he said to the knight of the looking-glasses, "Sir knight, if your great eagerness to fight has not exhausted too much of your courtesy, I entreat you to lift up your beaver a finger's breadth, that I may see whether the sprightliness of your countenance be answerable to that of your figure." "Whether you are to be vanquished or victorious in this enterprise, sir knight," answered he of the looking-glasses, "you will have time and leisure enough for seeing my face; and if I do not comply with your request, it is simply because I think I should be doing a wrong to the beautiful Casildea de Vandalia, to lose so much time, as the lifting up my beaver would take, before I make you confess what I am here with my sword to maintain." "However, while we are getting on our steeds," said Don Quixote, "you may easily tell, now you have the light of day to view me, if I am that same Don Quixote you said you had overcome." "To this I answer," quoth he of the looking-glasses, "that you are as like that very knight I vanquished, as one egg is like another: but since you say you are persecuted by enchanters, I dare not be positive whether you are the same person or not." "That is sufficient," answered Don Quixote, "to make me believe you are deceived; however, to undeceive you

quite, let us to horse, and in less time than you would have spent in lifting up your beaver, if God, my mistress, and my arm avail me, I will see your face, and you shall confess, I am not that vanquished Don Quixote you imagine."

Thus cutting short the discourse, they mounted their horses, and Don Quixote wheeled Rozinante about, to take as much ground as was convenient for encountering his opponent; and he of the looking-glasses did the same: but Don Quixote had not retreated twenty paces, when he heard himself called to by his adversary: so meeting each other half way, he of the looking-glasses said, "Take notice, sir knight, that the condition of our combat is, that the conquered, as I said before, shall remain at the discretion of the conqueror." "I know it," answered Don Quixote, "provided, what is commanded and imposed on the vanquished shall not derogate from the laws of chivalry." "Be it so understood," answered he of the looking-glasses. At this juncture the squire's strange nose presented itself to the ken of Don Quixote, who was no less surprised at it than Sancho, insomuch that he took him for some monster, or strange being, such as is not common in the world. Sancho, seeing his master set forth to take his career, would not stay alone with long-nose, fearing, lest one gentle wipe with that snout across his face should at once begin and end a battle, and he be laid sprawling on the ground, either by the blow itself or the deadlier force of apprehension. He therefore ran after

his master, holding by the back guard of Rozinante's saddle ; and, when he thought it was time for him to face about, he said : " I beseech your worship, dear sir, that, before you turn round to engage, you will be so kind as to help me up into yon cork-tree, from whence I can see better, and more to my liking, than from the ground, the gallant encounter you are about to have with that knight." " I believe, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, " thou hadst rather mount a scaffold, where in safety thou mightest see a bull-fight." " To tell you the truth, sir," answered Sancho, " the prodigious nose of that squire astonishes and fills me with dread, and I dare not stand near him." " It is," said Don Quixote, " a little frightful, and were I not what I am, I might be afraid myself ; come therefore, and I will help thee up."

While Don Quixote was busied in helping Sancho into the tree, he of the looking-glasses took as large a compass as he thought necessary, and believing that his competitor had done the like, without waiting for sound of trumpet, or any other signal, he turned his horse, who was not a whit more active, nor more promising than Rozinante ; and at his best speed, which was a middling trot, advanced to the encounter ; but seeing how his adversary was employed, he reined in, and stopped in the middle of his career ; for which his horse was most thankful, being unable to stir a step farther. Don Quixote, thinking his enemy was coming full speed against

him, clapped spurs to Rozinante's lean flanks, and made him so bestir himself, that, as the history relates, this was the only time he was known to perform so extraordinary a feat as a gallop; for at all others a downright trot was his best work: and with this unspeakable fury he soon came up where he of the looking-glasses stood, striking his spurs up to the very rowels, without being able to make his steed stir a finger's length from the place where he had made a full halt in his career. In this good time, and at this juncture, Don Quixote found his adversary not only embarrassed with his horse, but encumbered with his lance; for either he did not know how, or had not time to set it in its rest. Our knight, who heeded none of these inconveniences, with all safety, and without the least danger, attacked him of the looking-glasses with such force, that, in spite of resistance, he bore him to the ground over his horse's crupper; and so tremendous was his fall, that he lay motionless, without any signs of life. Sancho no sooner saw him fallen, than he slid down from the tree, and in all haste ran to his master, who, alighting from Rozinante, was mounted upon him of the looking-glasses, unlacing his helmet, to see whether he was dead, or to give him air, if perchance he was alive; when he saw——but who can express what he saw, without causing admiration, wonder, and terror in all that hear it; he saw, says the history, the very face, the very figure, the very aspect, the very physiognomy, the very effigies and

picture of the bachelor Sampson Carrasco; and as soon as he recognised him, he cried out, "Come hither, Sancho, and behold what beholding thou wilt not believe: make haste, son, and observe, what magic, what wizards and enchanters can do." ⁵ Sancho approached, and, recognising also the bachelor Sampson Carrasco's face, he began to cross and bless himself a thousand times over; and all this while the demolished cavalier showed no signs of life; and Sancho said to his master, "I am of opinion, sir, that, right or wrong, your worship should thrust the sword down the throat of this miscreant, who seems so like our Sampson; and perhaps in him you may kill some one of those enchanters, your mortal enemies." "Thou dost not counsel amiss," quoth Don Quixote; "for the fewer our enemies are, the better:" and drawing his sword to put Sancho's advice in execution, the squire of the looking-glasses drew near, without the nose that had made him look so frightful, crying aloud, "Have a care, signor Don Quixote, what you do; for he, who lies at your feet, is the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, your friend, and I am his squire." Sancho, seeing him divested of his former ugliness, said to him, "But the nose?" To which he answered, "I have it here in my pocket;" and putting in his hand he pulled out a pasteboard nose, painted and varnished, of the form we have already described: and Sancho, eyeing him more and more, with a voice of admiration, said, "Blessed virgin, defend me! Is not this Tom Cencial, my neighbour and gossip?" "It

is even so," answered the unnosed squire ; " I am Tom Cecial, gossip and friend to Sancho Panza ; and I will inform you presently by what conduits, lies, and wiles I have been brought hither : in the mean time beg and entreat your master not to touch, maltreat, wound, or kill the knight of the looking-glasses now at his feet ; for there is nothing more sure, than that he is the daring and ill-advised bachelor, Sampson Carrasco, our countryman."

By this time, the knight of the looking-glasses was come to himself ; which Don Quixote perceiving, he clapped the point of the naked sword to his throat, and said, " You are a dead man, knight, if you do not confess, that the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso excels in beauty your Casildea de Vandalia ;⁶ and farther, must you promise, if you would escape from this conflict and this fall with life, to go to the city of Toboso, and present yourself before her on my behalf, that she may dispose of you as she shall think fit, and, should she leave you at your own disposal, then shall you return, and find me out, for the track of my exploits will serve you for a guide, and conduct you to my presence, to tell me what passes between you : these conditions being entirely conformable to our articles before the combat, and not exceeding the rules of knight-errantry." " I confess," said the discomfited knight, " that the lady Dulcinea del Toboso's torn and dirty shoe is preferable to the ill-combed, though clean, locks of Casildea ; and I promise to go and return from her presence to yours,

and give you an exact and particular account of what you require of me." " You must farther confess and believe," added Don Quixote, " that the knight you vanquished neither was nor could be Don Quixote de la Mancha, but some one else who had assumed his likeness ; as I confess and believe, that you, though, in appearance, the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, are not he, but some other, whom my enemies have transformed, purposely to restrain the impetuosity of my choler, and make me use with moderation the glory of my conquest." " I confess, judge, and allow every thing, as you believe, judge, and allow," answered the disjointed knight ; " I beseech you to suffer me to rise, if the hurt of my fall will permit, which has left me sorely bruised." Don Quixote helped him to rise, with the assistance of his squire, Tom Cecial, from whose person Sancho could not remove his eyes, asking him things, the answers to which convinced him evidently of his being really the man he said he was. But he was so prepossessed by what his master had affirmed, of the enchanter's having changed the knight of the looking-glasses into the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, that he could not give credit even to what he saw with his eyes. In short, master and man remained under this mistake ; and he of the looking-glasses, with his squire, much out of humour, and in ill-plight, parted from Don Quixote and Sancho, to look for some convenient place, where he might sear-cloth his wounds and splinter his ribs. Don Quixote and Sancho continued their journey to

Saragossa, where the history leaves them, to give a more particular account who the knight of the looking-glasses and his nosy squire were.

CHAP. XV.

Giving an account who the knight of the looking-glasses and his squire were.

EXCEEDINGLY pleased, elated, and vain-glorious was Don Quixote, at having gained the victory over so valiant a knight, as he imagined him of the looking-glasses to be ; from whose knightly word he hoped to learn, whether the enchantment of his mistress continued, the said knight being under a necessity of returning, upon pain of not being a knight, to give him an account of what should pass between her and him. But Don Quixote thought one thing, and he of the looking-glasses another ; who, for the present, was wholly intent upon finding a place, where he might plaster himself, as suggested in the preceding chapter.

The history then informs us, that, when the bachelor Sampson Carrasco advised Don Quixote to resume his intermitted exploits of chivalry, he, the priest, and the barber, had previously consulted together about the means of persuading him to stay peaceably and quietly at home, without distracting himself any more with his unlucky adventures ; and it was concluded by general vote, and the particular

advice of Carrasco, that they should let him make another sally, since it seemed impossible to detain him, and that he, Sampson, should also sally forth like a knight-errant, and encounter him in fight, for an opportunity could not be long wanting, and so vanquish him, which it was deemed an easy matter to do; and that it should be covenanted and agreed, that the conquered should lie at the mercy of the conqueror; and so, Don Quixote being conquered, the bachelor knight should command him to return home to his village and house, and not stir out of it for two years, or till he had received farther orders from the conqueror to do so: all which, it was plain, the knight, when once overcome, would readily comply with, that he might not contravene or infringe the laws of chivalry: and it might so happen, that, during his confinement, he might forget his follies, or an opportunity might offer of finding out some cure for his malady. Carrasco accepted of the employment, and Tom Cecial, Sancho Panza's neighbour, a pleasant-humoured, shallow-brained, fellow, offered his service to be the squire. Sampson armed himself accordingly, and Tom Cecial fitted the counterfeit pasteboard nose to his face, that he might not be known by his gossip when they met; and they took the same road that Don Quixote had taken, and arrived almost time enough to have been present at the adventure of Death's car: but they lighted on them in the wood, where befell them all that the inquisitive reader has been perusing: and had it not

been for Don Quixote's extraordinary opinion, that Sampson Carrasco was not Sampson Carrasco, the bachelor had been incapacitated for ever from taking the degree of licentiate, and would not have found so much as a nest, where he thought to find birds.

Tom Cecial, seeing how ill they had sped, and the unlucky issue of their expedition, said to the bachelor, "For certain, signor Sampson Carrasco, we have been very rightly served. It is easy to design and begin an enterprise, but very often difficult to get through with it. Don Quixote is mad, and we think ourselves wise: he gets off sound and laughing, and your worship remains sore and sorrowful. Now, pray, which is the greater madman, he who is so because he cannot help it, or he who is so on purpose?" To which Sampson answered, "The difference between these two sorts of madmen, is, that he, who cannot help being mad, will always be so, while he, who plays the fool on purpose, may give over when he thinks fit." "As that is the case," quoth Tom Cecial, "I was mad when I had a mind to be your worship's squire, and now I have a mind to be so no longer, but to get me home to my humble roof." "It may be proper that you should," answered Sampson; "but for my part I will not return to mine, till I have soundly banged this same Don Quixote; and it is not the desire of curing him of his madness that now prompts me, but that of being revenged; for the pain of my ribs will not let me entertain more charitable considerations." They thus

went on talking, till they came to a village, where they luckily met with a bone-setter, to whose care the unfortunate Sampson having committed himself, Tom Cecial went back, and left him meditating schemes of revenge. In due time, the history will speak of him again, but chooses at present to rejoice with Don Quixote.

CHAP. XVI.

Of what befell Don Quixote with a discreet gentleman of La Mancha.

DON QUIXOTE pursued his journey with the pleasure, satisfaction, and self-conceit already mentioned, imagining, upon account of his late victory, that he was the most valiant knight-errant of which the world in that age could boast. All the adventures, which should befall him from that time forward, he looked upon as already finished and brought to a happy conclusion: he cared for no enchantments or enchanters; he no longer remembered the innumerable bastings he had received, during the progress of his chivalries, the stoning that had demolished half his grinders, the ingratitude of the galley-slaves, or the insolence of the Yanguesian carriers, with their shower of pack-staves. In short, he said to himself, that, could he but hit upon the art or method of disenchanting his lady Dulcinea, he should not envy the

proudest fortune, to which the most successful knight-errant of past ages ever did, or could attain.

He was wholly taken up with these cogitations, when Sancho said to him, "Is it not strange, sir, that I should still have before my eyes the monstrous and unmeasurable nose of my gossip, Tom Cecial?" "And dost thou really believe, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "that the knight of the looking-glasses was the bachelor Sampson Carrasco, and his squire Tom Cecial, thy neighbour?" "I know not what to say to that," answered Sancho; "I only know, that the marks he gave me of my house, wife, and children, could be given me by nobody but himself; and his face, when the nose was gone, was Tom Cecial's own, as I have seen it often in our village, he living next door to me; and the tone of the voice also was the very same." "Prithee, Sancho," replied Don Quixote, "let us reason a little upon this business. How can it be supposed, that the bachelor Sampson Carrasco should come knight-errant-wise, armed at all points, to fight with me? Was I ever his enemy? Have I ever given him reason to bear me a grudge? Am I his rival? Or does he make profession of arms, as envying the fame I have acquired by them?" "What then shall we say, sir," answered Sancho, "to this knight, being so very like Sampson Carrasco, be he who he would, and his squire so like Tom Cecial, my gossip? And, if it be enchantment, as your worship says, were there no other two in the world they could be made to resemble?" "It is all artifice," answered

Don Quixote, "and a trick of the wicked magicians, who persecute me. Foreseeing that I should be victor in the conflict, they contrived, that the knight should have the face of my friend the bachelor, that the kindness I have for him might interpose between the edge of my sword, and the rigour of my arm, and the just indignation of my breast, being thus softened, he might escape with his life, who, by cunning devices and false appearances, sought to take away mine. And how easy it is for enchanters to change one face into another, making the fair foul, and the foul fair, thou knowest already, Sancho, from experience; since, not two days ago, thou didst behold the beauty and bravery of the peerless Dulcinea in their highest perfection, while I could only see her under the plainness and deformity of a rude country wench, with cataracts on her eyes, and a bad smell coming from her mouth: and if the cursed enchanter durst make so vile a transformation, it is not to be wondered at, if he has done the same as to Sampson Carrasco and thy friend Cecial, to snatch the glory of the victory out of my hands. I have this comfort, however, that, be the shape of my enemy what it may, I humbled him." "God knows the truth," answered Sancho; well aware at the same time that the transformation of Dulcinea was all his own plot and device; but not satisfied with his master's chimerical notions, he would make no farther reply, lest by some unlucky lapse of the tongue, his cheat might be discovered.

While they were discoursing in this manner, a

gentleman, mounted upon a fine flea-bitten mare, passing the same way, overtook them. He was dressed in a surtout of fine green cloth, faced with murrey-coloured velvet, and had a hunting cap of the same: the mare's furniture, which was all of the field, and ginet fashion, corresponded with his dress. At a shoulder-belt of green and gold, hung a Moorish scimitar; and his buskins were wrought like the belt. His spurs were not gilt, but varnished with green, and so neat and polished, that they suited better than if they had been of pure gold. The traveller saluted them courteously, and spurring his mare, drew off a little, and was passing on: but Don Quixote called to him, "Courteous sir, if you are going our way, and are not in haste, I should esteem it a favour to join company with you." "Truly, sir," answered he, "I had not kept aloof, but for fear your horse might prove unruly in the company of my mare." "Sir," answered Sancho, "if that be all, you may safely rein in; for ours is the soberest and best-conditioned horse in the world: he never did a naughty thing in his life, upon such occasions, but once, and then my master and I paid for it seven fold. Your worship may therefore halt, if you please; for were the lady mare served up betwixt two dishes, he would not, I assure you, so much as look her in the face." The traveller checked his mare, gazing with wonder at the air and countenance of Don Quixote, who rode without his helmet, which Sancho carried, like a wallet, at the pommel of his ass's

panel. And if the gentleman in green gazed at Don Quixote, Don Quixote in return stared no less at him, taking him to be a personage of no small consequence. He seemed to be about fifty years of age, but had few gray hairs ; his visage was of the aquiline cast ; his aspect between merry and serious : in a word, his mien and appearance spoke him to be no ordinary person. What he in green thought of Don Quixote, was, that considering the length and leanness of his steed, the tallness of his own stature, the meagerness of his aspect, his armour, and his deportment, he had never seen so strange an appearance before ; and probably so odd a figure had not been seen in that country for many years.

Don Quixote observed in what maner the traveller surveyed him, and, reading his desire in his surprise, and being the pink of courtesy, and fond of pleasing every body, before he could ask any question, he prevented him, by saying, “ This figure of mine, which your worship contemplates, is so new, so unlike what is now in fashion, that I do not wonder you are surprised at it : but your surprise will cease, when you learn, that I am one of those knights, who are called seekers of adventures. I left my country, mortgaged my estate, quitted ease and pleasure, and threw myself into the arms of fortune, to carry me whither she pleased. My soul burned within me, to revive the long-deceased order of chivalry ; and, after sundry vicissitudes, stumbling here and tumbling there, falling headlong in one place, and getting up

again in another, I have accomplished a great part of my design, succouring widows, protecting damsels, aiding married women and orphans, the natural and proper office of knights-errant: and by these my valorous and christian exploits, have I merited the honour of being in print in almost all the nations on the globe. Thirty thousand copies are already published of my history, and, if Heaven prevent it not, a thousand times as many more will shortly appear. Finally, to sum up all in a few words, or in one only, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the knight of the rueful countenance: and though self-praise depreciates, I am sometimes under the necessity of publishing my own commendations; but be it understood, it is only when nobody else is present to do it for me. So that, worthy sir, neither this horse, this lance, this shield, this armour, this squire, nor all this strange assemblage together, nor the wanness of my visage, nor my meagre lankness, ought henceforward to be matter of wonder to you, now that you know who I am, and the profession I follow."

Here Don Quixote was silent, and he in green was so long before he returned any answer, that it looked as if he could not hit upon a reply; but, after a pause, he said, "Sir knight, you judged rightly of my desire by my surprise; but you have not, by making yourself known, removed the wonder raised in me at seeing you: on the contrary, now that I am told who you are, I am in greater ad-

miration and surprise than before. What! is it possible that there are knights-errant now in the world, and accounts printed of their real exploits? I never could have thought there was any such itinerant being upon earth, who relieved widows, succoured damsels, aided married women, or protected orphans, nor should yet have believed it, had I not seen it in the person of your worship, with my own eyes. Blessed be Heaven! for this history, which your worship says is in print, of your exalted and true achievements, must have cast into oblivion the numberless fables of fictitious knights-errant, with which the world was filled, so much to the detriment of good morals, and the prejudice and discredit of good histories." "A great deal may be said," answered Don Quixote, "upon the subject, whether the histories of knights-errant are fictitious or not." "Why, is there any one person existing," answered he in green, "who has the least doubt, that those histories are false?" "I," quoth Don Quixote, "have such a doubt: but no more of that at present; for, if we travel any distance together, I hope in God to convince you, sir, that you have done amiss in suffering yourself to be carried away by the current of those, who take it for granted they are not true." From these last words of Don Quixote, the traveller began to suspect his companion must be some madman, and waited for a confirmation of his suspicion: but before they fell into any other discourse, Don Quixote, in return for the account he had himself

given of his own condition and life, requested the favour of being informed who he was.

“ I, sir knight of the rueful countenance,” said the traveller in reply, “ am a gentleman, native of a village, where, God willing, we shall dine to-day. I am more than indifferently rich, and my name is Don Diego de Miranda. I spend my time with my wife, my children, and my friends: my diversions are hunting and fishing; but I keep neither hawks nor greyhounds, and have only some decoy partridges, and a stout ferret. My library consists of about six dozen of books, some Spanish, some Latin, some of history, and some of devotion: those of chivalry have not yet come over my threshold. I am more inclined to the reading of profane than religious authors, provided they are upon subjects of innocent amusement, the language agreeable, and the invention new and surprising, though indeed there are very few of this description in Spain. Sometimes I eat with my neighbours and friends, and sometimes I invite them to eat with me: my table is neat and clean, and tolerably furnished. I neither censure others myself, nor allow others to indulge in it before me. I inquire not into other men’s lives, nor with sharp-sightedness pry into their actions. I hear mass every day. I share my substance with the poor, making no parade of good works, nor harbouring in my breast hypocrisy and vain-glory, those enemies which so sily get possession of the best guarded hearts. I endeavour to make peace between those

who are at variance. I devote myself particularly to our blessed Lady, and always trust in the infinite mercy of God our Lord."

Sancho was extremely attentive to the account of the gentleman's life and conversation, which appeared to him to be perfectly good and holy: and, having no doubt that such a character must needs work miracles, he flung himself from Dapple, and running hastily, laid hold of the traveller's right stirrup; and, with a devout heart, and almost weeping eyes, kissed his foot more than once. The gentleman perceiving this, said, "What mean you, brother? Why these kisses?" "Pray, signor, let me kiss on," answered Sancho; "for your worship is the first saint on horseback I ever saw in all the days of my life." "I am no saint," answered the gentleman, "but a great sinner: but you, brother, must be a very good man, as your simplicity demonstrates." Sancho upon this remounted his pannel, his strange devotion having forced a smile from the profound gravity of his master, and caused fresh admiration in Don Diego.

Don Quixote then asked the stranger what family he had, observing, that the ancient philosophers, who wanted the true knowledge of God, placed a great portion of the supreme happiness, in the gifts of nature and fortune, in having many friends, and many good children." "I, signor Don Quixote," answered the gentleman, "have but one, a son; and,

if I were without him, perhaps, I should think myself happier than I am; not because he is bad, but because he is not so good as I could wish him to be. He is eighteen years old; six he has been at Salamanca, learning the Latin and Greek languages; and when I was desirous he should study other sciences, I found him so overhead and ears in poetry, if that may be called a science, that there was no prevailing with him to look into the law, which it was my will he should have studied; nor into divinity, the queen of all sciences. I was anxious he should be the crown and honour of his family, since we live in an age, in which our kings highly reward useful and virtuous literature; for letters without virtue, are pearls in a dunghill. He passes whole days in examining, whether Homer expressed himself well in such a verse of the Iliad; whether Martial, in such an epigram, be strictly obscene or not; whether a particular verse in Virgil ought to be understood this or that way. In a word, all his conversation is with these poets, or others, Horace, Persius, Juvenal, and Tibullus. As to the modern poets of his own country, he seems to have taken a perfect dislike to them; yet, notwithstanding his antipathy, is he, at this very time, wholly taken up with a gloss upon four verses, sent him from Salamanca, designed for a scholastic prize."

To this free communication, Don Quixote answered, "Children, sir, are portions of the bowels of their parents, and, whether good or bad, must be

loved and cherished as such. It is the duty of parents to train them from their infancy in the paths of virtue, in good manners, good principles, and christian discipline, that, when arrived at manhood, they may be the staff of their aged parents, and an honour to their posterity. As to forcing a youth to this or that science, I do not hold it to be commendable, though there is no harm in advising him ; for when he has no need of studying merely for bread, being so happy as to have it by inheritance, I should indulge him in the pursuit of that science to which his genius most inclined him. Poetry, I own, is less profitable than delightful, but it is not one of those that are wont to disgrace the possessor. Poetry, good sir, I take to be like a young, tender, and beautiful virgin, whom many other virgins, namely, the sciences, are assiduous to enrich, polish, and adorn ; and while she is allowed to make use of them, she does not fail in return to give a lustre to them all. But this virgin is not to be handled rudely, nor dragged through the streets, nor exposed in the turnings of the market-place, nor posted on the corners or gates of palaces. She is formed of an alchymy of such virtue, that he, who knows how to manage her, will convert her into gold of inestimable value. He, who possesses her, should keep a strict hand over her, suffering her to make excursions neither in obscene satires, nor lifeless sonnets. Though she need not reject the profits arising from heroic poems, weeping tragedies, or pleasant and artful comedies,

yet must she in nowise be venal. Lastly, she must not be meddled with by buffoons, nor by the vulgar, who are incapable of knowing or esteeming the treasures that are locked up in her. And think not, sir, that I give the appellation of vulgar to the common people alone: all the ignorant, though lords or princes, ought, and must be taken into the number. He, therefore, who, with the qualifications I have stated, addicts himself to the study and practice of poetry, will become famous, and his name be honoured in all the polite nations of the world. As to what you say, sir, of your son not much esteeming the Spanish poetry, I am of opinion, that in that respect he is wrong; and my reason is this; the great Homer did not write in Latin, because he was a Greek; nor Virgil in Greek, because he was a Roman: the ancient poets all wrote in the language they sucked in with their mothers' milk, without hunting after foreign tongues, to express the sublimity of their conceptions. And this custom should take place every where: the German poet should not be disesteemed for writing in his own tongue, nor the Castilian, nor even the Biscayner, for writing in his. But your son, signor, I should imagine, does not dislike the Spanish poetry, but the poets, who are merely Spanish, without any knowledge of other languages, or sciences, which might adorn, enliven, and assist their natural genius: though even in this there may be a mistake; for the opinion is well founded, that to be a poet, a man must be born a

poet ; the meaning of which is, that a natural poet comes forth a poet from his mother's womb, and with this talent given him by Heaven, and, without farther study or art, composes things which verify the saying, ' Est Deus in nobis,' &c. Not but that a natural poet, who improves himself by art, will be a much better poet, and have the advantage of him, who has no other claim to the title but the knowledge of the rules only : and the reason is, because art cannot exceed nature, but only perfect it ; and thus the complete poet must be formed by art and nature combined. To conclude my discourse, good sir, let your son follow the direction of his stars : for, being so good a scholar, and having already happily mounted the first round of the scientific ladder, that of languages, with the help of these, he will by himself ascend to the top of human learning, which is no less an honour and an ornament to a gentleman, than is a mitre to a bishop, or the long robe to the learned in the law. If your son should write satires injurious to the reputation of others, rebuke him, and burn his works : but should he pen discourses in the manner of Horace, reprehending vice in general, as that poet so elegantly does, commend him, because it is lawful for a poet to write against envy, and to lash in his verses those in whom is found so base a passion ; and so of every other vice ; but he may not single out particular characters. There are poets, who, for the pleasure of saying a smart thing, will run the hazard

of being banished to the isles of Pontus.* If the poet be chaste in his manners, he will be so in his verses : the pen is the tongue of the mind ; such as its conceptions are, such will its productions be. And when kings and princes see the wonderful science of poetry employed on prudent, virtuous, and grave subjects, they honour, esteem, and enrich its professors, and even crown them with the leaves of that tree, which the thunderbolt does not hurt ; signifying, that no one ought to offend those, who deservedly wear such crowns, and whose temples are so honourably adorned.”

The gentleman in green was so much astonished at Don Quixote's discourse, that he began to waver in his opinion, as to his being of an unsound mind : but in the midst of this conversation, Sancho, not finding it much to his taste, had left them, to beg a little milk of some shepherds, who were hard by, milking some ewes : and now, when the gentleman, thus highly satisfied with Don Quixote's ingenuity and good sense, was renewing the discourse, on a sudden the knight, lifting up his eyes, perceived a car, with royal banners, coming the same road they were going ; and believing it to be some new adventure, he called aloud to his squire to give him his helmet. Sancho hearing his master's voice, left the shepherds, and, pricking his Dapple, came trotting in haste where the knight was, to whom there happened a most dreadful and stupendous adventure.

* As Ovid was.

CHAP. XVII.

Wherein is set forth the last and highest point at which the unheard-of courage of Don Quixote ever did, or could, arrive; with the happy conclusion of the adventure of the lions.

THE history relates, that, when Don Quixote called out to Sancho to bring him his helmet, he was buying some curds of the shepherds; and, being hurried by the violent haste of his master, he knew not what to do with them, nor how to bestow them; and that he might not lose them, now they were paid for, he bethought himself of clapping them into his master's helmet; and with this excellent shift, back he came to learn the commands of his lord; who said to him, "Friend, give me the helmet; for either I know little of adventures, or that, which I descry yonder, is one that does and will oblige me to have recourse to arms." He in the green riding-coat, hearing this, cast his eyes as far as he could in every direction, but could discover nothing, except a car coming towards them, with two or three small flags flying; by which he conjectured, that it was loaded with money for the royal treasury, and he said so to Don Quixote; but the knight believed him not, always imagining, that every thing that befell him must be an adventure, adventure upon adventure, in an endless series; and therefore he thus replied; "Preparation is half the battle, and nothing is lost by being upon one's guard: I

know by experience, that I have enemies both visible and invisible, but am ignorant when, from what quarter, at what time, or in what shape, they will encounter me ;” and turning, he again demanded his helmet of Sancho, who, not having time to take out the curds, was forced to give it him as it was. Don Quixote took it, and, without minding whether any thing was in it, instantly put it upon his head ; and as the curds were squeezed and pressed, the whey began to run down the face and beard of our hero ; at which he was so startled, that he said to Sancho, “ What can this mean, Sancho ? surely my skull is softening, or my brain melting, or I sweat from head to foot ; and if I really sweat, in truth it is not through fear, though I verily believe I am like to have a terrible adventure of this. If thou hast any thing with which to wipe off this copious excretion, give it me quickly, for my eyes are quite blinded.” Sancho said nothing, but gave him a cloth, and at the same time thanked God that his master had not found out the truth. Don Quixote having wiped himself, took off his helmet, to see what it was that so over-cooled his head ; and, observing some white lumps, he put them to his nose, and smelling to them said, “ By the life of my lady Dulcinea del Toboso, thou hast put curds into my helmet, vile traitor, and inconsiderate squire !” To which Sancho answered, with great phlegm and dissimulation, “ If they are curds, give me them to eat : but the devil eat them for me ; for it must be he that put them

there. What! I offer to foul your worship's helmet? In faith, sir, by the understanding God has given me, I perceive that I too have my enchanter, who persecute me, as a creature and member of your worship, and, I warrant, they have put that filthiness there, to stir your patience to wrath against me, and provoke you to anoint my sides as you used to do. But truly this bout they have missed their aim; for I trust to the candid judgment of my master, who will consider, that I have neither curds, nor cream, nor any thing like it; and that, if I had, I should sooner have put them into my stomach, than into your honour's helmet." "It may be so," quoth Don Quixote, perfectly satisfied. All this the gentleman saw, and saw with admiration, which was raised still higher when Don Quixote, after having wiped his head, face, beard, and helmet, again put it on, and, fixing himself firm in his stirrups, trying the easy drawing of his sword, and grasping his lance, said, "Now come what will; for here I am prepared to encounter Satan himself in person."¹

By this time the car with the flags was come up, attended only by a driver, who rode upon one of the mules that drew it, and a man who sat upon the fore-part. Don Quixote planted himself in the middle of the way, and said, "Whither go ye, brethren? what car is this? and what have you in it? and what banners are those?" To which the carter answered, "The car is mine; in it are two fierce lions, which the general of Oran is sending to court as a

present to his majesty ; and the flags belong to our liege the king, to show that what is in the car is his." " And are the lions large ?" demanded Don Quixote. " So large," replied the man upon the fore-part of the car, " that larger never came from Africa to Spain. I am their keeper ; I have had charge of several, but never of such monsters as these ; they are a male and a female ; the male is in the first cage, and the female in that behind ; at present they are hungry, not having eaten to-day, and therefore, sir, remove, if you please, out of the way ; for we must make haste to the place where we are to feed them." To this civil request Don Quixote, with a contemptuous smile, said, " To me, your lion whelps ! your lion-whelps to me ! and at this time of day ! By the living God, those, who sent them hither, shall see whether I am a man to be scared by lions. Alight, honest friend ; and, since you are their keeper, open the cages, and turn those beasts out ; for in the midst of this plain will I make them know who Don Quixote de la Mancha is, in spite of the enchanters that sent them to me." " Ho, ho !" quoth the gentleman to himself, " our good knight has given us a tolerable specimen of what he is ; doubtless, the curds have softened his skull, and ripened his brains." Sancho then came to him, entreating, " For God's sake, sir, so order it, that my master may not encounter these lions, for if he does, they will tear us all to pieces." " What then, is your master really so mad," answered the gentleman, " that you fear

and believe he will attack such fierce animals?" "He is not mad," answered Sancho, "but daring." "I will endeavour to make him desist," replied the gentleman; and going to Don Quixote, who was hurrying the keeper to open the cages, he said, "Signor Don Quixote, knights-errant should undertake adventures, which promise plausible success, and not such as are quite desperate; for the valour, which too nearly borders upon the confines of rashness, has in it more of insanity than fortitude; besides these lions do not come to assail your worship, nor do they so much as dream of any such thing: they are going to be presented to his majesty; and it is not proper to detain them, or hinder their journey." "Sweet sir," answered Don Quixote, "go hence, and mind your decoy partridge, and your stout ferret, and leave every one to his own business. This is mine, and I will know whether these gentlemen lions come against me or not." And, turning to the keeper, he said, "I vow to God, don rascal, if thou dost not instantly open the cages, with this lance I will pin thee to the car." The keeper, seeing the resolution of this armed apparition, said, "Good sir, for charity's sake, be pleased to let me take off my mules, and place them out of danger; before the beasts are let loose, for should my cattle be killed, I am undone for the rest of my days, having no other livelihood but this car and these mules." "O man of little faith!" answered Don Quixote, "alight then and unyoke thy mules, and do with them what thou

wilt; but quickly wilt thou see, that thou hast laboured in vain, and mightest have saved thyself this trouble."

The carter alighted, and unharnessed in great haste; and the keeper said aloud, "Bear witness, all here present, that, against my will, and by compulsion, I open the cages, and let loose the lions; and that I enter my protest against this gentleman, that all the harm and mischief these beasts may do shall stand and be placed to his account, with my salary and perquisites over and above; and now, gentlemen, take care of yourselves before I open the doors; for, as to myself, I am sure they will do me no hurt. Again he in green pressed the knight to desist from his mad purpose, it being to tempt God, to undertake so extravagant an action. Don Quixote replied, that he knew what he did. The gentleman rejoined, bidding him again to consider it well, for he was certain he deceived himself. "Nay, sir," replied Don Quixote, "if you do not care to be a spectator of what you think will prove a tragedy, spur your flea-bitten, and save yourself." Sancho, hearing this, besought him with tears in his eyes to desist from the enterprise, in comparison of which that of the wind-mills, and that fearful one of the fulling-mill-hammers, in short, all the exploits he had performed in the whole course of his life, were mere tarts and cheesecakes. "Consider, sir," continued he, "that here is no enchantment, nor any thing like it, for I have seen, through the grates and chinks of the cage,

the claw of a true lion: and I guess by it, that the animal, to whom such a claw belongs, must be bigger than a mountain." "However small it were," answered Don Quixote, "fear would make it appear in thy eyes of greater magnitude than half the globe. Retire, Sancho, and leave me; and if I die here, thou knowest our old agreement; repair to Dulcinea: I say no more." But he added other expressions of a nature to cut off all hope of his desisting from his desperate design. He in green would fain have opposed him still, but found himself unequally matched in weapons and armour, and besides did not think it prudent to engage with a madman; for such, by this time, he took Don Quixote to be in all points: and hearing him reiterating his menaces, he took occasion to clap spurs to his mare, as Sancho did his heels to Dapple, and the driver his to his mules, all endeavouring to get as far from the car, as they could, before the lions were let loose. Sancho lamented the death of his master, verily believing it would now overtake him in the paws of the wild beasts; he cursed his hard fortune, and the unlucky hour that it came into his head to serve him again: but, for all his tears and lamentations, he never ceased punching his Dapple to get far enough from danger. The keeper, seeing the fugitives were at a good distance, repeated his arguments and entreaties to Don Quixote, who replied that he heard him, and begged he would trouble himself with no more expostulations, for they

would all signify nothing; but make haste to obey his commands and open the door.

While the keeper was slowly unbarring the first grate, Don Quixote considered with himself, whether it would be best to fight on foot or on horseback: at last he determined to engage on foot, lest at sight of the lions² Rozinante should be terrified; and he leaped from his horse, flung aside his lance, braced on his shield, drew his sword, and, marching slowly, with marvellous intrepidity, and an undaunted heart, planted himself before the car, devoutly commending himself, first to God, and then to his mistress Dulcinea.

Let it be noted, that the author of this faithful history, coming to this passage, burst forth into exclamations like this,—“O strenuous, and beyond all expression courageous, Don Quixote de la Mancha! thou mirror, in which all the valiant ones of the earth may behold themselves! thou second and new Don Manuel de Leon, who was the glory and honour of the Spanish knights! With what words shall I relate this tremendous exploit? By what arguments shall I render it credible to succeeding ages? Of what praises, though above all hyperboles hyperbolical, art thou not deserving? Alone, on foot, intrepid and magnanimous, with a single sword, and that none of the sharpest, with a shield, and that not of the broadest or brightest, standest thou waiting for and expecting two of the fiercest lions, that the forests

of Africa ever bred. Let thy own deeds proclaim thee, valorous Manchegan ! for here must I leave off for want of words, by which to laud them." And he ends his exclamation, and resumes the thread of the history, saying,

The keeper, seeing Don Quixote fixed in his posture, and that he could not avoid letting loose the male lion, on pain of falling under the displeasure of the angry and daring knight, set wide open the door of the first cage, in which lay the monster, extraordinary in bulk, and of a hideous and frightful aspect: The first thing he did was, to turn himself round in the cage, extend one of his fore paws, and stretch himself at full length. Then he gaped and yawned leisurely ; then licked the dust off his eyes, and washed his face, with some half a yard of tongue. This done, he thrust his head out of the cage, and stared round on all sides with eyes of burning coals : a sight and aspect enough to have struck terror into temerity itself : but Don Quixote only observed attentively, wishing he would leap from the car, that he might grapple with him, and cut him in pieces ; to such a pitch of extravagance had his unheard-of madness transported him. But the generous animal, more civil than arrogant, taking no notice of his vapouring and bravadoes, after having stared about, as we have said, turned his back and showed his posteriors to the knight, and, with great phlegm and calmness, laid himself down again in the cage ; which Don Quixote perceiving, he ordered the keeper to rouse

him by blows, and oblige him to come forth. "That I dare not do," answered the keeper; "for, should I provoke him, I shall myself be the first he will devour. Be satisfied, signor cavalier, with what is done, which is every thing in point of courage, and do not tempt fortune a second time. The lion has the door open, and it is in his choice to come forth or not; and since he has not yet done so, he will not come out to-day. The greatness of your worship's courage is already sufficiently evinced; no brave combatant, as I take it, is obliged to do more than challenge his foe, and expect him in the field; and if the antagonist fail to meet him, the infamy lies at his door, and the expectant gains the crown of victory." "That is true," answered Don Quixote; "therefore shut the door, friend, and give me a certificate, in the best form you can, of what you have seen me do. It is proper it should be known to the world, how you opened the door to the lion; how I waited for him; how he roused himself, but came not out; how I waited for him again; how again he came not out, but again laid him down in his den. I am bound to no more: enchantments avaunt, and God help right and truth, and true chivalry; so shut the door, while I make a signal to the fugitive and absent, that they may have an account of this exploit from your mouth."

The keeper did so, and Don Quixote, putting as a flag on the point of his lance the linen cloth, with which he had wiped the torrent of curds from his face, began to call to those who still fled, turning

their heads at every step, he in green having precedence in the race. At length Sancho, chancing to espy the signal of the white cloth, said, "May I be hanged if my master has not vanquished the wild beasts, for he calls to us." They all instantly halted, and perceived that it was the knight himself who made the sign; and their fear abating, they drew nearer by degrees, till they could distinctly hear what he vociferated. In short, they came back to the car, and our hero then said to the driver, "Put to your mules again, brother, and continue your journey; and, Sancho, give two gold crowns to him and the keeper, to make amends for my having detained them." "That will I, with all my heart," answered Sancho. "But what is become of the lions? are they dead or alive?" In answer to this question, the keeper, very minutely, and with proper pauses, related the success of the conflict, extolling in the best manner he could the valour of Don Quixote, at sight of whom, he said, the abashed lion would not, or dared not, stir out of the cage, though he had held open the door a good while; and he added, that it was not till he had represented to the knight, that it was tempting God to provoke the lion further, and make him come out by force, whether he would or no, that he had suffered the cage-door to be shut again." "What think you of that, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote: "can any enchantments prevail against true courage. With ease may the enchanters deprive

me of good fortune ; but of courage and resolution, vain are their attempts." Sancho gave the gold crowns ; the carter put to ; and the keeper kissed Don Quixote's hands for the favour received, promising to relate this valorous exploit to the king himself when he came to court. Upon which Don Quixote said, " If, perchance, his majesty should inquire who performed it, tell him, the knight of the lions : for henceforward I resolve, that the title I have hitherto borne of the knight of the rueful countenance, shall be changed, trucked, and altered to this ; and in doing so, I follow the ancient practice of knights-errant, who changed their names as they pleased, whenever it served their turn."

The car now went on its way, as did Don Quixote, Sancho, and he in the green surtout, on their's. Hitherto Don Diego de Miranda had not spoken a word, his attention being wholly engrossed in observing the actions and words of the knight, whom he took to be a sensible man mad, or a madman bordering upon good sense ; the first part of his history not having come to his knowledge ; for, had he read that, his wonder would have ceased, from knowing the nature of his infirmity ; but, being ignorant of it, he thought him sometimes in, and sometimes out of his senses ; because what he had spoken was coherent, elegant, and to the purpose, while what he did was extravagant, rash, and foolish : " for," as he said to himself, ' what stronger proof of madness can be given, than

for a man to put on his head a helmet full of curds, and then believe, that enchanters have melted his skull? or what greater rashness and extravagance, than to resolve to fight with lions?"

Don Quixote interrupted these imaginations, and this soliloquy, by saying, "Doubtless, signor Don Diego de Miranda, I must in your eyes pass for an extravagant madman; and no wonder if such should be your opinion; for my actions indicate no less. Yet, for all that, I must beg leave to say, that I am not so mad, nor so shallow, as I may seem to be. The gallant cavalier, in shining armour, prancing over the lists, at some joyful tournament, in sight of the ladies, makes a fine appearance. A fine appearance makes the knight, when, in the midst of a large square, before the eyes of his prince, he transfixes a furious bull. And a fine appearance make those knights, who, in military or other exercises, entertain, enliven, and, if we may so say, do honour to their prince's court. But a finer appearance still makes the knight-errant, who, through deserts, solitudes, and cross-ways, through woods, and over mountains, goes in quest of perilous adventures, with intent to bring them to a happy and fortunate conclusion, and obtain for himself a glorious and immortal fame: lastly, a finer appearance makes the knight-errant, in the act of succouring some widow in a by place, than a courtier in lavishing his gallantry on a city dame. All cavaliers have their proper and pe-

cular employments. Let the courtier wait upon the ladies ; adorn his prince's court with rich liveries ; entertain the poorer cavaliers at his splendid table ; order justs ; manage tournaments, and show himself great, liberal, magnificent, and above all a good Christian ; and in this manner will he precisely comply with the obligations of his duty : but let the knight-errant search the remotest corners of the earth ; enter the most intricate labyrinths ; at every step assail impossibilities ; in the wild uncultivated deserts brave the burning rays of the summer's sun, and the keen inclemency of the winter's frost : let not lions daunt, spectres affright, or dragons terrify him ; for in seeking, encountering, and conquering all these, consists his principal and true occupation. It being then my lot to be of this last order, I cannot decline undertaking whatever I imagine to come within the verge of my profession ; and therefore did the encountering the lions belong to me directly, though I knew it to be an act of extravagant rashness. I am well aware, that fortitude is a virtue placed between the two vicious extremes of cowardice and temerity ; but it is better the valiant should rise to the high pitch of daring, than sink to the low point of timidity : for, as it is easier for the prodigal to become liberal, than for the covetous, so is it much easier for the rash than the pusillanimous, to rise to true valour ; and as to adventures, believe me, signor Don Diego, it is better to lose the game by a card too much than

one too little : for it sounds better in the ears of those to whom it is told, such a knight is rash and daring, than that he is spiritless and faint-hearted."

"I do not hesitate to affirm, signor Don Quixote," answered Don Diego, "that all you have said and done is levelled by the line of right reason ; and I think, if the laws and ordinances of knight-errantry should be lost, they might be found in your worship's breast, as in their proper depository and register. But let us make haste, for it grows late ; and let us get to my village and house, where you may repose and refresh yourself after your late toil, which, if not of the body, has been a labour of the mind, which often affects the bodily faculties." "I accept of the offer as a great favour and kindness, signor Don Diego," answered our knight ; and spurring on a little more briskly than they had hitherto done, it was about two in the afternoon, when they arrived at the village, and house of Don Diego, on whom Don Quixote bestowed the title of the knight of the green riding-coat.

PART II. BOOK II.

CHAP. I.

Of what befell Don Quixote in the castle or house of the knight of the green riding-coat, with other extravagant matters.

DON QUIXOTE found that Don Diego's habitation was spacious, after the country fashion, having the arms of the family carved in rough stone over the great gates ; the buttery in the court-yard ; the cellar under the porch ; while around were placed divers porcelain jars, which, being of the ware of Toboso, renewed the memory of his enchanted and metamorphosed Dulcinea ; and, without considering what he said, or before whom he stood, he involuntarily sighed, and then ejaculated, " O joyous tokens, found now to my sorrow ; but sweet and ravishing, when Heaven would have it so !¹ O ye Tobosian jars, that have brought back to my remembrance the sweet pledge of my greatest bitterness !" This was overheard by the poetical scholar, Don Diego's son, who, with his mother, came out to receive him. Both mother and son were struck with the strange figure of our knight, who, alighting from Rozinante, very courteously desired leave to kiss the lady's hands ; when Don Diego said, " Receive, madam, with your accustomed civility, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, a valiant knight-

errant, and the most ingenious person in the world." The lady, whose name was Donna Christina, received him accordingly with all the marks of civility and esteem, and Don Quixote returned them in discreet and gentlemanly expressions. The same kind of compliments passed between him and the student, whom, from what he said, he conceived to be a young man of good sense and acuteness.

Here the author sets down all the particulars of Don Diego's house, describing the furniture usually contained in the mansion of a wealthy country gentleman. But the translators of the history thought fit to pass over in silence these, and other minute and uninteresting matters, as not according with the principal scope of the history, in which truth has more force than cold and insipid digressions.²

Don Quixote was conducted into a hall, where Sancho unarmed him; he remained in his wide Walloon breeches, and in a shamois doublet, smeared with the rust of his armour: his band was of the college-cut, without starch or lace; his buskins were date-coloured, and his shoes waxed: he girded on his trusty sword, which hung at a belt made of a sea-wolf's skin, which he wore from having been many years troubled, as he thought, with a weakness in his loins;³ and over all these he had a long cloak of good grey cloth. But first of all, with five or six kettles of pure water, for there is some dispute as to the number, he washed his head and face; but the water still continued to run off of a whey-colour,

thanks to Sancho's gluttony, and the purchase of the filthy curds, that made all this scouring necessary. Thus accoutred, with a genteel air and deportment, he walked into another hall, where the student was waiting to entertain him till the cloth was laid; for the lady Donna Christina was otherwise employed, being ambitious to show, upon the arrival of so noble a guest, that she knew how to regale those whom her husband invited under his roof.

While Don Quixote was unarming, Don Lorenzo, which was the name of Don Diego's son, embraced the opportunity of saying to his father, "Pray, sir, who is this gentleman you have brought home with you? For his name, his figure, and your telling us that he is a knight-errant, serve only to bewilder both my mother and me." "I know not how to answer you," replied Don Diego; "I can only say, that I have seen him act the part of the maddest being in the world, and then talk so ingeniously, that his words give the lie to his actions. But converse with him, feel the pulse of his understanding; and, as you have sufficient discernment, judge yourself of his discretion, or distraction, as you shall find; though, to say the truth, I am disposed rather to think him mad than otherwise."

Accordingly Don Lorenzo waited to entertain Don Quixote, as has been said; and, among other discourse which passed between them, Don Quixote said to our youth, "Signor Don Diego de Miranda, your father, has been so good as to inform me a little

of your rare abilities, and particularly that you are a great poet." "A poet, perhaps, I may be," replied Don Lorenzo; "but a great one I never deemed myself, even in thought. It is true I am fond of poetry, and delight in reading the best poets; but I have no claim on that score to the title my father is pleased to bestow upon me." "I do not dislike this modesty," answered Don Quixote; "for poets are usually arrogant, each thinking himself the greatest in the world." "There is no rule without an exception," answered Don Lorenzo, "and there may be one, who is really a great poet, and does not think so." "The number is small," answered Don Quixote; "but be pleased to tell me, sir, what those verses are you have now in hand, which, your father tells me, so completely occupy your thoughts; for if it be some gloss,⁴ I know a little of the knack of glossing, and should be glad to see them; and if they are designed for a poetical prize, let me advise you to endeavour to obtain the second; for the first is always carried by favour, or by the superior quality of the person who is the candidate, while the second is bestowed according to merit; so that, from this unworthy practice, the third becomes the second, and the first is but the third; yet does the name of first make a great figure." "Hitherto," said Don Lorenzo to himself, "I cannot judge thee to be mad; we will proceed:" and he said to him, "Your worship, I presume, has frequented the schools; may I ask what sciences you have studied?" "That of knight-

errantry," answered Don Quixote; "which soars to as high a pitch of merit as your poetry, yea, and two small fingers' breadth beyond it." "I am not aware what science that is," replied Don Lorenzo; "it has not hitherto come to my knowledge." "It is a science," replied Don Quixote, "which includes in it all, or nearly all other sciences in the world. For he who professes it must be a lawyer, and know the laws of distributive and commutative justice, in order to give to every one what properly belongs to him. He must be a divine, to be able to assign a reason for the christian faith he professes, clearly and distinctly, whenever it may be required of him. He must be a physician, and especially a botanist, to know, in the midst of wildernesses and deserts, the herbs and simples which have the virtue of curing wounds; for a knight-errant cannot at every turn be running to look for somebody to heal him. He must be an astronomer, to ascertain by the stars what it is o'clock, and what part or climate of the world he is in. He must understand the mathematics, because at every step he will stand in need of their application; and, beside that he must be adorned with all the cardinal and theological virtues, I will proceed to mention other more minute branches of science. For instance, he must know how to swim, like him they call Fish Nicholas, or Nicholao;⁵ how to shoe a horse; how to mend a saddle and bridle; and, to return to what was said above, he must preserve his faith to God and his mistress inviolate. He must be

chaste in his thoughts, modest in his words, liberal in good works, valiant in exploits, patient in toils, charitable to the needy, and lastly, a defender of the truth, though the defence should cost him his life. Of all these great and small parts is a good knight-errant composed. Consider then, signor Don Lorenzo, whether it be a snotty science which the professed knight learns and studies, or whether it may not rather be compared to the stateliest of all those which are taught in your colleges and schools." "If it be as you say," replied Don Lorenzo, "I maintain that it is preferable to every other science." "How! if it be as I say!" answered Don Quixote. "What I mean, sir," quoth Don Lorenzo, "is, that I question whether there ever were, or are now, in being, any knights-errant, and especially adorned with so many virtues." "I have often said," answered Don Quixote, "what I now repeat, that the greatest part of the world are of opinion that there never existed any knights-errant; and as my belief is, if Heaven does not in some miraculous manner convince them of the truth, all human pains will be in vain, as I have often found by experience, I will not lose time in refuting so prevalent an error; but will beg of God to undeceive you, and let you see how useful and necessary such personages were in times past, and how beneficial they would be in the present day, were they again in fashion: but now, through the sins of the people, sloth, idleness, gluttony, and luxury triumph." "Our guest has broken

loose," quoth Don Lorenzo to himself; "but still he is a whimsical kind of madman, and I should be a weak fool if I did not believe so."

Here their discourse ended; for they were called to supper: but Don Diego asked his son, privately, what he had copied out fair of the genius of his guest. To which he answered, "The ablest doctors and best penmen in the world will never be able to extricate him out of the rough draughts of his insanity: ⁶ his distraction is a medley full of lucid intervals." They sat down to supper, and the repast was such as Don Diego had told them upon the road he used to give to those he invited, neat, plentiful, and savoury: but that which pleased our knight most, was the marvellous silence that prevailed throughout the house, as if it had been a convent of Carthusians.

The cloth being taken away, grace said, and their hands washed, Don Quixote earnestly entreated Don Lorenzo to repeat the verses designed for the prize. To which the youth answered, "That I may not be like those poets who, when asked, refuse to repeat their verses, and, when not asked, spew them in your face, I will read my gloss, for which I expect no prize, having composed it merely to exercise my fancy." "A friend of mine, a very ingenious person," answered Don Quixote, "was of opinion, that no one ought to give himself the trouble of glossing on verses; and the reason he assigned was, that the gloss could never come up to the text,

and very often mistook the intention and design of the author. Besides, the rules of glossing are too strict, suffering no interrogations, no 'shall I say,' or 'said he,' no making nouns of verbs, no changing the sense or the metaphor, with other ties and restrictions, which cramp the glossers, as your worship must needs know." "Truly, signor Don Quixote," quoth Don Lorenzo, "I have a great desire to catch your worship tripping in some false Latin, but cannot; for you slip through my fingers like an eel." "I do not understand," answered Don Quixote, "what you mean by slipping through your fingers." "I will explain it another time," replied Don Lorenzo; "at present here are the text and the gloss at your service.

THE TEXT.

Could I the joyous moments past
 Recall, and say, what *was* now *is*,
 Or to succeeding moments haste,
 And *now* enjoy the *future* bliss.

THE GLOSS.

As all things fleet and die away,
 And day at length is lost in night,
 My blessings would no longer stay,
 But took their everlasting flight.
 O Fortune, at thy feet I lie,
 To supplicate thy deity:
 Inconstant goddess, frown no more;
 Make me but happy now at last:
 No more I'd curse thy fickle power,
Could I recall the moments past.

No other conquest I implore,
 No other palm my brow to grace :
 Content, 'tis all I ask, restore,
 And give me back my mind's lost peace.
 Past joys enhance the present pain,
 And sad remembrance is our bane.
 O would at length relenting fate
 Restore the ravish'd hours of bliss,
 How should I hug the charming state,
 And joyful say, *what was now* is !

Thy empty wish, fond wretch, give o'er,
 Nor ask so vain, so wild a thing ;
 Revolving Time no mortal pow'r
 Can stop, or stay his fleeting wing.
 Nimble as thought, he runs, he flies :
 The present hour for ever dies.
 In vain we ask futurity ;
 In vain we would recall the past,
 We cannot from the present fly,
 Nor to *succeeding moments* haste.

Vex'd with alternate hopes and fears,
 I feel variety of pain :
 But death can ease a wretch's cares,
 And surely death to me is gain.
 Again my erring judgment strays
 From sober reason's juster ways :
 Convinced by her unerring voice,
 Another life must follow this,
 I make the present woes my choice,
 Rather than forfeit *future bliss*."

Don Lorenzo had no sooner finished his gloss, than Don Quixote started up, and, eagerly seizing the youth by the right hand, cried out, in a voice so

loud, that it approached to a squall, “ By the heaven of heavens, noble youth, you are the best poet in the universe, and deserve to wear the laurel, not of Cyprus, not of Gaëta, as a certain bard said, whom God forgive, but of the universities of Athens, were they now in being, and of those that are in being, of Paris, Bologna, and Salamanca. Heaven grant that the judges, should they deprive you of the first prize, may be transfixed by the arrows of Apollo, and that the Muses may never cross the threshold of their doors. Be pleased, sir, to favour me with a specimen of your performance in the higher kinds of poetry : for I would thoroughly feel the pulse of your admirable genius.” Is it not diverting to observe, that Don Lorenzo should be delighted to hear himself praised by him, whom he deemed a madman? O force of flattery, how far dost thou extend, and how wide are the bounds of thy pleasing jurisdiction ! This truth was verified in our youth, who readily complied with the request and desire of Don Quixote, and repeated this sonnet on the fable or story of Pyramus and Thisbe :—

SONNET.

The nymph, who Pyramus with love inspired,
Pierces the wall, with equal passion fired :
Cupid from distant Cyprus thither flies,
And views the secret breach with laughing eyes.

Here silence vocal mutual vows conveys,
And whisp’ring eloquent their love betrays.

Tho' chain'd by fear their voices dare not pass,
Their souls transmitted through the chink embrace.

Ah! woful story of disastrous love!
Ill-fated haste that did their ruin prove!
One death, one grave unites the faithful pair,
And in one common fame their mem'ries share.

“ Now God be thanked,” quoth Don Quixote, having heard the sonnet, “ that, among the infinite number of poets now in being, I have met with one so absolute, in all respects, as the artifice of your worship's verse shows you to be.”

Four days was Don Quixote nobly regaled in the house of Don Diego; at the expiration of which, he thanked him for the favour and kind entertainment he had received in his family, and begged leave to depart, observing, that it did not look well for knights-errant to give themselves up to idleness and indulgence, and he must therefore, in compliance with the duty of his function, go in quest of adventures, with which he was informed the neighbourhood abounded, where he intended to employ the time, till the day of the justs at Saragossa, at which he resolved to be present; but, first of all, he meant to visit the cave of Montesinos, of which so many wonderful things are related through the country; and to inquire into the source and true springs of the seven lakes, commonly called the lakes of Ruydera. Don Diego and his son applauded his honourable resolution, and desired him freely to furnish himself with whatever the house afforded; to which he was

most heartily welcome, his worthy person and his noble profession imposing it on them as a duty to render him every service in their power.

At length the day of his departure came, a day as joyous to Don Quixote as it was sad and unhappy to Sancho Panza, who liked the plenty of Don Diego's house too well, not to be loth to return to the hunger of forests and wildernesses, and the penury of his ill-provided wallets. However, he filled and stuffed them with what he thought most necessary; and Don Quixote, on bidding adieu to Don Lorenzo, said, "I know not whether I have told you before, and, if I have, I tell you again, that, whenever you feel disposed to shorten your way and lessen the pains necessary to arrive at the inaccessible summit of the temple of fame, you have only to leave on one side the narrow path of poetry, and follow that of knight-errantry, which is still narrower, but sufficient to raise you to the dignity of an emperor before you can say 'Give me those straws.'" With these expressions did the knight close, as it were, the account of his madness, except that he added a farewell blessing, saying, "God knows how willingly I would take signor Don Lorenzo with me, to teach him how to spare the humble, and to trample under foot the haughty,⁷ virtues annexed to the function I profess; but since his youth does not require, nor his laudable exercises permit it, I shall content myself with putting him in the way of becoming a

famous poet ; and that is, by following the opinion and judgment of other men rather than his own ; for no parent thinks his own children ugly ; and this self-deceit is still stronger with respect to the offspring of the mind." The father and son admired anew the intermixed discourses of the knight, which were sometimes wise, and sometimes wild, and the obstinacy with which he was bent upon the search of his misadventurous adventures, the sole end and aim of all his wishes. Offers of service and civilities were repeated, and, with the good leave of the lady of the castle, they departed, Don Quixote upon Rozinante, and Sancho upon Dapple.

CHAP. II.

Wherein is related the adventure of the enamoured shepherd, with other truly pleasant accidents.

OUR hero had proceeded but a little way from Don Diego's habitation, when two persons dressed like ecclesiastics, or scholars, and two countrymen, overtook him, all four mounted upon asses. One of the scholars had behind him, wrapped up in green buckram, like a portmanteau, a small bundle of linen, and two pair of thread stockings ; the other had nothing but a pair of new black fencing-foils, with their buttons. The countrymen were loaded with various things, which showed that they came from some great town, where they had been making

purchases, which they were carrying to their own village. Both the scholars and countrymen fell into the same admiration, that every one else had done at the first sight of Don Quixote, and were eager to know what being it could be, so different in appearance from all other men. The knight saluted them, and, after learning that the road they were going was the same as his, he offered to bear them company, and desired them to slacken their pace, for their asses travelled faster than his steed; and, to prevail upon them, he briefly related who he was, and his employment and profession, and that he was going in quest of adventures through all parts of the world. He informed them farther, that though his proper name was Don Quixote de la Mancha, his appellative was the knight of the lions. All this to the countrymen was Greek or gibberish; but not to the scholars, who soon discovered the soft part of our knight's skull; nevertheless, they beheld him with admiration and respect, and one of them said, "If your worship, sir knight, be not determind to one particular road, a thing not usual with seekers of adventures, and will come along with us, you will see one of the most splendid and opulent weddings, that has ever been celebrated in La Mancha, or many leagues round." Don Quixote asked him, if it was that of some prince, that he extolled it so much? "No," answered the scholar, "but of a farmer and a farmer's daughter; he the wealthiest of all this country, and she the most beautiful that ever eyes

beheld. The preparation is extraordinary and new; for the wedding is to be celebrated in a meadow near the village where lives the bride, whom they call, by way of pre-eminence, Quiteria the fair, and the bridegroom Camacho the rich; she of the age of eighteen, and he of two-and-twenty, both equally matched; though some nice folks, who have all the pedigrees from Adam in their heads, pretend, that the family of Quiteria has the advantage of Camacho's; but now-a-days that is little regarded; riches having the power of soldering up abundance of flaws. In short, this same Camacho is generous, and has taken it into his head, to erect a kind of arbour to cover the whole meadow, in a manner that the sun itself will be put to some difficulty to visit the grass with which the ground is enamelled. He has also appointed morrice-dances, both with swords and bells: for there are persons in his village who jingle and clatter them miraculously. I will say nothing of the shoe-dancers and caperers,¹ so great is the number that are invited. But none of the rare things I have repeated, or may have omitted, is likely to render this wedding so remarkable, as what I understood the slighted Basilius will do upon this occasion.

“ This Basilius is a swain, of the same village with Quiteria: his house is next to that of her parents, with nothing but a wall between them; whence Cupid took occasion to revive in the world the long-forgotten loves of Pyramus and Thisbe: for Basilius

was enamoured of Quiteria from his childhood, and she answered his wishes with a thousand modest favours, insomuch that the loves of the two children, Basilius and Quiteria, became the common talk of the village. When they were grown up, the father of Quiteria resolved to forbid Basilius the usual access to his family; and, to save himself from fear and suspicion, he purposed to marry his daughter to the rich Camacho, not choosing to match her with Basilius, who is endowed with fewer gifts of fortune than of nature: for, if the truth must be told without envy, he is the most active youth we know; an expert pitcher of the bar; an extreme good wrestler; an excellent cricketer; runs like a buck; leaps like a wild goat; plays at ninepins as if he did it by witchcraft; sings like a lark; touches a guitar so as to make it speak; and, above all, handles the small sword like the most accomplished fencer." "For this excellence alone," quoth Don Quixote immediately, "the youth deserves to marry not only the fair Quiteria, but queen Ginebra herself, were she now alive, in spite of sir Lancelot, and all opposers." "To my wife with that," quoth Sancho Panza, who had been hitherto silent and listening, "who will have every body marry his equal, according to the proverb, Every sheep to its like. What I would have is, that this honest Basilius, for I begin to take a liking to him, should marry this same lady Quiteria; and Heaven send them good luck, and God's blessing," he meant the reverse, "on those who would hinder

people that love each other from marrying." "If all who love each other were to be married," said Don Quixote, "it would deprive parents of the privilege and authority of finding proper matches for their children. If the choice of husbands were left to the inclination of daughters, there are those who would choose their father's servant, and others, some pretty fellow they see pass along the streets, in their opinion genteel and well-made, though he were a beaten bully: for love and affection easily blind the eyes of the understanding, so absolutely necessary for choosing our state of life; and that of matrimony is greatly exposed to the danger of a mistake, and there is need of extreme caution, and the particular favour of Heaven, to make it hit right. A person who intends to take a long journey, if he be wise, will, before he sets forward, look for some safe and agreeable companion. And should not he do the same who undertakes a journey for life, especially if his fellow traveller is to be his associate at bed and board, and every where else, as the wife is with the husband? A wife is not a commodity which, when once bought, you can exchange, or swap, or return; but is an inseparable accessory, which lasts as long as life itself. She is a noose, which, when once thrown about the neck, turns to a Gordian knot, and cannot be unloosed till cut asunder by the scythe of death. I could say much more upon this subject, were I not prevented by the desire I have to know, whether signor the licentiate has any thing more to relate concerning

the history of Basilius." To which the scholar, bachelor, or licentiate, as Don Quixote called him, answered, "I have nothing material to add, but that, from the moment Basilius heard of Quiteria's being to be married to Camacho the rich, he has never been seen to smile, nor speak coherently, but is always pensive and sad, talking to himself; certain and clear indications of his being distracted. He scarcely either eats or sleeps, and what little he does eat is fruit; and when he sleeps, if he does sleep, it is in the fields, on the bare ground, like a brute beast. From time to time he turns his eyes to heaven; then fixes them on the ground, with such stupefaction, that he seems to be a mere statue clothed, the drapery of which is put in motion by the air. In short, he gives such indications of an impassioned heart, that we all take it for granted, that to-morrow Quiteria's pronouncing the fatal Yes, will be the sentence of his death."

"Heaven will order it better," quoth Sancho; "for he that gives the wound sends the cure: nobody knows what is to come: there are a great many hours between this and to-morrow; and in one hour, yea, in one moment, down falls the house: I have seen it rain, and the sun shine, both at the same time: a man goes to bed sound at night, and is not able to stir next morning: and tell me, who can brag of having driven a nail in Fortune's wheel? Nobody, certainly; and between the Yes and the No of a woman, I would not venture to thrust the point

of a pin; for there would not be room enough for it. Only grant me, that Quiteria loves Basilius with all her heart, and I will give him a bag-full of good fortune: for love, as I have heard say, looks through spectacles which make copper appear to be gold, poverty to be riches, and specks in the eyes pearls." "A curse light on thee, Sancho, what wouldst thou be at?" quoth Don Quixote: "when once thy stringing of proverbs and tales begins, no one but Judas, who I wish had thee, can wait for the end. Tell me, animal, what knowest thou of nails and wheels, or of any thing else?" "O!" replied Sancho, "if I am not understood, no wonder that what I say passes for nonsense: but no matter for that; I understand myself; neither have I said many foolish things: only your worship is always cricketising my words and actions." "Criticising, I suppose, thou wouldst say," quoth Don Quixote, "and not cricketising, thou misapplier of good language, whom God confound." "Pray, sir, be not so sharp upon me," answered Sancho; "for you know I was not bred at court, nor have studied in Salamanca, to know whether I add to or take a letter from my words: and as God shall save me, it is not reasonable to expect that the Sayagues² should express themselves as well as the Toledans; though there are Toledans, who are not over nice in the business of speaking politely." "That is most true," quoth the licentiate; "for how should they who are bred in the tan-yards and Zodocover,³ speak as politely as they who are

all day walking up and down the cloisters of the great church? and yet they are all Toledans. Purity, propriety, elegance, and perspicuity of language, are to be found among discerning courtiers, though born in Majalahonda. I say discerning, because there are a great many who are not so, and discernment is the grammar of good language, accompanied with custom and use. I, gentlemen, for my sins, have studied the canon law in Salamanca, and pique myself a little upon expressing myself in clear, plain, and significant terms." "If you had not piqued yourself more upon managing those unlucky foils you carry, than managing your tongue," said the other scholar, "you might by this time have been at the head of your class; whereas now you are at the tail."

"Look you, bachelor," answered the licentiate, "you are the most mistaken man in the world in your opinion touching the dexterity of the sword, if you hold it to be insignificant." "With me it is not barely opinion, but a settled truth," replied Corchuelo; "and if you have a mind I should convince you by experience, you carry foils, an opportunity offers, and I have nerves and strength, that, backed by my courage, which is none of the least, will make you confess that I am not deceived. Alight, and make use of your measured steps, your circles, and angles, and science; for I hope to make you see the stars at noon-day, with my modern and rustic dexterity; in which I trust, under God, that the man is yet unborn who shall make me turn my

back, and that there is nobody in the world whom I will not oblige to give ground." "As to turning the back, I meddle not with it," replied the adept; "though it may happen, that, in the first spot you fix your foot on, your grave may be opened; I mean, that you may be left dead there, for despising the noble science of defence." "We shall see that presently," answered Corchuelo; and, jumping nimbly from his beast, he snatched one of the foils, which the licentiate carried upon his ass. "Hold! it must not be so," cried Don Quixote at this instant; "for I will be master of this fencing-bout, and judge of this long controverted question:" and alighting from Rozinante, and grasping his lance, he planted himself in the midst of the road, just as the licentiate, with a graceful motion of body, and measured step, was making toward Corchuelo, who came at him, darting, as the phrase is, fire from his eyes. The two countrymen, without dismounting, served as spectators of the mortal tragedy. The flashes, thrusts, high strokes, back-strokes, and fore-strokes, Corchuelo gave, were numberless, and thicker than hail. He fell on like a provoked lion; but met with a smart tap on the mouth from the button of the licentiate's foil, which stopped him in the midst of his fury, making him kiss it, though not with so much devotion, as if it had been a relic. In short, the licentiate, by dint of clean thrusts, counted him all the buttons of a little cassock he had on, and tore the skirts, so that they hung in rags, like the many-

tailed fish*. Twice he struck off his hat, and so tired him, that, through despite, choler, and rage, he flung away the foil into the air with such force, that one of the country fellows present, who was a kind of scrivener, and went to fetch it, said, and swore, it was thrown near three quarters of a league: which affidavit has served, and still serves, to show and demonstrate, that skill goes farther than strength. Corchuelo sat down quite spent, and Sancho going to him, said, "In faith, master bachelor, if you would take my advice, henceforward you should challenge nobody to fence, but to wrestle or pitch the bar, since you are old enough and strong enough for that; for I have heard it said of these masters, that they can thrust the point of a sword through the eye of a needle." "I am satisfied," answered Corchuelo, "and have learned by experience a truth I could not otherwise have believed:" and getting up, he ran and embraced the licentiate, and they were now better friends than before; and so, being unwilling to wait for the scrivener, who was gone in search of the foil, thinking he might stay too long, they determined to make the best of their way, that they might arrive betimes at Quiteria's village, whither they were all bound. On their way, the licentiate laid down to them the excellencies of the noble science of defence, with such self-evident reasons, and so many mathematical figures and demonstrations, that every body

* Pulpo.

was convinced of the usefulness of the science, and Corchuelo entirely cured of his obstinacy.

It was just night-fall: but, before they arrived, they all thought they saw, between them and the village, a new heaven full of innumerable and resplendent stars. They heard also the confused and sweet sounds of various instruments, as flutes, tambourins, psalters, cymbals, and little drums, with bells; and, drawing near, they perceived the boughs of an arbour, made on one side of the entrance into the town, all hung with lights, which were not disturbed in the slightest degree by the wind; for the evening was so calm, that there was not a breath of air so much as to stir even the leaf of a tree. The life and joy of the wedding were the musicians, who went up and down in bands through that delightful scene, some dancing, others singing, and others playing upon the different instruments we have mentioned. In short, it looked as if mirth and pleasure frolicked and revelled through the meadow. Many were busied in raising scaffolds, from which they might commodiously be spectators next day of the plays and dances, that were to be performed in that place, to solemnize the nuptials of the rich Camacho, and the obsequies of Basilius. Don Quixote refused to go into the town, though both the countryman and the bachelor invited him: but pleaded, as a sufficient excuse in his opinion, that it was the custom of knights-errant to sleep in the fields and in forests, rather than in towns, though under gilded roofs; and therefore

He turned a little out of the road, sorely against Sancho's will, who had not forgotten the good lodging and sumptuous fare he had met with in the mansion of Don Diego.

CHAP. III.

Giving an account of the wedding of Camacho the Rich, with the adventure of Basilius the Poor.

SCARCELY had the fair Aurora given bright Phœbus room, with the heat of his warm rays, to dry up the liquid pearls on his golden hair, when Don Quixote, shaking sloth from his drowsy members, got upon his feet, and called to his squire Sancho Panza, who still lay snoring, which Don Quixote perceiving, before he would awake him, said, " O happy thou, above all that live on the face of the earth, who, neither envying, nor being envied, sleepest on with tranquillity of soul ! regardless of persecuting enchanters, or terrifying enchantment. Sleep on, I say again, and will say a hundred times more, sleep on ; for no jealousies on thy lady's account keep thee in perpetual watchings, nor do anxious thoughts of paying debts awake thee, nor is thy rest broken with the apprehension of what thou must do to-morrow, to provide for thyself and thy little family. Ambition disquiets thee not, nor do the vain pomps of the world disturb thee ; thy desires extend not beyond the limits of taking care of thy ass : for that of thy person is placed upon my

shoulders, a counterbalance and burden that nature and custom have laid upon masters. The servant sleeps, and the master is waking, to consider how he is to maintain, prefer, and do him kindnesses. The pain of seeing the obdurate heaven made, as it were, of brass, and refusing convenient dews to refresh the earth, afflicts not the servant, but the master, who is bound to provide, in times of sterility and famine, for those, who served him in times of fertility and abundance." To all this Sancho answered not a word; for he was asleep, nor had he awaked so soon as he did, but that Don Quixote jogged him with the butt-end of his lance. At last, drowsy and yawning, he opened his eyes; and, turning his face on all sides, and snuffing the air, said, "From yonder shady bower, if I mistake not, there comes a steam and smell, rather of broiled rashers of bacon, than of thyme or rushes: by my faith, weddings, that begin thus savourily, must needs be liberal and abundant."

"Peace with thy gluttony," quoth Don Quixote, "and let us go and see this wedding, and what becomes of the disdained Basilius." "Marry, let what will become of him," answered Sancho; "he cannot be poor and think to marry Quiteria; a pleasant fancy, for one not worth a groat, to aim at matching above the clouds! Faith, sir, in my opinion, a poor man should be contented with what he finds, and not be looking for truffles at the bottom of the sea. I dare wager an arm, that Camacho can cover Basilius with reals from head to foot: and if it be so, as it must

needs be, Quiteria would be a pretty bride indeed, to reject the fine clothes and jewels, that he has given, and can give her, to choose instead of them a pitch of the bar, and a feint at foils, of Basilius.¹ One cannot have a pint of wine at a tavern for the bravest pitch of the bar, or the cleverest push of the foil; abilities and graces that are not vendible, and let the count Dirlos have them for me: but when they light on a man that has wherewithal, may my life show as his does. Upon a good foundation a good building may be raised, and the best bottom and foundation in the world is money." "For the love of God, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "have done with thy harangue: I verily believe, wert thou suffered to go on with thy tongue, at every turn, thou wouldst have no time to eat, or sleep, but wouldst spend it all in talk." "If your worship had a good memory," replied Sancho, "you would remember the articles of our agreement, before we sallied from home this last time; one of which was, that you were to let me talk as much as I pleased, so it were not any thing against my neighbour, or against your worship's authority; and hitherto, I think, I have not broke that capitulation." "I do not remember any such article, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "and though it were so, it is my pleasure at present that thou shouldst hold thy peace, and come along; for by this time the musical instruments we heard last night begin again to cheer the valleys, and doubtless the espousals will be celebrated

in the cool of the morning, and not put off till the heat of the day."

Sancho did as his master commanded him, and saddling Rozinante and pannelling Dapple, they both mounted, and, proceeding gently, entered the artificial shade. The first thing that presented itself to Sancho's sight, was a whole bullock spitted upon a large elm. The fire it was roasted by was composed of a whole mountain of wood, and round it were six pots, not cast in common moulds, for they were half jars, each containing a whole shamble of flesh ; and entire sheep were sunk and swallowed up in them, as commodiously as if they were only so many pigeons. The hares ready cased, and the fowls ready plucked, that hung about upon the branches, to be buried in the caldrons, were without number ; and infinite was the wild fowl and haunches of venison suspended in the same manner, for the benefit of the cool air. Sancho counted above threescore skins, each containing more than twenty-four quarts, and all, as appeared afterwards, full of generous wines. There were also piles of the whitest bread, like so many heaps of wheat in a threshing-floor. Cheeses, ranged like bricks, formed a kind of wall. Two caldrons of oil, larger than a dyer's vat, stood ready for frying every sort of batter-ware ; and when fried, they took them out with a couple of stout peels, and dipped them in another caldron of prepared honey. The men and women cooks were above fifty, all clean, all diligent,

and all in good humour. In the bullock's distended belly a dozen sucking pigs were sewed up, to make the meat savoury and tender. The spices of various kinds seemed to have been bought, not by the pound, but by the hundred, and stood free for every body in a huge chest. In short, the preparation for the wedding was all rustic, but in such abundance, that it was sufficient to have feasted an army.

Sancho beheld every thing, considered every thing, and was in love with every thing. First the flesh-pots captivated and subdued his inclinations, out of which he would have been glad to have filled a moderate pipkin; then the wine-skins drew his affections; and, lastly, the products of the frying-pans, if such pompous caldrons may be so called: and, not being able to forbear any longer, and having no power to do otherwise, he went up to one of the busy cooks, and, with courteous and hungry words, desired leave to sop a luncheon of bread in one of the pots. The cook replied, "This is none of the days over which hunger presides, thanks to Camacho the rich: alight, and see if you can find a ladle any where, and skim out a fowl or two, and much good may they do you." "I see no ladle," answered Sancho. "Stay," quoth the cook, "God forgive me, what a helpless, good-for-nothing fellow you must be!" and laying hold of a kettle, he soused it into one of the half jars, and fished out three pullets, and a couple of geese, and said to Sancho, "Eat, friend, and make a breakfast

of this scum, to stay your stomach till dinner-time." "I have nothing to put it in," answered Sancho. "Then take kettle and all," quoth the cook; "for the riches and felicity of Camacho supply every thing."

While Sancho was thus employed, Don Quixote stood observing a dozen countrymen who entered at one side of the spacious arbour, each mounted upon a beautiful mare, adorned with rich and gay caparison, and the furniture hung round with little bells. The riders were clad in holiday apparel, and ran, in a regular troop, sundry careers about the meadow, with a joyful moorish cry of, "Long live Camacho and Quiteria, he as rich as she is fair, and she the fairest of the world." Which Don Quixote hearing, he said to himself, "It is manifest these good people have never seen my Dulcinea del Toboso; for, had their eyes once feasted on her beauty, they would have been a little more upon the reserve in praising their Quiteria." Presently entered, at different parts of the arbour, various sets of dancers; among which was one consisting of four and twenty sword-dancers, handsome, sprightly swains, all arrayed in fine white linen, with handkerchiefs² wrought of various coloured silk. One of those who were mounted upon the mares asked a youth, who led the sword-dance, whether any of his comrades were hurt. "No, thank God," quoth he, "nobody is hurt, we are all whole:" and he twined himself in among the rest of his companions, with so many turns, and so dextrously, that though Don Quixote was accustomed to see such

dances, he never liked any so well before. There was another, which pleased him mightily, performed by twelve most beautiful damsels, from fourteen to eighteen years of age, clad alike in green stuff of Cuenza, their locks partly plaited, and partly loose, and of so golden a hue, that they might rival those of the sun itself, with garlands of jessamine, roses, and woodbine upon their heads. They were led up by a venerable old man and an ancient matron, but more nimble and airy than could be expected from their years. A Zamora³ bagpipe was their music; and with modesty in their looks and eyes, and lightness in their feet, they approved themselves the best dancers in the world.

After these, an emblematical dance entered, composed of eight nymphs, divided into two ranks. The god CUPID led one, and INTEREST the other; Cupid adorned with wings, bow, quiver, and arrows; and Interest apparelled in rich silks of various colours, and embroidered with gold. The nymphs had their names written at their backs on white parchment, and in large letters. Those in the train of Love were POETRY, DISCRETION, DESCENT, and VALOUR. The followers of INTEREST were LIBERALITY, BOUNTY, WEALTH, and SECURITY. They were preceded by a wooden castle, drawn by savages, clad in ivy and hemp dyed green so exactly to the life, that they almost frightened Sancho. On the front, and each of the four sides of this fabric, was written, The castle of reserve.⁴ Four skilful musicians played on the

tabor and pipe. Cupid began the dance, and, after a few movements, lifting up his eyes, he bent his bow against a damsel that stood upon the battlements of the castle, and addressed her thus :

LOVE.

I am the mighty god of Love ;
 Air, earth, and seas, my power obey :
 O'er hell beneath, and heaven above,
 I reign with universal sway.

I give, resume, forbid, command ;
 My will is nature's general law ;
 No force arrests my powerful hand,
 Nor fears my daring courage awe.

Having finished his stanza, he let fly an arrow to the top of the castle, and retired to his post. Then Interest stepped forth, and having made in like manner a movement or two, the tabors ceased, and he said :—

INTEREST.


Though love's my motive and my end,
 I boast a greater power than Love ;
 Who makes not Interest his friend
 In nothing will successful prove.

By all adored, by all pursued—
 Then own, bright nymph, my greater sway,
 And for thy gentle breast subdu'd
 With large amends shall Int'rest pay.

Then Interest withdrawing, Poetry advanced, and,

after similar movements, fixing her eyes on the damsel of the castle, announced :

POETRY.



My name is Poetry: my soul,
Wrapp'd up in verse, to thee I send;
Let gentle lays thy will control,
And be for once the Muses' friend.

If, lovely maid, sweet Poetry
Displease thee not, thy fortune soon,
Envied by all, advanced by me,
Shall reach the circle of the moon.

Poetry going off, from the side of Interest stepped forth Liberality; and, after making her movements, recited :

LIBERALITY.

Me Liberality men call;
In me the happy golden mean,
Not spendthrift-like to squander all,
Nor niggardly to save, is seen.

But, for thy honour, I begin,
Fair nymph, a prodigal to prove;
To lavish here's a glorious sin:
For who'd a miser be in love?

In this manner did all the figures of the two parties advance and retreat, having made each its movements and recited its verses, some elegant, and some ridiculous; of which Don Quixote, who had a good memory, treasured up the foregoing. They then mixed all together, in a kind of country-dance, in

which the most captivating ease and grace were displayed ; and when Cupid passed before the castle, he shot his arrows aloft ; while Interest flung gilded balls against it. At length, after having danced some time, Interest drew out a large purse of Roman cat-skin, which seemed to be full of money ; and throwing it at the castle, the boards by the blow were instantly disjointed, and tumbled down, leaving the damsel exposed, and without defence. He then, with his followers, crowded round her, and, putting a large golden chain about her neck, appeared to take her prisoner, and lead her away captive ; which Love and his adherents perceiving, they made a show as if they would rescue her ; their seeming efforts being all adjusted to the sound of the tabors. In conclusion they were parted by the savages, who with great dexterity rejoined the boards, and reinstated the castle, and the damsel being enclosed again, the dance ended, to the great satisfaction of the spectators.

Don Quixote asked one of the nymphs, by whom this amusing entertainment had been composed, and being told by a beneficed clergyman of the village, who had a notable head-piece for such kind of inventions, “ I will lay a wager,” said he, “ that this bachelor or clergyman is more a friend to Camacho than to Basilius, and understands satire better than vespers ; for he has ingeniously interwoven in the dance the talents of the unfortunate lover with the riches of the fortunate one.” Sancho Panza, who listened to all this, replied, “ The king is my cock ;

I hold with Camacho." "It is plain," quoth Don Quixote, "that thou art an errant bumpkin, and one of those who cry, Long live the conqueror!" "I know not who I am one of," answered Sancho: "but I know very well, I shall never get such elegant scum from Basilius's pots, as I have done from Camacho's." Here he showed the caldron of geese and hens: and, laying hold of one, began to eat with notable good-humour and appetite, and said, "A fig for the talents of Basilius! for, you are worth just as much as you have, and you have just as much as you are worth. There are but two families in the world, as my grandmother used to say, the Haves and the Have-nots, and she stuck to the former; and now-a-days, it is the same, master Don Quixote, people are more inclined to feel the pulse of Have than of Know. An ass with golden furniture, makes a better figure than a horse with a pack-saddle: so that I tell you again, I hold with Camacho, the abundant scum of whose pots are geese and hens, hares and coneys; whilst that of Basilius's, if ever it come to hand, must be mere dish-water." "Hast thou finished thy harangue, Sancho?" quoth Don Quixote. "I must have done," answered Sancho, "because I perceive your worship is going to be in a passion at what I am saying; but were it not for that, there was work enough cut out for three days." "God grant," replied Don Quixote, "I may see thee dumb before I die." "At the rate we go on," answered Sancho, "before you die, I shall be mumbling cold clay; and then, perhaps, I may be

so dumb, that I may not speak a word till the end of the world, or at least till doomsday." " Though it should fall out so," answered Don Quixote, " thy silence, O Sancho, will never rise to the pitch of thy past, present, and future prating ; besides, according to the course of nature, I must die before thee, and therefore never can see thee dumb, not even when drinking or sleeping, which is the most I can say."

" In good faith, sir," answered Sancho, " there is no trusting to madam Skeleton, I mean Death, who devours lambs as well as sheep : and I have heard our vicar say, she treads with equal foot on the lofty towers of kings, and the humble cottages of the poor.⁵ That same gentlewoman is rather a great, than a nice feeder ; she is not at all squeamish ; she eats of every thing, and stuffs her wallets with people of all sorts, of all ages, and pre-eminences. She is not a reaper that sleeps away the noon-day heat ; for she cuts down and mows, at all hours, the dry as well as the green grass ; nor does she stand to chew, but devours and swallows whatever comes in her way ; for she has a canine appetite that is never satisfied ; and, though she has no belly, she makes it appear, that she has a perpetual dropsy, and a thirst to drink down the lives of all that live, as one would drink a cup of cool water." " Hold, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, " while it is well, and do not spoil all ; for, in truth, what thou hast said of death, in thy rustic phrase, might become the mouth of a good preacher. I tell thee, Sancho, if thou hadst but discretion equal to thy natural

abilities, thou mightest take a pulpit in thy hand, and go about the world preaching fine things." "A good liver is the best preacher," answered Sancho, "and that is all the divinity I know." "Or need know," quoth Don Quixote; "but I can in no wise understand, nor comprehend, how, since the fear of God is the beginning of wisdom, thou, who art more afraid of a lizard than of him, shouldst be so knowing." "Good your worship, judge of your own chivalries," answered Sancho, "and meddle not with other men's fears or valours, for perhaps I am as pretty a fearer of God as any of my neighbours: but pray let me whip off this scum; for all besides is idle talk, of which we must give an account in the next world." And he fell to afresh, and assaulted his kettle with so long-winded an appetite, that he awakened that of Don Quixote, who doubtless would have assisted him, had he not been prevented by what we are under a necessity of immediately telling.

CHAP. IV.

In which is continued the history of Camacho's wedding, with other delightful accidents.

WHILE Don Quixote and Sancho were engaged in the conversation mentioned in the preceding chapter, a great outcry and noise were heard, raised by those mounted on the mares, who, in full career, and with

a shout, galloped to meet the bride and bridegroom, as they entered the embowered meadow, surrounded with a thousand kinds of musical instruments and inventions, and accompanied by the parish-priest, the kindred on both sides, and the better sort of people from the neighbouring town, all in their holiday trim. When Sancho, with eyes of admiration, espied the bride, he said, "In good faith, she is not clad in the fashion of a country-girl, but like any court-lady: by the mass, the breast-piece¹ she wears seems at this distance to be of rich coral; and her gown, instead of green stuff of Cuenza, is no less than a thirty piled velvet; and the trimming, I vow, is of satin. Then do but observe her hands; instead of rings of jet, let me never thrive, but they are of gold, ay, and of right gold, set with pearls as white as a curd, and every one of them worth an eye of one's head. Ah the whoreson jade! and what fine hair she has! if it be not false, I never saw longer nor fairer in all my life. Then her sprightliness and mien! why, she is a moving palm-tree, loaded with branches of dates; for just so look the trinkets hanging at her hair, and about her neck: by my soul, the girl is so well plated over, she might pass current at any bank in Flanders."² Don Quixote, though he smiled at the rustic praises bestowed by Sancho Panza, thought himself that, setting aside his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, he had never seen a more beautiful woman. She looked however a little pale, occasioned, perhaps, by want of rest, brides usually employing the night preceding

their nuptials either in decorating themselves, or preparing their wedding finery.

They proceeded towards a stage erected on one side of the meadow, carpeted and adorned with boughs; where the nuptial ceremony was to be performed, and from which they were to see the dances and entertainments; and, just as they arrived there, they heard a great bustle behind them, and somebody calling aloud, "Hold a while, inconsiderate and hasty people." At this summons they turned their heads, and found that it came from a man clad in a black jacket, welted with flaming crimson. He was crowned, as they presently perceived, with a garland of mournful cypress, and held in his hand a massy truncheon. As he drew near, all knew him to be the gallant Basilius, and were in suspense, waiting to see what would be the issue of his coming, apprehending at the same time some sinister event from his arrival at such a season. At length he reached the stage, tired and out of breath, and planting himself directly before the affianced couple, and, leaning on his truncheon, which had a steel pike at the end, changing colour, and fixing his eyes on Quiteria, with a trembling and hoarse voice, he uttered these words— "You well know, treacherous and ungrateful Quiteria, that, by the laws of the holy religion we profess, you cannot marry another whilst I am living; neither are you ignorant, that, waiting till time and my own industry should better my fortune, I have never sought to deviate from the decorum which your ho-

nour required I should preserve. Yet, casting all the obligations due to my honest passion behind your back, you are about to make another man master of what is mine ; a man whose riches serve not only to make him happy in their enjoyment, but fortunate every way ; and that his cup of bliss may be full to the brim, not that I think he merits it, but that Heaven will have it so, I will with my own hands remove every let and impediment, by removing myself out of his way. Long life to Camacho the rich and Quiteria the ungrateful ! both many and happy years may they live, and let the poor Basilius die, whose poverty clipped the wings of his good fortune, and laid him untimely in his grave !” And saying this, he seized his truncheon, which was stuck in the ground, and forcing out a short sword that was concealed in it, as in a scabbard, and setting what may be called the hilt upon the ground, with determined resolution he threw himself upon the point, which instantly appeared at his back, and the poor wretch fell, weltering in his blood, and pierced through with his own weapon.

Struck with horror at his miserable state, and at so deplorable a disaster, his friends flew to his assistance, and Don Quixote, dismounting, also made haste to help him, and taking him in his arms, found that he still breathed. They would have drawn out the weapon, but the priest, who was present, deemed it proper that it should remain till he had made his confession, since the instant it was drawn out, he

must expire. Meanwhile Basilius, recovering a little, in a faint and piteous tone said, "If, in this my last and fatal agony, cruel Quiteria, you would in the bands of holy wedlock join your hand with mine, hope would visit my heart, that Heaven will forgive a rashness which procured me such a blessing." The priest hearing this, advised him to mind the salvation of his soul, rather than the gratifying his bodily appetites, and earnestly beg pardon of God for his sins, and especially for this last desperate action. To which Basilius replied, that he would make no confession, till Quiteria had first given him her hand, as he had asked it; for that satisfaction alone would quiet his spirits, and prepare him for the last solemn offices of devotion. Don Quixote, hearing the poor wounded man's request, said in a peremptory voice, that what Basilius desired was just, reasonable, and besides easy of execution; since it would be every whit as honourable for signor Camacho to wed Quiteria when the widow of the brave Basilius, as if he had received her a damsel at her father's hands; all that was necessary was the monosyllable of assent, which could have no other effect than the trouble of pronouncing it, since the nuptial bed of these espousals must for one party be the grave. Camacho heard all this, and was in confusion and suspense, neither knowing what to do, nor what to say: but so importunate were the cries of Basilius's friends, urging him to comply with the dying lover's request, whose soul would otherwise perish in despair, that he

was moved and induced to say, that if Quiteria would consent, he was contented, since it was only delaying for a moment the accomplishment of his wishes. Now all flocked round the bride, some with entreaties, some with reasonings, some with tears, importuning her to give her hand to poor Basilius: but she, harder than marble, and more immoveable than a statue, would return no answer. At last the priest interfered, bidding her resolve immediately; for the sinner had his soul between his teeth, and there was no time to wait for irresolute determinations.

Then did the beautiful Quiteria, without uttering a syllable, and in appearance troubled and sad, approach the place where Basilius lay, his eyes already turned in his head, breathing short and quick, muttering her name, and giving tokens of dying more like a heathen than a Christian. Bending over his body, and at last kneeling down by him, she made signs for his hand. Basilius, unclosing his eyes at this moment, and stedfastly gazing upon her, said, "O Quiteria, you relent at a time when your pity can only serve as a sword to finish my unhappy life; for now I have not sufficient strength to bear the glory you would confer upon me in making me yours, nor to suspend the pain, which will presently cover my eyes with the dreadful shadow of death. Yet would I ask, as a last favour, O ruling star of my destiny, that your consent to the exchange of vows should be not out of compliment, or to deceive me afresh; but

that you would confess and acknowledge, that you bestow your hand without any force laid upon your will, and give it to your dying lover as to your lawful husband ; for it is not reasonable, that, in this extremity, you should practise deceit, or deal falsely with him, who has dealt so faithfully and sincerely with you." From the exertion of this speech he fainted, and all the by-standers thought his soul was just departing. Quiteria, all modesty, bashfulness, and compliance, taking his right hand in hers, replied, "No force would be sufficient to bias my will ; and therefore, with perfect freedom, I give you my hand, to be your lawful wife, and receive yours, if you give it with the same freedom, as my lawful husband, undisturbed by the calamity you have brought upon yourself by your precipitate resolution." " And I give it with the same freedom," answered Basilius, " neither discomposed nor confused, but with the clearest understanding that Heaven was ever pleased to bestow upon me ; and so giving, I solemnly engage myself to be your husband." " And I to be your wife," answered Quiteria, " whether you live many years, or are carried from my arms to the grave." " For one so desperately wounded," quoth Sancho Panza, " this young man talks a great deal ; advise him to leave off his courtship, and mind the business of his soul ; though, to my thinking, he has it more in his tongue, than between his teeth."

Basilius and Quiteria having thus joined hands, the tender-hearted priest, with tears in his eyes,

pronounced the benediction upon them, and prayed to God for the repose of the dying new married man's soul; but he, as soon as he had received the benediction, suddenly started up, and nimbly drew out the sword, which apparently was sheathed in his body, to the admiration of the surrounding throng; some of whom, more simple than the rest, began to cry aloud, "A miracle! a miracle!" But Basilius replied, "No, it is no miracle, my friends, no miracle, but a stratagem!" The priest was so confounded, that he would needs feel the wound with his hands, and he discovered, that the sword had passed, not through the flesh and ribs of Basilius, but through a hollow iron pipe, filled with blood, and cunningly fitted to the place, and adapted for the purpose; and the blood too was prepared by art, so that it could not congeal. In short, the priest, Camacho, and the spectators in general, found they had been outwitted and deceived. The bride showed no signs of being sorry for the trick; on the contrary, hearing it affirmed, that the marriage, as being fraudulent, was not valid, she courageously confirmed it anew: and then every body inferred the business had been concerted with the privity and knowledge of the respective parties; at which Camacho and his abettors were so mortified, that they transferred their revenge to their hands, and, unsheathing a multitude of swords, they were ready to fall upon Basilius, in whose behalf, however, as many more were instantly drawn. Don Quixote, leading the van on horseback,

with his lance upon his arm, and well covered with his shield, advancing, made them all give way. Sancho, who took no pleasure in such kind of frays, retired to the jars, out of which he had sucked his charming skimmings, that place seeming to him to be sacred, and therefore to be revered. The parties being on the point of engaging, our knight cried aloud, "Hold, sirs, hold: for it is not becoming to take revenge for the injuries of love; and love and war are the same; and as, in war, it is lawful and customary to employ cunning and stratagems to defeat the enemy, so is it allowable in amorous conflicts and rivalships, to practise tricks and sleights, to compass the desired end, provided they are not to the prejudice and dishonour of the beloved object. Quiteria belonged to Basilius, and Basilius to Quiteria, by the just and favourable disposition of Heaven. Camacho is rich, and may purchase his pleasure when, where, and how he pleases. Basilius has but this one ewe-lamb; and no person, how powerful soever, has a right to take it from him; for those whom God hath joined, let no man put asunder; and whoever shall attempt it, must first pass the point of this lance:" and he brandished it with such vigour and dexterity, that he struck terror into all that did not know him.

But Quiteria's disdain took such fast hold of the imagination of Camacho, that it had the effect of blotting her out of his memory, and the persuasions

of the priest, who was a prudent and well meaning man, co-operating, Camacho, and those of his faction, remained pacified and calmed; in token of which they put their swords again in their scabbards, blaming rather the fickleness of Quiteria, than the cunning of Basilius. Camacho reasoned within himself, that, if Quiteria loved Basilius when she was a virgin, she would love him also when she was married, and he had therefore more reason to thank Heaven for so good a riddance, than to repine at the supposed loss he had sustained. Camacho and his followers being thus pacified and comforted, those of Basilius were so too; and the rich Camacho, to show how little he resented or valued the trick put upon him, would have the diversions and entertainments go on, as if he had been really married: but as neither Basilius nor his bride would partake of them, so neither would their partisans; and they proceeded together to the humble habitation of Basilius: for the poor man, who is virtuous and discreet, is sure to have friends who will follow, honour, and support him, as the rich man is sure of his attendants and flatterers. Don Quixote, whom they esteemed to be a person of worth and bravery, gladly accompanied them. Sancho's soul only was cloudy and overcast, at finding it impossible for him to stay and partake of Camacho's splendid entertainment and festival, which lasted till night. He had tasted of the flesh-pots of Egypt, and the skimmings of the kettle, now almost consumed and spent, representing to him the glory and

abundance of the good he had lost: though not hungry, he was anxious and pensive; and without alighting from Dapple, he followed reluctantly the track of Rozinante.

CHAP. V.

Wherein is related the grand adventure of the cave of Montesinos, lying in the heart of La Mancha; to which the valorous Don Quixote gave a happy conclusion.

THE new-married couple made exceedingly much of Don Quixote, in gratitude for the readiness he showed in defending their cause; and finding his discretion equal to his valour, they accounted him another Cid¹ in arms, and a Cicero in eloquence. Three days did honest Sancho solace himself at their expense, during which it was made known, that the feigned suicide was not a trick concerted with the fair Quiteria, but the sole invention of Basilius, who hoped from it the very success he had obtained. He confessed, however, that he had let some of his friends into the secret, that they might favour his design, and support his deceit. Don Quixote affirmed, that what aims at a virtuous end, neither could, nor ought to be called deceit; and that the marriage of lovers was the most excellent of all ends; observing, by the way, that love has no greater enemies than hunger and continual necessity;

love being gaiety, mirth, and content, especially when the lover is in actual possession of the person beloved; and necessity and poverty, the reverse of these feelings. This he said with the view to persuade Basilius to quit the exercise of those unprofitable talents, in which he so much excelled; for, though they procured him fame, they never earned him a farthing; and now he ought to apply himself to acquire riches by lawful and commendable means, which are never wanting to the prudent and industrious. "The honourable poor man," said he, "admitting that a poor man can have honour, possesses a jewel in having a beautiful wife; and whoever deprives him of her, deprives him of his honour, as it were murdering it. A beautiful and chaste woman, whose husband is poor, deserves to be crowned with laurels, and palms of victory and triumph. Beauty attracts of itself the inclinations of all that behold it, and the royal eagles and other towering birds stoop to the tempting lure: but if attended with poverty and a narrow fortune, it is besieged also by kites, vultures, and other birds of prey; and she who stands firm against so many attacks, may well be called the crown of her husband. Observe, O discreet Basilius," added Don Quixote, "that it was the opinion of a certain sage, that there was but one good woman in all the world; and he gave it as his advice, that every man should think, and believe, she had fallen to his lot, and so live contented. I, myself, am not married, nor have I hitherto ever

thought of being so, yet would I venture to give my advice to any one, who should ask what method he should take to get a wife to his mind. In the first place I would advise him to lay a greater stress upon character than fortune; for a good woman does not acquire a good name merely by being good, but by appearing to be so; levities in public, injuring her reputation much more than secret wantonness. If you bring a woman honest to your house, it is an easy matter to keep her so, and even to make her better, and improve her virtuous qualities; but if you bring her otherwise, you will have much trouble to mend her; for it is scarcely practicable to pass from one extreme to another. I do not say it is impossible; but I deem it to be extremely difficult."

To all this Sancho listened, and said to himself, "This master of mine, when I speak things pithy and substantial, used to say, I might take a pulpit in my hand, and go about the world preaching fine things; and I say of him, that, when he begins stringing of sentences, and giving advice, he may not only take a pulpit in his hand, but two upon each finger, and stroll about your market-places, crying out, 'Mouth, what would you have?' The devil take thee for a knight-errant, that knows but every thing! I believed in my heart, that he only knew what belonged to his chivalries; but he pecks every where, and thrusts his spoon into every dish." Sancho muttered this so loud, that his master overhearing it, said, "Sancho, what art thou muttering?"

“ I was not muttering any thing,” answered Sancho ;
“ I was only saying to myself, that I wished I had heard your worship preach this doctrine before I was married ; then perhaps I should have been able to say now, the ox that is loose is best licked.” “ Is thy Teresa, then, so bad a wife, Sancho ?” quoth Don Quixote. “ She is not very bad,” answered Sancho ; “ but she is not very good neither, at least not quite so good as I would have her.” “ Thou art wrong, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ to speak ill of thy wife, who is the mother of thy children.” “ We are not in one another’s debt upon that score,” answered Sancho ; “ for she speaks as ill of me, whenever the fancy takes her, especially when she is jealous ; for then Satan himself cannot bear with her.”

In short, three days did they stay with the new-married couple, during which they were served and treated like kings in person. Don Quixote desired the dextrous fencer to furnish him with a guide to the cave of Montesinos ; for he had a longing desire to go down into it, and ascertain with his own eyes whether the wonders related of it through the country were true. The student in fencing told him, he would procure him a cousin of his, a famous scholar, and much addicted to reading books of chivalry, who would gladly descend with him into the very bowels of the cave itself, and also show him the lakes of Ruydera, so famous in La Mancha, and even all over Spain ; telling him at the same time, that he would

find him a very entertaining companion, for he was a young man who knew how to write books for the press, and dedicate them to princes. This cousin presently came, mounted on an ass big with foal, her pack-saddle covered with a doubled piece of an old carpet or sacking. Sancho saddled Rozinante, pannelled Dapple, and replenished his wallets, those of the scholar also being well provided; and commending themselves to God, and taking leave of the company, they set out, bending their course directly towards the famous cave of Montesinos.

Upon the road, Don Quixote asked the scholar, of what kind and quality his exercises, profession, and studies were. To which he answered, that his profession was the study of humanity, and his exercise, composing of books for the press, all of great use, and no small entertainment to the community: that one of them was entitled *The Book of Liveries*, in which he had described no less than seven hundred and three, with their colours, mottos, and ciphers: so that the cavalier courtiers might pick and choose, according to their humour, for galas and rejoicings, without being beholden to others, or beating their own brains to invent them: "for," said he, "I adapt them to all passions and conditions, the jealous, the disdained, the forgotten, and the absent, so properly, that they cannot fail to hit. I have also another book, which I intend to call *The Metamorphosis, or Spanish Ovid*, of a new and rare invention: for in a burlesque imitation of Ovid, I

give a description and history of the Giralda of Seville, the angel of La Magdalena, the conduit of Vecinguerra of Cordova, the bulls of Guisando, the sable mountain, the fountains of Leganitos, and the Lavapies in Madrid; not forgetting the Piojo, the golden pipe, and the Priora: and all these, with their several allegories, metaphors, and transformations, in such a manner as to delight, surprise, and instruct at the same time. I have a third book, which I call a Supplement to Polydore Virgil, treating of the invention of things: a work of vast erudition and study, because I have there inserted several important things omitted by Polydore, and explain them in a fine style. Virgil forgot to tell us, who was the first in the world that had a cold, and who the first that was fluxed for the French disease: these points I resolve to a nicety, and cite the authority of above five and twenty authors: so that your worship may judge whether I have taken true pains, and whether such a performance is not likely to be useful to the whole world."

Sancho, who had listened attentively to the student's discourse, said, "Tell me, sir, so may God send you good luck in the printing of your books, can you resolve me, for I know you can, since you know every thing, who was the first that scratched his head? I for my part am of opinion, it must have been our first father, Adam." "Certainly," answered the scholar, "for there is no doubt but Adam had a head with hair on it, and this being granted, and he

being the first man of the world, he must needs at one time or other have scratched his head." "So believe I," answered Sancho: "but tell me now, who was the first tumbler in the world?" "Truly, brother," answered the scholar, "I cannot determine that point till I have studied it, and I will study it as soon as I return to the place where I keep my books, and will satisfy you when we see one another again, for I hope this will not be the last time." "Look ye, sir," replied Sancho, "take no pains about the matter, for I have already hit upon the answer to my question: know then, that the first tumbler was Lucifer, when he was cast or thrown headlong from heaven, and came tumbling down to the lowest abyss." "You are right, friend," quoth the scholar. Don Quixote here said, "This question and answer are not thy own, Sancho; thou hast heard them from somebody else." "Say no more, sir," replied Sancho, "for, in good faith, if I fall to questioning and answering, I shall not have done between this and to-morrow morning; and for foolish questions and ridiculous answers, I need not be obliged to any of my neighbours." "Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "thou hast said more than thou art aware of, for there are persons, who tire themselves with examining into and explaining things, which, when known and explained, are not of a farthing's value either to the understanding or the memory."

The day passed in these, and other pleasant conversations, and at night they took up their lodging

in a small village, from whence, the scholar told Don Quixote, it was but two leagues to the cave of Montesinos, and, if he continued in the resolution to descend into it, it would be necessary to provide himself with rope, by which to let himself down. The knight replied, that if it reached to the abyss, he would see where it stopped; and accordingly they purchased nearly a hundred fathom of cord; and, about two in the afternoon following, they came to the cave, the mouth of which is wide and spacious, but the briars, wild fig-trees, and thorns, were so thick and intricate, that they quite concealed and covered it. When they arrived and had alighted, the scholar and Sancho began to bind the knight fast with the cord, and while they were girding him, Sancho said, "Consider, dear sir, what you are about; do not bury yourself alive, nor run the risk of dangling like a flask of wine let down to cool in a well; for it is no business of your worship's, nor does the office in any way belong to you, to be the surveyor of this dismal hole, which must needs be worse than any dungeon." "Tie on, and talk not," answered Don Quixote, "for the enterprise, friend Sancho, was reserved for me alone." Then the guide said, "I beseech your worship, signor Don Quixote, to take good heed, and look about you as with an hundred eyes, leaving no corner unexplored, for perhaps there may be things in it, proper to be inserted in my book of metamorphoses." "The drum is in a hand that knows full well how to rattle it," answered Sancho Panza.

The tying of Don Quixote, not over his armour, but his doublet, being finished, he said, "We have been very careless in neglecting to provide a little bell, which, had it been fastened to me with this cord, you might by its tinkling have heard me descending, and have known whether I was alive, but as the remedy is now impossible, be the hand of God my guide:" and kneeling down, in a low voice he put up a prayer to Heaven for assistance and success in this strange and seemingly perilous adventure; and then, in a louder voice, ejaculated, "O mistress of my every action and every motion, most illustrious and peerless Dulcinea del Toboso! if it be possible for the prayers and requests of this thy adventurous lover to reach thy ears, I beseech thee, by thy unheard-of beauty, to listen to them, and refuse me not thy favour and protection, now that I stand so much in need of both; now that I am on the point of precipitating, ingulfing, and sinking myself in the profound abyss here before me, only to let the world know, that, blessed with thy favour, there is no impossibility I will not undertake and accomplish." He then approached nearer to the brink of the cave, and finding that he could not be let down, nor even gain the entrance, but by mere force, by cutting his way through, he drew his sword, and began to hew down the brambles and bushes that obstructed his passage; at which noise and rustling, a number of ravens and daws flew out so thick and so fast, that they laid the poor knight on his back; and had he

been as superstitious as he was catholic, he had taken it for an ill omen, and forborne shutting himself up in the bowels of such a place. At length he regained his legs, and seeing no more ravens, or other birds of night flying out, for numberless bats had appeared among the ravens, he put the rope into the hands of the scholar and Sancho, and desired them to let him down to the very bottom of the fearful cavern; which as he entered, Sancho, giving him his blessing, and making a thousand crosses over him, said, "God, and the rock of France, together with the trinity of Gaëta, speed thee, thou flower, and cream, and skimming of knights-errant! There thou goest, Hector of the world, heart of steel, and arms of brass! Once more, God guide thee, and send thee back safe and sound, without deceit, to the light of this world, which thou art forsaking, to bury thyself, in this obscurity." The scholar uttered nearly the same prayers and intercessions.

Don Quixote went down, calling, as he descended, for more and more rope, which they gave him by little and little; and when the voice, by the windings of the cave, could be heard no longer, and the hundred fathom of cordage being uncoiled and expended, they thought, as they had no more cord, they would pull him up again. They however delayed about half an hour, and then gathering up the rope, they found, by the ease with which they did it, that it had no weight attached to it, and they inferred, that the knight remained in the cave; and Sancho wept

bitterly, and drew up in a hurry, to know the truth: but, when they came to about eighty fathoms, they felt a weight again, at which they rejoiced exceedingly. In short, at about the tenth fathom, they could perceive the knight distinctly; and Sancho called out to him, and said, "Welcome back to us, dear sir; for we began to think you had staid there to breed." But Don Quixote answered not a word, and upon pulling him quite out, they perceived that his eyes were shut, as if he were asleep. They laid him along on the ground, and untied him; yet still he did not awake. But by turning and jogging, and returning and shaking him, after a while, he came to himself, stretching and yawning, just as if he had awoke out of a heavy and deep slumber, and gazing from side to side, like one amazed, he said, "God forgive ye, friends, for having brought me away from the most pleasing and charming life and sight that ever mortal saw or lived. In short, I am now thoroughly satisfied that all the enjoyments of the world pass away like a shadow or a dream, and fade like the flower of the field. O unhappy Montesinos! O desperately wounded Durandarte! O unfortunate Belerma! O weeping Guadiana! And ye, O unlucky daughters of Ruydera, whose waters show what floods of tears streamed from your fair eyes!" The scholar and Sancho hearing these strange words, which the knight spoke, as if with immense pain he fetched them from his entrails; they entreated him to explain their meaning, and tell them what he had seen

in that hell below. "Hell do you call it?" said Don Quixote, "call it so no more, for it does not deserve that name, as you shall presently find." He then desired they would give him something to eat, for he was very hungry; and spreading the scholar's carpet upon the green grass, they addressed themselves to the pantry of his wallets, and being all three seated in loving and social fellowship, they made but one meal of their luncheon and supper, which being ended, and the carpet removed, Don Quixote de la Mancha said, "Let no one rise, but listen, my sons, attentively to what I shall make known."

CHAP. VI.

Of the wonderful things which the unexampled Don Quixote de la Mancha declared he had seen in the deep cave of Montesinos, the greatness and impossibility of which makes this adventure pass for apocryphal.

IT was about four of the clock in the afternoon, when the sun, retiring behind the clouds, with a faint light and temperate rays, gave Don Quixote an opportunity, without extraordinary heat or trouble, of relating to his two illustrious hearers what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; and he began in the following manner.

"About twelve or fourteen fathom in the depth of this dungeon, on the right hand, is a hollow space,

wide enough to contain a large waggon and its team, slender streams of light making their way into it from above, through some cracks and crannies in the surface of the earth. This spacious cavity I happened to see just as I began to be weary, and out of humour with my pendent situation, tied by the rope, and journeying through the dark region below, without knowing whither I was going, and I resolved to enter it, and rest a little. I called aloud to you, not to let down more rope till I bid you, but it seems you heard me not. I gathered up the cord you had let down, and coiling it into a heap or bundle, I sat down upon it, extremely pensive, meditating how I might descend to the bottom, having no person to support my weight. While I sat thus thoughtful, and perplexed, on a sudden, without any drowsy warnings, a deep sleep fell upon me ; from which I as suddenly awoke, and found myself, I knew not how, in the midst of the most charming, pleasant, and delightful meadow, that nature could create, or the most pregnant fancy imagine. I rubbed and wiped my eyes, and perceived I was not asleep, but really awake ; I then felt my head and my breast, to ascertain whether it was I myself, who was there, or some empty and counterfeit illusion ; and feeling, sensation, and the coherent discourse I held to myself, convinced me, that it was I myself, the same individual being that now stands before you. Immediately a royal and splendid palace or castle presented itself to my view ; the walls and battlements of which seemed

to be of clear and transparent crystal; and through a pair of immense folding doors, that opened of themselves, I saw come forth, and advance towards me, a venerable old man, clad in a long mourning cloak of purple bays, which trailed upon the ground. Over his shoulders and breast he wore a kind of collegiate tippet of green satin; on his head, a black Milan cap, and his hoary beard reached below his girdle. He had no weapon, but carried in his hand a rosary of beads, of the size of ordinary walnuts, and every tenth bead as large as the egg of an ostrich. His mien, gait, gravity, and goodly presence, each by itself, and all together, surprised and amazed me. When he came up, after hugging me closely in his arms, he said, ‘ Long and tedious has been the time, O most valorous knight Don Quixote de la Mancha, that we, who are shut up and enchanted in these solitudes, have entertained the hope of seeing you, that the world by you may be informed what this deep cave, commonly called the cave of Montesinos, encloses and conceals; to visit which was an exploit reserved for your invincible heart and stupendous courage. Come with me, illustrious sir, that I may show you the wonders contained in this transparent castle, of which I am warder and perpetual guard; for I am Montesinos himself, from whom the cave derives its name.’ He had no sooner told me he was Montesinos, than I asked him, whether what was reported in the world above was true, that with a small dagger he had taken out the heart of his great friend

Durandarte, and carried it to his lady Belerma, as that hero had desired him when at the point of death. He replied, that the whole was true, except as to the dagger; for the weapon was neither a dagger, nor small, but a bright poniard, sharper than an awl."

"That poniard," interrupted Sancho, "must have been made by Raymond de Hozes of Seville." "I do not know," continued Don Quixote, "who made it, but, upon second thoughts, it could not be Raymond de Hozes, for he lived but the other day, and the battle of Roncesvalles, where this misfortune happened, was fought many years ago. But this question is of no importance, and neither disturbs nor alters the truth and connexion of the story." "True," answered the scholar; "so pray go on, signor Don Quixote, for I listen to your narration with the greatest pleasure in the world." "And I feel no less in recounting it," answered Don Quixote; and he proceeded.

"The venerable Montesinos conducted me to the crystalline palace, where, in a lower hall, extremely cool, and all of alabaster, stood a marble tomb of exquisite workmanship, on which I saw, laid at full length, a cavalier, not of brass, or marble, or jasper, as is usual on other monuments, but of pure flesh and bones. His right hand, which appeared hairy and nervous, a sign that its owner was strong, was laid on the region of his heart; and before I could ask

any question, Montesinos, perceiving me wrapt in thought, my eyes fixed on the sepulchre, said, 'This is my friend Durandarte, the flower and mirror of all the enamoured and valiant knights-errant of his time. He is kept here enchanted, like myself, and many others of both sexes, by that French magician, Merlin, who is said to be the devil's own son; though I do not believe him to be so nearly related, but only, that he knows one point more, as the saying is, than the devil himself. How, or why, he put his spell upon us, nobody knows: but time will bring it to light, and I have a shrewd guess it will not be long first. What astonishes me most is this: I am as sure, as it is now day, that Durandarte expired in my arms, and that, after he was dead, with these very hands, I took out his heart; which could not weigh less than two pounds: for, according to naturalists, he who has a large heart, is endued with more courage than he who has a small one: well, being thus certain, that this cavalier really died, how comes it to pass, that he complains every now and then, and sighs, as if he were alive?'

"This was no sooner said, than proved, for the wretched Durandarte, bewailing, said aloud, 'O my dear cousin Montesinos! the last thing I desired of you, when I was dying, and my soul departing from my body, was, that, ripping my heart out of my breast with a dagger or poniard, you would carry it to Belerma.' The venerable Montesinos, hearing this, threw himself on his knees before the com-

plaining cavalier, and, with tears in his eyes, said to him, ' Long since, O my dearest cousin Durandarte, have I executed what you enjoined me in that bitter day of our loss : I took out your heart, as well as I could, without leaving the smallest particle of it in your breast ; I wiped it with a lace-handkerchief, and went off full speed with it for France, having first laid you in the bosom of the earth, shedding as many tears as sufficed to wash my hands, and clean away the blood, which adhered to them by raking in your entrails. And as a farther token and proof, dear cousin of my soul, at the first place I came to, after quitting Roncesvalles, I sprinkled over your heart a little salt, that it might not stink, but might keep, if not fresh, at least secure from being dried up, till it came to the lady Belerma ; who, together with you and my unhappy self, and your squire Guadiana, and the Duenna Ruydera, and her seven daughters, and two nieces, with several others of your friends and acquaintance, have been long enchanted in this place by the sage Merlin ;¹ and though it be now more than five hundred years ago, not one of us is dead ; and we are still as we were, except that Ruydera and her daughters and nieces are gone, Merlin, out of compassion, on account of the many tears they shed, having turned them into so many lakes, which, at this time, in the world of the living, and in the province of La Mancha, are called the lakes of Ruydera. The seven sisters belong to the kings of Spain, and the two nieces to the

knights of a very holy order, that of Saint John. Guadiana also, your squire, bewailing your misfortune, was changed into a river of his own name; but when he arrived at the surface of the earth, and saw the sun of another sky, he was so grieved at the thought of forsaking you, that he plunged again into the bowels from which he came: but, as it was impossible to resist the natural course, he rises now and then, and shows himself, where the sun and those he shines upon, may see him. The aforesaid lakes supply him with their waters, with which, and several others that bear him company, he enters, stately and great, into Portugal. Nevertheless, whithersoever he winds his way, he discovers his grief and melancholy, breeding in his waters, not delicate and costly fish, but coarse and unsavoury ones only, very different from those of the golden Tagus. What I now tell you, O my dearest cousin, I have often told you before, and as you make me no answer, I fancy, you either do not believe me, or do not hear me; which, God knows, afflicts me very sorely. I have now however news to impart, which, if it serve not to alleviate your grief, will in no wise increase it. Know then, that we have here present, open your eyes, and you will see him, that renowned knight, of whom the sage Merlin prophesied so many things; that Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has restored, and with greater advantages than in the ages past, the long forgotten order of knight-errantry; and by his means and favour, we may, perhaps, be

disenchanted : for great exploits are reserved for great men.' ' And though it should fall out otherwise,' answered the poor Durandarte with a faint and low voice, ' though it should not prove so, O cousin, I say, patience, and shuffle the cards : ' ² and, turning himself on one side, he relapsed into his accustomed silence, without uttering another word.

“ At that moment loud cries and wailings, accompanied with profound sighs and distressful sobbings, were heard, and turning my head I saw through the crystal walls a procession, in two files, of most beautiful damsels in mourning, with white turbans on their heads, after the Turkish fashion ; and in the rear of these, came a matron, for such, by the gravity of her demeanour, she seemed to be, in black, like the rest, with a white veil, so long, that it kissed the ground. Her turban was twice as large as the largest of the others : her eyebrows met ; her nose was a little flat ; her mouth wide, but her lips were red : her teeth, which were sometimes seen, were thinly set, and not very even, though as white as blanched almonds. She had in her hand a fine linen handkerchief, in which I thought I could discern a heart, so dry and withered, that it appeared like the heart of a mummy. Montesinos told me, that all those of whom the procession consisted were servants to Durandarte and Belerma, enchanted with their master and mistress, and that she, who came last, bearing the heart in the linen handkerchief, was the lady Belerma herself, who walked in this manner with

her damsels, four days in the week, singing, or rather weeping, dirges over the body and piteous heart of his cousin ; and if she appeared to me of fading lustre, or not so beautiful as fame reported, it was to be ascribed to the bad nights and worse days she passed in her enchantment, as might be seen by the wrinkles under her eyes, and her wan complexion ; which were not occasioned by any indisposition incident to women, several months, and even years having past, without the least appearance of such visitations ; but merely by the affliction her heart feels from what she holds continually in her hands ; which revives in her memory the disaster of her untimely deceased lover : but for this calamity, the great Dulcinea del Toboso herself, so celebrated in these regions, as well as through the whole world above, would scarcely have equalled her in beauty, good-humour, and sprightliness.

“ ‘ Fair and softly,’ quoth I then, ‘ good signor Montesinos : tell your story as you ought to do ; without comparisons, knowing they are odious, and may therefore be dispensed with. The peerless Dulcinea is what she is, and the lady Donna Belerma is what she is, and what she has been, and there let the matter rest.’ To which he answered, ‘ Signor Don Quixote, pardon me : I confess I was in the wrong, in saying that the lady Dulcinea would scarcely equal the lady Belerma : since I might have guessed that your worship is her knight ; and I ought to have bit my tongue sooner than compare her to any thing but

heaven itself.' With this satisfaction given me by the great Montesinos, my heart was delivered from the surprise it was in at hearing my mistress so compared." "I marvel greatly," quoth Sancho, "that your worship did not fall upon the old fellow, and bruise his bones with kicking, and pluck his beard for him, till he had not a hair left in it." "No, friend Sancho," answered Don Quixote, "it did not become me to do so; for we are bound to respect old age, in every description of men, though they may not be knights, and how much more so then, in those who are, and enchanted into the bargain? Be assured, however, that I was not at all behindhand with him in several other questions and answers, which passed between us."

Here the scholar said, "I cannot imagine, signior Don Quixote, how your worship, in the short space of time you have been below, could have seen so many things, and conversed so much." "How long then is it since I went down?" quoth the knight. "A little more than an hour," answered Sancho. "That cannot be the case," replied Don Quixote; "for night came, and then day; and then night again, and day again, three times successively: so that by my reckoning, I must have been three entire days in those regions, so remote and hidden from our sight." "My master must be in the right," said Sancho; "for, as every thing has happened to him by enchantment, what seems to us but an hour, may be there three days and three nights." "Thou hast struck the

nail," answered Don Quixote. "And has your worship, good sir, eaten nothing in all this time?" quoth the scholar. "Not a mouthful," answered Don Quixote, "nor have I been hungry, or so much as thought of it all the while." "What, then, do not the enchanted eat?" said the scholar. "They neither eat," answered Don Quixote, "nor are troubled with the greater excrements, though it is a common opinion, that their nails, beard, and hair grow." "And, sir, do the enchanted sleep?" quoth Sancho. "No, truly," answered Don Quixote; "at least, in the three days that I have been amongst them, not one of them has closed an eye, nor I either." "Here," quoth Sancho, "the proverb hits right. Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are. If your worship associates with those, who fast and watch, what wonder is it that you neither eat nor sleep while you are with them? But pardon me, good master of mine, if I tell your worship, that, of all you have been saying, God, I was going to say the devil, take me, if I believe one word." "How so?" said the scholar: "signor Don Quixote then must have lied; who, if he had a mind to it, has not had time to imagine and compose such a mass of untruths." "I do not believe my master lies," answered Sancho. "Then what dost thou believe?" quoth Don Quixote. "I believe," answered Sancho, "that the same Merlin, or those necromancers, who enchanted all the crew your worship says you saw and conversed with below, have crammed into your

imagination or memory both all the stuff you have been telling us, and what still remains behind."

"Such a thing might be, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; ³ "but it is not so: for what I have related I saw with my own eyes, and touched with my own hands: but what wilt thou say, when I tell thee, that, among an infinite number of wonderful things, which I will recount at leisure, in the progress of our journey, as they do not all belong to this place, Montesinos showed me three country wenches, who were dancing and capering like kids about those charming fields; and scarcely had I descried them, than I knew one of them to be the peerless Dulcinea del Toboso, and the other two the very same wenches that attended her, and with whom we talked on coming out of Toboso. I asked Montesinos, whether he knew them. He answered, that he did not, but that he took them to be ladies of quality lately enchanted, for they had appeared but a few days in the meadows; and that I must not wonder at that, for there were a great many other ladies there, of the past and present ages, enchanted under various strange figures, among whom he had recognised queen Ginebra, and her duenna Quintanona, cup-bearer to Lancelot, when he arrived from Britain." When Sancho heard his master say all this, he was ready to die with laughing, or run distracted; for, as he was himself the author of the feigned enchantment of Dulcinea, and it rested on his sole testimony, he concluded, that his master had certainly lost his senses,

and was in all points mad ; and therefore he said to him, " In an evil juncture, and in a worse season, and in a bitter day, dear patron of mine, did you go down to the other world ; and in an unlucky moment did you meet with signor Montesinos, who has returned you back to us in such guise. Your worship was very well here above, entirely in your senses, such as God had given you, speaking sentences, and giving advice at every turn, and not, as now, relating the greatest extravagancies that can be imagined." " As I know thee, Sancho," answered Don Quixote, " I take no account of thy words." " Nor I of your worship's," replied Sancho. " You may hurt me if you will, you may kill me if you please, for those I have said already, or those I intend to say, if you do not correct and amend your own. But tell me, sir, now we are at peace, how, or by what, did you know the lady our mistress ? and if you spoke to her, what said you ? and what answer did she make ?"

" I knew her," answered Don Quixote, " by the very same clothes she wore when she was first pointed out to me by thyself, and I spoke to her ; but she answered me not a word : on the contrary, she turned her back upon me, and fled with so much speed, that an arrow could not have overtaken her. I would have followed her ; but Montesinos advised me not to tire myself with the chase, since it would be in vain ; besides, it was now time for me to think of returning and getting out of the cave. He farther told me, that in process of time, I should be the

happy instrument of disenchanting himself, Belerma, Durandarte, and the whole host of wretched beings consigned to those shades. But what gave me the most pain of any thing I saw, or noticed, was, that, while Montesinos was informing me of these things, there approached on one side, unperceived by me, one of the two companions of the unfortunate Dulcinea, who, with tears in her eyes, and in a low and troubled voice, said to me, ‘ My lady Dulcinea del Toboso kisses your worship’s hands, and desires you to let her know how you do ; and, being in great necessity, she also earnestly begs your worship would be pleased to lend her, upon this new dimity petticoat I have brought here, six reals, or what you have about you, which she promises to return very shortly.’ This message threw me into surprise and admiration ; and, turning to signor Montesinos, I asked, ‘ Is it possible, signor Montesinos, that persons of quality under enchantment suffer necessity ?’ To which he answered, ‘ Believe me, signor Don Quixote de la Mancha, that what is called necessity prevails everywhere, extends to all, reaches every body, not excusing even those who are enchanted : and since the lady Dulcinea sends to desire of you those six reals, and the pawn, in appearance, is a good one, you had better give them to her ; for without doubt she must be in some very great strait.’ ‘ I will take no pawn,’ answered I ; ‘ nor can I send her what she desires, for I have but four reals :’ which I sent her, being those which I received of thee the other day,

Sancho, to bestow in alms on the poor I should meet with upon the road; and said I to the damsel, ‘Sweetheart, tell your lady, that I am grieved to my soul at her distresses, and wish I were a Fucar⁴ to remedy them: and pray let her know, that I neither can nor will have health, while I want her amiable presence, and discreet conversation; and that I beseech, with all imaginable earnestness, that she would vouchsafe to let herself be seen and conversed with by this her captive servant and bewildered knight. Tell her, that, when she least thinks of it, she will hear it said, that I have made an oath and vow, like that made by the marquis of Mantua, to revenge his nephew Valdovinos, when he found him ready to expire in the midst of the mountain; which was, not to eat bread upon a table-cloth, with the other idle whims he then added, till he had revenged his death. In like manner will I take no rest, but traverse the seven parts of the universe, with more punctuality than did the infanta Don Pedro of Portugal,⁵ till she be disenchanted.’ ‘All this and more your worship owes my lady,’ answered the damsel; and, taking the four reals, instead of making me a courtesy, she cut a caper full two yards high in the air.”

“O holy God!” cried Sancho aloud, “is it possible such things should be, that enchanters and enchantments should have such power over my master, as to change his good understanding into so extravagant a madness! O sir! sir for God’s sake, look to

yourself, and stand up for your honour, and give no credit to these vanities, which have diminished and decayed your senses." "I know, Sancho, that it is thy regard for me, which makes thee talk at this rate," quoth Don Quixote; "being unexperienced in the things of the world, whatever is attended with the least difficulty, is considered by thee as impossible: but the time will come, as I said before, when I shall tell thee things I have seen below, that will make thee give credit to what I have now related, the truth of which admits of no reply or dispute."⁶

CHAP. VII.

In which are recounted a thousand impertinencies necessary to the right understanding of this grand history.

THE translator of this grand history from the original, written by its first author, Cid Hamet Benengeli, says, that coming to the chapter of the adventure of the cave of Montesinos, he found in the margin these words in Hamet's own hand-writing:

"I cannot persuade myself, or believe, that all that is mentioned in the foregoing chapter happened to the valorous Don Quixote exactly as it is there recorded: because all the adventures hitherto related might have happened and are probable; but this of the cave so far exceeds all reasonable bounds, that it is scarcely possible it should be true: on the

other hand to think, that Don Quixote, being a gentleman of the greatest veracity, and a knight of the most worth of any of his time, would tell a lie, is as little possible; for so great was his love of truth, that he would not utter a falsehood, though he were to be shot to death with arrows. Certain however it is, that he told it with all the aforesaid circumstances, and as certain, that he could not, in so short a space, have framed so vast a machine of extravagancies. If the adventure therefore appears to be apocryphal, I am not in fault; I write it without affirming of it, one thing or the other. Thou hast discernment, reader, and must judge for thyself; for I neither ought nor can do any more in the matter, except to hint, that it is held for truth, that upon his death-bed, the knight retracted, and said, he had invented it only because it was of a piece, and squared with the adventures he had read in his favourite books."

The history then goes on.

The scholar was no less astonished at the boldness of Sancho Panza, than at the patience of his master, and could not help thinking, that the mildness of temper evinced by the knight must have sprung from the satisfaction he had just received in seeing his mistress Dulcinea del Toboso, though enchanted; for, had it not been so, Sancho said such things, as must have brought upon his shoulders a cudgelling: in reality, the scholar thought Sancho had been a little too saucy with his master, to whom he said,

“ For my part, signor Don Quixote, I consider the pains of my journey in your worship’s company very well remunerated, having gained four things by it. The first, your worship’s acquaintance, which I esteem a great happiness. The second, having learned what is inclosed in this cave of Montesinos, with the metamorphoses of Guadiana, and the lakes of Ruydera, which will serve for the Spanish Ovid I have now in hand. The third, the precious discovery of the antiquity of card-playing, which was in use at least in the days of the emperor Charles the Great, as may be gathered from the words your worship heard Durandarte utter, when at the end of that long-winded speech of Montesinos, he awoke, and said, ‘ Patience, and shuffle the cards ;’ a manner of speaking, which, as he could not have learned it during his enchantment, must have been familiar to him when he was in France, in the days of the said emperor ; and this remark comes pat for the other book I am upon, the Supplement to Polydore Virgil on the invention of antiquities : for I believe he has forgotten to insert that of cards in his work, as I will now do in mine ; which will be of great importance, especially as I shall allege the authority of so grave and indisputable a writer as signor Durandarte. The fourth is, the ascertaining with certainty the source of the river Guadiana, hitherto unknown to every one.”

“ You have indeed just reason to be satisfied,” said Don Quixote : “ but I would fain know, signor,

if, by the grace of God, you should obtain a licence for printing your books, which is a matter of doubt with me, to whom you intend to dedicate them.”

“ There are lords and grandees enough in Spain, to whom they may be dedicated,” said the scholar.

“ Not so many,” answered Don Quixote; “ for some, and the number is not small, however deserving they may be of a dedication, will not receive one, to avoid lying under the obligation of making such a return, as may be due to the labour and complaisance of the author: but I know a prince,¹ who makes amends for what is wanting in the rest, so liberally, that, if I dared proclaim it, I should probably stir up envy in several noble breasts. But let this rest till a more convenient season, and let us consider at present, where we shall lodge to-night.”

“ Not far from hence,” answered the scholar, “ is a hermitage, in which lives a recluse, who is said to have been a soldier, and has the reputation of being a good Christian, very discreet, and extremely charitable. Adjoining to the hermitage, he has built, at his own cost, a small house; but small as it is, it is large enough for the purpose for which it was built, which was to receive guests.” “ Has this hermit any poultry?” quoth Sancho. “ Few hermits are without,” answered Don Quixote; “ for the hermits of the present day are not like those of old, in the deserts of Egypt, who were clad with leaves of the palm-tree, and lived upon roots of the earth. I would not be understood, by speaking

well of the one, as if I reflected upon the other: I only mean, that the penances of our modern times do not come up to the austerities and rigour of those of antiquity. But this is no reason why they may not be good; and such I esteem them: and even at the worst, the hypocrite, who feigns himself good, does less injury, than the undisguised and bold-faced sinner."

While they were thus discoursing, they perceived a man on foot coming towards them, walking fast, and switching a mule, loaded with lances and halberds. When he came up, he saluted them, and was passing on, but Don Quixote said to him, "Hold, honest friend; methinks you go faster than is convenient for your mule." "I cannot stop," answered the man; "for the arms on the mule being to be made use of to-morrow, I am obliged to make haste, and so adieu: but, if you would know for what purpose they are intended, I shall take up my night's lodging at the inn beyond the hermitage; and if you are travelling the same road, you will find me there, and I will tell you wonders; and, once more, God be with you." He then pricked his mule, and was off so nimbly, that Don Quixote had no time to inquire, what the wonders were he designed to tell them: but, as his curiosity was so great, that he was always thirsting for novelties, he gave orders for immediate departure, resolving to pass the night at the inn, without touching at the

hermitage, where the scholar wished him to pass the night. Accordingly, they all three mounted, and took the direct road to the inn, at which they arrived a little before it was dark. In their way, however, the scholar urged Don Quixote to halt a moment at the hermitage, just to take one draught; and Sancho Panza no sooner heard the request, than he steered Dapple that way, and the knight and the scholar followed; but as Sancho's ill luck would have it, the hermit was not at home, as they were told by an under-hermit, whom they found in the cabin. The squire asked for a flask of his dearest wine; and he answered, that his master had no wine; but if he wanted cheap water, he would give him some with all his heart. "If I had wanted water," said Sancho, "there are wells enough upon the road, from whence I might have satisfied myself. O the wedding of Camacho, and the good cheer of Don Diego's house! how often shall I feel the want of you!"

Quitting the hermitage, and spurring on towards the inn, they soon overtook a lad, who was walking in no great haste before them. On a sword across his shoulder, he carried a roll or bundle, seemingly of clothes; breeches, or trowsers, a cloak, and a shirt or two perhaps. He had a tattered velvet jacket on, lined with satin, below which his shirt hung out all around. His stockings were silk, and his shoes square-toed, after the court fashion. He seemed to be about eighteen or nineteen years of age, of a cheerful countenance, and active of body. He sung

as he went, to divert the fatigue of the journey; and when they overtook him, he had just finished a song, of which the last words, according to the scholar, were these:—

“For want of the pence to the wars I must go:

Ah! had I but money, it would not be so.”

The first who accosted him was Don Quixote, who said, “You travel very airily, young spark; pray, whither bound? if you have no dislike to the question.” To which the youth answered, “My walking so airily is occasioned by the heat and by poverty, and I am going to the wars.” “By the heat it may very easily be occasioned, but how by poverty?” demanded Don Quixote. “Sir,” replied the youth, “in this bundle I have a pair of velvet trowsers, fellows to this jacket: if I wear them out upon the road, I cannot do myself credit with them in the city, and I have no money to buy others; and for this reason, as well as for coolness, I travel thus, till I overtake some companies of infantry which are only a few miles before, with whom I intend to enlist, and I shall then have some baggage-waggon to take me to the place of embarkation, which, they say, is Carthagen; for I had rather have the king for my master and lord, and serve him in his wars, than any beggarly fellow at court.” “And pray, my friend, have you any appointment?” said the scholar. “Had I served a grandee, or other person, of distinction,” answered the youth, “I should, no doubt, have had promotion; for in the service of good masters, it is

no uncommon thing, to rise from the servants' hall to be an ensign or captain, or retire with a pension; but poor myself, it was always my luck to be in the service of poor strolling gentlemen or foreigners, whose board-wages are so miserably slender, that one half is spent in paying for starching a ruff; and it would be looked upon as a miracle, if one such page-adventurer in a hundred were to get any tolerable provision." "But, tell me, friend," quoth Don Quixote, "is it possible, that, during all the time you have been in service, you could not rise to a livery?" "I had two," answered the page; "but, as he who quits a monastery before he professes, is stripped of his habit, and obliged to resume his old clothes, just so did my masters by me; for, when the business was done, for which they came to court, and they returned to their own homes, they took back the liveries, with which they had decked me out merely from ostentation."

"A very notable *espilorcheria*,^a as the Italians say," quoth Don Quixote: "however, consider it as an earnest of good fortune, that you have quitted the court with so laudable an intention; for there is nothing upon earth more honourable or more advantageous, than first to serve God, and then your king and natural lord, especially in the exercise of arms, by which a man acquires at least more honour, if not more riches, than by letters, as I have often said and proved: for though letters have founded more great families than arms, yet is there something

in arms, a certain natural splendour, which exalts those who embrace them, above the followers of letters, and every other profession. And carry with you, my friend, this piece of advice, as it will be of great use to you, and a source of consolation in your distresses ; which is, not to think of what adverse accidents may happen ; for the worst that can happen is death ; and, when death is attended with honour, it is glorious to die. Julius Cæsar, that valorous Roman emperor, being asked which was the best kind of death, answered, ‘ that which is sudden, unthought of, and unforeseen ;’ and though he answered like a heathen, a stranger to the knowledge of the true God, nevertheless, with respect to human infirmity, he answered well. For supposing you are killed in the first skirmish or action, either by a cannon-shot, or the explosion of a mine, what does it signify ? It is but dying, and the business is done : and according to Terence, the soldier makes a better figure dead in battle, than alive and safe in flight. The good soldier gains just as much reputation, as he shows obedience to his captains, and those who have a right to command him ; and take notice, son, that he had better smell of gunpowder than of musk ; and if old age overtake you in this noble profession, though lame and maimed, and full of wounds, at least it will not overtake you without honour, and such honour as poverty itself cannot deprive you of ; but poverty may not be your lot, especially now that care is taking to provide for the maintenance of the veteran

and disabled soldier, who ought not to be dealt with, as many deal by their negro slaves, whom they discharge and set at liberty, when they are old, and past service, driving them out of their houses under pretence of giving them their freedom, and leaving them slaves to hunger, from which nothing but death can deliver them. At present I will say no more ; but get up behind me till we come to the inn, and there you shall sup with me, and to-morrow morning may pursue your journey ; and God give you as good speed, as your good intentions deserve."

The page did not accept of the invitation of riding behind Don Quixote, but he did accept that of supping with him at the inn ; and here, it is said, Sancho muttered to himself, " The Lord bless thee for a master ! Is it possible, that one who can say so many and such good things, as he has now done, should affirm, that he saw the extravagant absurdities and nonsense which he has told us of the cave of Montesinos ? Well, we shall see what will come of it."

By this time they arrived at the inn, just at night-fall, and Sancho was pleased to see his master take it really for an inn, and not, as usual, for a castle. They were scarcely entered, when Don Quixote asked the landlord for the man with the lances and halberds, and received for answer, that he was taking care of his mule. The scholar and Sancho did the same by their beasts, and Rozinante had the best manger, and the best stall in the stable.

CHAP. VIII.

Wherein is begun the braying adventure, together with the pleasant one of the puppet-player, and the memorable divinations of the divining ape.

DON QUIXOTE'S cake was dough, as the saying is, till he could hear and learn the mighty wonders promised him by the lance and halberd man, and therefore went he to the stable to seek for him; and having found him, urged him no longer to delay opening the budget of marvellous things, which, when he met him on the road, he had promised to reveal. The man replied, "The account, signor, of my wonders, must be given more at leisure, and not on the spur of business. Suffer me to finish the care of my beast, and I will tell you things, which will amaze you." "That shall be no hinderance," answered Don Quixote, "for I will help you:" and so he did, winnowing the barley, and cleaning the manger: a condescension which obliged the man readily to comply with his request; and seating himself upon a stone bench without the inn door, Don Quixote by his side, and the scholar, the page, Sancho Panza, and the innkeeper, for his senate and auditory, he began in this manner.

"You must understand, gentlemen, that, in a town four leagues and a half from this inn, it happened, that an alderman, through the artful contrivance, too long to be told, of his wench of a maid-

servant, lost his ass ; and though the said alderman used all imaginable diligence, he could not succeed in finding him. A complete fortnight had elapsed, as public fame reports, since the ass was missing, when, the alderman being in the market-place, a brother alderman of the same town said to him, ‘ Pay me for my good news, gossip ; for your ass has been seen.’ ‘ Most willingly, neighbour,’ answered the other ; ‘ but let us know where he has been seen.’ ‘ In the mountain,’ answered the finder ; ‘ I saw him this morning myself, without a pannel, or any kind of furniture about him, and so lank, that it grieved my heart : I would fain have driven him before me, and thus restored him to you ; but he is already become so wild, that, when I went near him, he galloped off, into the most hidden recesses of the mountain. If you have a mind we should both go to seek him, let me just take this ass home, and I will return instantly.’ ‘ You will do me a great pleasure,’ quoth he of the lost ass, ‘ and I will endeavour to pay you in the same coin.’ With all these circumstances, and in these very words, is the story told by all who are thoroughly acquainted with the truth of the affair.

“ In short, the two aldermen, on foot, and arm in arm, proceeded to the mountain ; and coming to the place where they expected to find the ass, they found him not, nor was he to be seen any where, though they searched diligently after him. Mortified at the disappointment, quoth the alderman that had seen

him to the other alderman, 'Hark you, gossip, a device is come into my head, by which we shall assuredly discover this animal, though he were crept into the bowels of the earth, instead of the mountain; it is this: I can bray marvellously well, and if you can respond ever so little, you may conclude the business done.' 'Ever so little, say you, neighbour?' quoth the other; 'before God, I yield the precedence to no man, no, not to asses themselves.' 'We shall see that presently,' answered the second alderman; 'for I mean, that you shall go on one side of the mountain, while I go on the other, that so we may traverse and encompass it quite round; and every now and then you shall bray, and so will I; and the ass will most certainly hear and answer us, if he be in the mountain.' To which the master of the ass answered, 'Verily, neighbour, the device is excellent, and worthy of your great ingenuity.' So parting according to agreement, it fell out, that they both brayed at the same instant, and, mutually deceived, each ran to seek the other, thinking the ass was found; and, when they met, perceiving the mistake, the loser said, 'Is it possible, gossip, that it was not my ass that brayed?' 'No, it was I,' answered the other. 'I must tell you then,' quoth the owner, 'that, as to braying, there is not the slightest difference between you and an ass; for in my life I never saw or heard any thing more natural.' 'This commendation and compliment,' answered the author of the stratagem, 'belong rather to you than to me,

gossip ; for, by the God that made me, you can give the odds of two brays to the greatest and most skilful brayer in the world ; for the tone is deep, the sustainings of the voice¹ equal both in time and measure, and the cadences sweetly shrill and sonorous : in short, I own myself vanquished, I give you the palm, I yield up the banner of this rare talent.' ' Truly,' answered the owner, ' I shall henceforward value and esteem myself the more highly, and shall think I know something, since I have such excellence ; for, though I fancied that I brayed pretty well, I never flattered myself that I reached the eminence you are pleased to ascribe to me.' ' I tell you,' answered the second, ' there are rare abilities lost in the world, and ill-bestowed are they on those, who know not how to employ them to advantage.' ' Ours,' quoth the owner, ' except in cases like the present, can be of little service to us ; and, even in this, God grant they prove of any benefit.'

“ This said, they separated again, to bray again ; and again deceived, they met again ; till at last they agreed, as a countersign by which to distinguish their own brayings from that of the ass, that each should bray twice in a breath ; and thus doubling their brayings, they made the tour of the mountain ; but no answer from the stray ass, no not even a note : how indeed could the poor creature answer, when they presently found him, in the thickest of the wood, half devoured by wolves ? Seeing him in this wretched plight, the owner said, ' I marvelled much he did

not answer ; for had he been alive, he would certainly have brayed at hearing us, or he were no ass : nevertheless, gossip, I esteem the pains I have been at in seeking him to be well bestowed, though I have found him dead, since I have heard you bray so exquisitely.' 'It is in good hands,² gossip,' answered the other ; 'for if the abbot sings well, the novice does not come far behind him.'

“ Upon this they returned home, disconsolate and hoarse, and recounted to their friends, neighbours, and acquaintance, all that had happened in the search after the ass ; each exaggerating the other's excellence in braying. The story spread over the adjacent villages ; and the devil, who sleeps not, as he loves to sow discord, and promote squabbles wherever he can, raising a bustle in the wind, and huge chimeras out of trifles, so ordered and brought it about, that the people of other villages, upon seeing any of the folks of our town, would presently fall a braying, hitting us, as it were, in the teeth with the guttural duet of our aldermen. The boys gave into it, which was all one as if it had fallen into the hands and mouths of all the devils in hell ; and thus braying spread so completely from one town to another, that the natives of the town of Bray³ are as well known, as white folks are distinguished from black. And this unhappy jest has gone so far, that the mocked have often sallied out in arms against the mockers, and given them battle, without king or rook,⁴ or fear or shame, being able to prevent it.

To-morrow, or next day, the people of our town, the brayers, will take the field against the inhabitants of another village, about two leagues from us, who persecute us most ; and, to be well provided for them, I have brought the lances and halberds you saw on my mule. And these are the wonders I said I would tell you ; and if you do not think them such, I have no other to relate." And here the honest man ended his story.

At this juncture there came at the door of the inn a man clad from head to foot in shamois leather, hose, doublet, and breeches, and said with a stentorian voice, " Master host, have you any lodging ? for near at hand is the fortune-telling ape, with the puppet-show of Melisendra's deliverance." " Body of me," quoth the innkeeper ; " what ! master Peter here ! we shall have a brave night of it." In the description I forgot to observe, that this same master Peter had his left eye, and almost half his cheek, covered with a patch of green taffeta, a sign that something ailed that side of his face. The landlord proceeded, " Welcome, master Peter ! where are the ape and the puppet-show ? I do not see them." " They are hard by," answered the man in shamois ; I came before, to see if there be any room in your house." " To make room for master Peter," answered the innkeeper, " I would turn out the duke of Alva himself ; let the ape and the puppets come ; for there are guests this evening in the inn, who will be good customers." " So be it, in God's name," answered he of the

patch ; “ and I will lower the price, and reckon myself well paid with only bearing my charges : so back I go to hasten the cart and exhibit my show.” And he quitted the inn.

When gone, Don Quixote asked the landlord, what master Peter this was, and what puppets, and what ape he had with him. To which the landlord answered, “ He is a famous showman, your worship, who has long travelled up and down this part of La Mancha, acting with his puppets the story of Melisendra and the famous Don Gayferos ; which is one of the best, and best performed, that are known in this country. He has also an ape, surpassing in talent all other apes, and even outstripping men ; for, if any question be asked him, he listens attentively, and then, leaping upon his master’s shoulder, and putting his mouth to his ear, tells him the answer ; which master Peter presently repeats aloud. It is true, he prophesies more of things past, than of things to come ; and, though he does not always hit right, yet he is in general so little out, that we are inclined to believe he has the devil within him. The price for every question, if the ape answers ; I mean, if his master answers for him, after the ape has whispered him in the ear, is two reals ; and therefore it is thought master Peter must be rich. He is, besides, a very gallant fellow, as they say in Italy, and a boon companion, and lives the merriest life in the world. He talks more than six, and

drinks more than a dozen, and all at the expense of his tongue, his ape, and his puppets."

By this time master Peter was returned, and in the cart came the puppets, and a large ape without a tail, its buttocks as bare as a piece of felt, but its countenance not ill-favoured. Don Quixote no sooner espied the animal, than he began to question it, saying, "Pray tell me, master prophet, what fish do we catch, and what will be our fortune? See, here are my two reals," bidding Sancho give them to master Peter, who answered in the name of the ape, "Signor, this animal makes no answer, nor gives any information, as to things future: he knows something of the past, and a little of the present." "Odds bobs," quoth Sancho, "I would not give a brass farthing to be told of myself what is past; for who can tell that better than myself? and to pay for what I know already, would be downright folly. But since he knows things present, here are my two reals, and let Goodman Ape tell me what my wife Teresa Panza is doing, what she is employed about at this moment." Master Peter refused to take the money, saying, "I will not be paid beforehand, nor receive the reward till I have done the service; and patting two or three times his left shoulder with his right hand, at a spring the ape jumped upon it, and laying its mouth to his ear, grated its teeth, and chattered apace; and, having made these grimaces for the space of a credo, at another skip down it came

to the ground again, and master Peter instantly ran and kneeled before Don Quixote, and, embracing his legs, said, "These legs I embrace, as if I embraced the two pillars of Hercules, O illustrious reviver of the long-forgotten order of chivalry! O never-sufficiently-extolled knight, Don Quixote de la Mancha! Thou soul to the faint-hearted, stay to the falling, arm to the fallen, staff and comfort to every child of misfortune!" Don Quixote was thunderstruck, Sancho in suspense, the scholar surprised, the page astonished, the braying-man in a gaze, the innkeeper confounded, and, lastly, all amazed that heard the expressions of the puppet-player, who proceeded, saying, "And thou, O good Sancho Panza, the best squire to the best knight in the world, rejoice, that thy good wife Teresa is well, and this very hour is dressing a pound of flax; by the same token that she has by her left side a broken-mouthed pitcher, which holds a very pretty scantling of wine, with which she cheers her spirits at her work." "I verily believe it," answered Sancho; "for she is a blessed one; and, were she not a little jealous, I would not swap her for the giantess Andandona herself, who, in my master's opinion, was a very accomplished woman, and a special housewife; and my Teresa is one of those, who will make much of themselves, though it be at the expense of their heirs." "Well," quoth Don Quixote, "he who reads much, and travels much, sees and knows much. This observation I make, because what but the evidence of my senses could

have been sufficient to persuade me, that there are apes in the world skilled in divination? Yes, my friend, I am the very Don Quixote de la Mancha, that this good animal has said, though he has expatiated a little too much in my commendation. But, be that as it may, I give thanks to Heaven that endowed me with a tender and compassionate disposition, always inclined to do good to every body, and hurt nobody." "If I had money," said the page, "I would ask master ape what will befall me in my intended expedition." To which master Peter, who had risen from kneeling at Don Quixote's feet, answered, "I have already told you, that this little beast does not pry much into futurity, at least does not answer questions relating to it; if he did, it would not signify whether you had money or not; for, to serve signor Don Quixote here present, I would wave every advantage in the world: and, because it is my duty, and to do him a pleasure besides, I will put my puppet-show in order, and entertain all the guests in the inn gratis. The innkeeper hearing this, and overjoyed above measure, pointed out a convenient place for setting up the show; which was done in an instant.

Don Quixote was not quite satisfied with the divining powers of the ape, not thinking it likely that a creature of that class should be so endowed, as to things past, present, or to come: and therefore, while master Peter was preparing his show, he drew Sancho aside to a corner of the stable, where, without being

overheard by any body, he said to him, "Look ye, Sancho, I have carefully considered the strange ability of this ape, and have no doubt that master Peter, his owner, has made a tacit or express pact with the devil." "Nay," quoth Sancho, "if the pack be express from the devil, it must needs be a very sooty pack; but what advantage would it be to master Peter to have such a pack?" "Thou dost not understand me, Sancho," said Don Quixote: "I only mean, that he must certainly have made some agreement with the devil, to infuse this ability into the ape, by which he gets his bread; and, after he is become rich, he will give him his soul, which is what the universal enemy of mankind aims at. What leads me to this belief is, that the ape answers only as to things past or present; and the knowledge of the devil extends no farther; for the future he knows only by conjecture, and is often out in his guesses; for it is the prerogative of God alone, to understand times and seasons, to whom nothing is past or future, but every thing present. This being the case, as it really is, it is plain the ape must talk by the instigation of the devil; and I am astonished he has not been accused before the inquisition, and examined by torture, till he confesses, by virtue of what, or whom, he play his cards; for it is certain he is no astrologer, and neither is he or his master able to raise one of those figures called judiciary, which are now so common in Spain, that there is not a servant-maid, page,

or cobbler, but presumes to manage it, as if it were merely picking up a knave of cards from the ground,⁵ thus destroying, by their lying and ignorant pretences, the wonderful truth of the science. I know a lady, who asked one of these figure-raisers, whether her little lap-dog would breed, and how many puppies she would have, and of what colour they would be. To which master astrologer, after raising a figure, answered, that the bitch would bring forth three whelps, one green, one carnation, and the other mottled, provided she took dog between the hours of eleven and twelve at noon or night, and on a Saturday or Monday. Now it happened, that the bitch died a few days after of a surfeit, yet master figure-raiser had the repute in the town of being as consummate an astrologer as the rest of his brethren." "But for all that," quoth Sancho, "I should be glad your worship would desire master Peter to ask his ape, whether all be true which befell you in the cave of Montesinos; because, for my own part, begging your worship's pardon, I take it to be all sham and lies, or at least a dream." "It may be so," answered Don Quixote; "and I will follow thy advice, for I begin myself to have some scruples about it."

While the knight and squire were thus confabulating, master Peter came to look for Don Quixote, to tell him the show was ready, and he hoped his worship would honour it with his presence, as it was worth seeing. Don Quixote communicated to him the thought that had struck Sancho, and desired him

to ask his ape presently, whether certain things, which befell him in the cave of Montesinos, were dreams or realities, for, to his thinking, they seemed to be a mixture of both. Master Peter, without answering a word, went and fetched his ape, and, placing him before Don Quixote and Sancho, said, "Look you, master ape, this knight would know, whether certain things, which befell him in a certain place, called the cave of Montesinos, were real or imaginary: and at the usual signal, the ape leaped upon his left shoulder, and seeming to chatter in his ear, master Peter said, "The ape tells me, that part of the things which your worship saw, or underwent in the said cave, is false, and part likely to be true, and this is what he knows, and no more, as to this question; and if your worship has a mind to put any more to him, on Friday next he will answer to every thing you may be pleased to ask him; for his virtue is at an end for the present, and will not return till that time." "Did not I tell you," quoth Sancho, "it could never go down with me, that all your worship said, touching the adventures of the cave, was true, no, nor half of it?" "The event will show that, Sancho," answered Don Quixote; "for there is nothing that time, the discoverer of all things, will not bring to light, though it be hidden in the bowels of the earth; and let this suffice at present, and let us go see honest master Peter's show, for I am of opinion there must be some novelty in it." "How, some?" quoth master Peter, "sixty thousand novelties are

contained in this puppet-show of mine: I assure you, signor Don Quixote, there is nothing exhibiting in the world that can compare with it; 'Operibus credite et non verbis;' and let us to work, for it grows late, and we have a great deal to do, to say, and to show."

Don Quixote and Sancho obeyed, and repaired to where the show was set out on a stage, stuck round with little wax-candles, which gave it a splendid and pleasing appearance. Master Peter, who was to manage the figures, placed himself behind the curtain, while before it stood his boy, to serve as an interpreter, and expound the mysteries of the piece. He had a white wand in his hand, to point to the several pieces as they entered. All the people of the inn being assembled, some standing opposite to the show, and Don Quixote, Sancho, the page, and the scholar, seated in the best places, the druggerman⁶ began to say, what will be heard or seen by those, who will be at the pains of hearing or seeing the events of the following chapter.

CHAP. IX.

Wherein is contained the pleasant adventure of the puppet-player, with sundry other matters in truth sufficiently good.

TYRIANS and Trojans were all profoundly silent;¹ I mean, all the spectators of the show hung upon the

mouth of the declarer² of its wonders, when from within the scene they heard the sound of drums and trumpets, and several discharges of artillery, which no sooner ceased, than the boy raised his voice, and said, " This true history, here represented to you, gentlemen, is taken word for word from the French chronicles and Spanish ballads, which are in every body's hand, and sung by boys in every street. It tells you, how Don Gayferos freed from captivity his wife Melisendra, who was a prisoner in Spain, in the hands of the Moors, in the city of Sansuenna, now called Saragossa ; and there you may see how he is playing at tables, according to the ballad :

Gayferos now at tables plays,
Forgetful of his lady dear, &c.

That personage, who appears yonder with a crown on his head, and a sceptre in his hand, is the emperor Charles the Great, the supposed father of Melisendra ; who, vexed to see the indifference and negligence of his son-in-law, comes forth to chide him ; and, pray, mark with what vehemence and earnestness he does it ; one would suppose he had a mind to give him half a dozen raps over the pate with his sceptre ; yea, there are authors who say he actually did so, and that they were sound ones too ; and, after having said sundry sharp things about the danger his honour ran, in not procuring the liberty of his spouse, it is reported, that he added these words, ' I have said enough, look to it.' Pray observe, gentlemen, how the em-

peror, upon this, turns his back, and leaves Don Gayferos in a fret. See how impatient the don is with choler, flinging about the board and pieces, and calling hastily for his armour; desiring Don Orlando his cousin to lend him his sword Durindana; and then how Don Orlando refuses to lend it him, offering to bear him company in that arduous enterprise; but the valorous enraged will not accept of it, saying, that he is able of himself to deliver his spouse, though she were thrust down to the centre of the earth. Behold he goes in to arm himself, that he may set forward immediately. Now, gentlemen, turn your eyes towards that tower which appears yonder, which you are to suppose to be one of the Moorish towers of Saragossa, now called the Aljaferia; and that lady, who appears at yon balcony in a Moorish habit, is the peerless Melisendra, casting many a heavy look towards the road that leads to France, and fixing her imagination upon the city of Paris and her husband, her only consolation in her captivity. Now behold a strange incident, the like perhaps never seen. Do you not see that Moor, who, stealing along softly, step by step, with his finger on his mouth, comes behind Melisendra? See, if he does not give her a smacking kiss full on her lips! and observe the haste she makes to spit, and wipe her mouth with her white shift-sleeves, and how she takes on, and tears her beauteous hair for vexation, as if that was to blame for the indignity. Observe that grave Moor in yonder gallery, he is Marsilio,

the king of Sansuenna ; who, seeing the insolence of the other Moor, though he is his kinsman, and a great favourite, orders him to be seized immediately, and two hundred stripes to be given him, and to be led through the most frequented streets of the city, with criers before to publish his crime,⁴ and the officers of justice with their rods behind ; there they are actually coming out to execute the sentence, almost as soon as the fault is committed ; for, among the Moors, there is no citation of the party, nor copies of the process, nor delay of justice, as among us."

Here Don Quixote interposed with a chiding voice, " Boy, boy, on with your story in a straight line, and leave your curves and transversals : for, to come at the truth of a fact, there is no need of proof upon proof." Master Peter also from behind said, " Boy, none of your flourishes, but do what the gentleman bids you, for that is the surest way : sing your song plain, and seek not for counterpoints, for they usually crack the strings." " I will, answered the boy ;" and proceeded, saying,

" The figure you see there on horseback, muffled up in a Gascoign cloak, is Don Gayferos himself, to whom his spouse, already revenged on the impudence of the enamoured Moor, shows herself from the battlements of the tower, with a calmer and more sedate countenance, and talks to her husband, believing him to be some passenger ; holding with him all that discourse and dialogue in the ballad, which says,

“ If towards France your course you bend,
Let me entreat you, gentle friend,
Make diligent inquiry there
For Gayferos, my husband dear.”

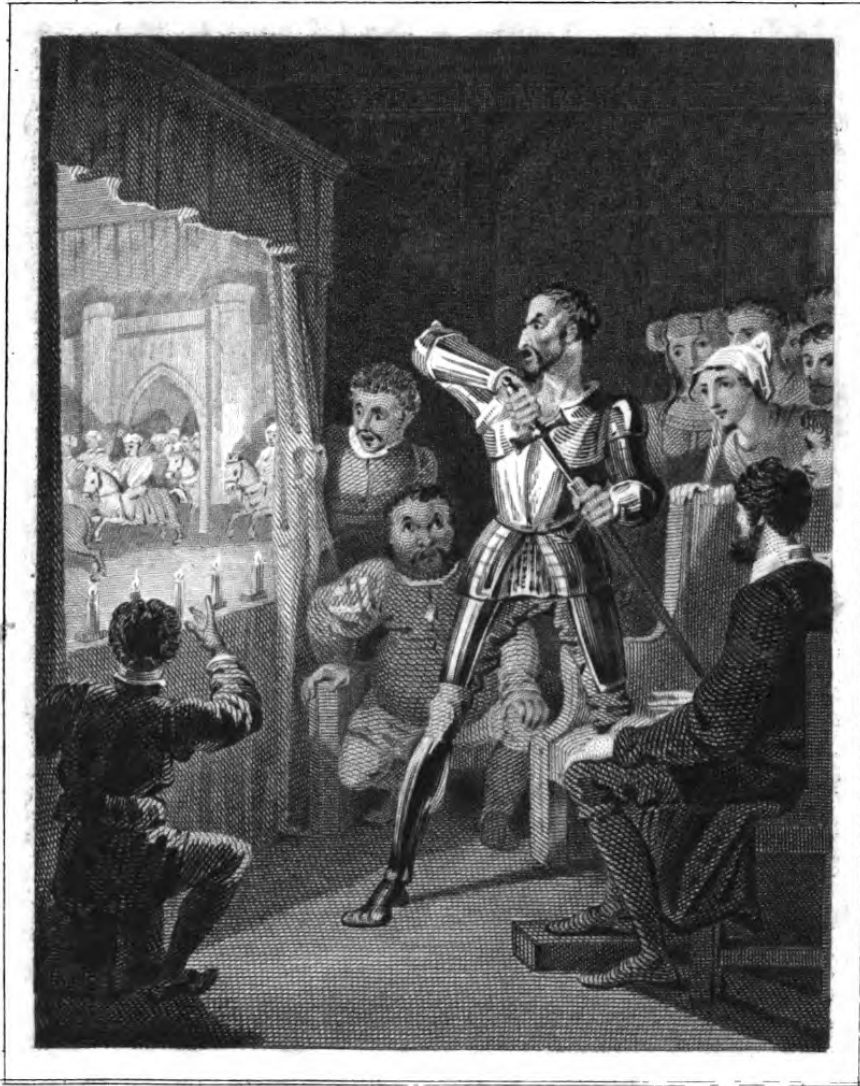
The rest I omit, because length begets loathing. It is sufficient to observe, how Don Gayferos discovers himself; and, by the signs of joy she makes, you may perceive that she knows him, and especially now that you see her letting herself down from the balcony, to get on horseback behind her good spouse. But alas, poor lady! the border of her under-petticoat has caught hold of one of the iron spikes of the balcony, and there she hangs dangling in the air, without being able to reach the ground. But see how merciful Heaven sends relief in the greatest distresses, for now comes Don Gayferos, and, without regarding whether the rich petticoat be torn, or not, seizes his lady, and brings her to the ground by main force; and then at a spring sets her behind him on his horse astride like a man, bidding her hold fast, and clasp her arms about his shoulders, till they cross and meet over his breast, that she may not fall; the lady Melisendra being not used to that way of riding. See how the horse by his neighings shows he is pleased with the burthen of his valiant master and his fair mistress. And see how they turn their backs, and, quitting the city, how merrily and joyfully they take the way to Paris. Peace be with ye, O peerless pair of faithful lovers! may ye arrive in safety at your desired country, without

that fickle jade fortune laying any obstacle in the way of your prosperous journey! may the eyes of your friends and relations behold ye enjoying in perfect peace the remaining days of your lives, which I pray God may exceed the age of Nestor!" Here again master Peter's voice was heard, crying, "Hold, hold, boy, do not incumber yourself; for affectation is the devil." The interpreter made no answer, but went on; "There wanted not some idle eyes, such as are sure to espy every thing, and these idlers seeing Melisendra get down, and then mount behind the don, gave instant notice to king Marsilio, who commanded the alarm to be sounded; observe what a hurry they are in; look, how the whole city shakes with the ringing of bells in the steeples of the mosques."

"Not so," quoth Don Quixote; "master Peter is much mistaken as to the bells; for the Moors do not use bells, but kettle-drums, and a kind of dulcimers, like our waits, and therefore to introduce the ringing of bells in Sansuenna is a gross absurdity." Master Peter overhearing this, left off ringing, and said, "Signor Don Quixote, do not criticise upon trifles, nor expect that perfection, which is not to be found in these matters. Are there not a thousand comedies, full of such improprieties and blunders, and yet they run a successful career, and are listened to not only with applause, but admiration? Go on, boy, and let folks talk; for, so I fill my bag, I care not if I represent more improprieties than there are

motes in the sun." "You are in the right," quoth Don Quixote, and the boy proceeded.

"See what a numerous and brilliant cavalry sallies out of the city in pursuit of the two catholic lovers; how many trumpets sound, how many dulcimers play, and how many drums and kettle-drums rattle! Ah! I fear they will overtake the fugitives, and bring them back tied to their own horse's tail, which would be a lamentable spectacle." Don Quixote, hearing the din, and seeing such a multitude of Moors, resolved to succour those that fled; and rising up, he said in a loud voice, "Never while I breathe will I consent, that in my presence an outrage like this shall be offered to so famous a knight and so daring a lover as Don Gayferos. Hold, base-born rabble, follow not, nor pursue him any farther; for, if you do, have at you." It was no sooner said than done; he unsheathed his sword, and at a spring planted himself close to the show, and with a violent and unheard-of fury began to rain hacks and slashes upon the Moorish puppets, overthrowing some, and beheading others, laming this, and demolishing that, and, among other strokes, one fell with such mighty force, that if master Peter had not ducked and squatted down, it had chopped off his head with as much ease, as if it had been made of gingerbread. Master Peter cried out, "Hold, signor Don Quixote, hold, and consider, that these figures you throw down, maim, and destroy, are not real Moors, but only puppets made of paste-board: consider, sinner that



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I am, that you are undoing me, and destroying my whole livelihood!" But Don Quixote still laid about him, showering down, doubling, and re-doubling, fore-strokes and back-strokes, like hail, that, in less than the saying two credos, the whole machine was demolished, the tackling and figures hacked to pieces, king Marsilio himself sorely wounded, and the head and crown of the emperor Charlemagne cleft in two. The whole audience was in consternation; the ape flew to the top of the house; the scholar was frightened; the page panic-struck; and even Sancho himself trembled mightily; for, as he swore after the storm was over, he had never seen his master in so outrageous a passion.

The general destruction of the machinery thus achieved, Don Quixote began to be a little calm, and said, "I wish I had here before me, at this instant, all those who are not, and will not be convinced, of how much benefit knights-errant are to the world: for, had I not been present, what would have become of the good Don Gayferos and the fair Melisendra? I warrant ye, these infidel dogs would have overtaken them by this time, and have offered them some atrocious indignity. Then, long live knight-errantry above all things else living in the world!" "In God's name, let it live, and let me die," quoth master Peter at this juncture, with a fainting voice, "since I am so unfortunate, that I can say with king Roderigo, 'Yesterday I was sovereign of Spain, and to-day have not a foot of land I can call my

own.' It is not half an hour ago, nor scarcely half a minute, since I was master of kings and emperors, my stalls full of horses, and my trunks and sacks stuffed with fine things; and now I am desolate and dejected, poor and a beggar, and, what grieves me most of all, without my ape, who, I'faith, will make my teeth sweat, before I get him again: and all through the inconsiderate fury of this sir knight, who is said to protect orphans, redress wrongs, and do other charitable deeds; but in me alone, praised be the highest heavens for it, his generous intention has failed. In fine, it could only be the knight of the rueful countenance, who was thus destined to make me rue the hour that ever I was born."

Sancho Panza was moved to compassion by this piteous lamentation, and therefore said to him, "Do not weep, master Peter, do not weep, nor take on so; for you break my heart; and I assure you my master Don Quixote is so catholic and scrupulous a christian, that, if he comes to reflect, that he has done you any wrong, he knows how to make you amends, and will certainly do it with interest." "If signor Don Quixote," quoth master Peter, "would but repay me part of the damage he has done, I should be satisfied, and his worship would discharge his conscience; for nobody can be saved, who withholds another's property against his will, and does not make restitution." "True," quoth Don Quixote; "but as yet I do not know, that I have any thing of yours, master Peter." "How!" answered master

Peter: "what but the invincible force of your powerful arm scattered and annihilated these relics, which lie up and down on this hard and barren ground? Whose were their bodies but mine? and how did I maintain myself but by their means?" "Now am I perfectly convinced," quoth Don Quixote, "of what I have often maintained before, that the wicked enchanters who persecute me, are perpetually presenting things before me as they really are, and then, putting the change upon my senses, transform them into whatever shapes they please. I protest to you, gentlemen, that whatever has passed on the stage, appeared in my eyes so many realities: I took Melisendra for the true Melisendra; Don Gayferos, for Don Gayferos; Marsilio, for Marsilio; and Charlemagne, for Charlemagne. This it was that inflamed my choler; and, in compliance with the duty of my profession as a knight-errant, I resolved to assist and succour those who fled; and with this good intention I did what you have seen: if things have fallen out unlucky, and mischief is done, it is not I, but my persecutors who are to blame; yet notwithstanding this mistake, and though it proceeded from no malice on my part, I am willing to condemn myself in costs. See, master Peter, what is justly your due for the damaged figures, and I will pay it down in current and lawful money of Castile." Master Peter made him a low bow, and said, "I expected no less from the unexampled christianity of the valourous Don Quixote de la Mancha, the true succourer and

support of all the needy and distressed: and let master innkeeper and the great Sancho be umpires and appraisers, between your worship and me, of what the demolished figures are or might be worth."

The innkeeper and Sancho having accepted the office, master Peter, taking up Marsilio king of Saragossa, without a head, said, "You see how impossible it is to restore this king to his pristine state, and therefore I think, with submission to better judgments, you must award me for his death and destruction four reals and a half." "Proceed," quoth Don Quixote. "Then for this, that is cleft in twain," continued master Peter, taking up the emperor Charlemagne, "I think five reals and a quarter little enough to ask." "Not very little," quoth Sancho. "Nor very much," replied the innkeeper: "but split the difference, and set him down five reals." "Give him the whole five and a quarter," quoth Don Quixote; "for, in a notable mischance like this, a quarter more or less is not worth standing upon: and make an end, master Peter; for it grows towards supper-time, and I have some symptoms of hunger upon me." "For this figure," quoth master Peter, "which wants a nose and an eye, and is the fair Melisendra, I must have, and can abate nothing, two reals and twelve maravedis." "Nay," said Don Quixote, "the devil must be in it, if Melisendra be not, by this time, with her husband, at least upon the borders of France: for methought the horse they rode upon seemed to fly rather than gallop; and therefore do

not pretend to sell me a cat for a coney, showing me here Melisendra noseless, whereas, at this very instant, probably, she is solacing herself at full stretch with her husband in France. God help every one with his own, master Peter; let us have plain dealing, and proceed." Master Peter, finding that Don Quixote began to warp, and was returning to his old bent, had no mind he should escape him so, and therefore said to him, "Now I think on it, this is not Melisendra, but one of her waiting-maids, and so with sixty maravedis I shall be well enough paid, and very well contented:" and thus he went on, setting a price upon several broken figures, which the arbitrators afterwards moderated to the satisfaction of both parties. The whole amounted to forty reals and three quarters: and over and above all this, which Sancho immediately disbursed, master Peter demanded two reals for the trouble he should have in catching his ape. "Give him them, Sancho," said Don Quixote, "not for catching the ape,⁶ but to drink. And now would I give two hundred to any one that could tell me for certain, that Donna Melisendra and signor Don Gayferos are at this moment in France, and among their friends." "Nobody can tell us that better than my ape," said master Peter: "but the devil himself cannot catch him now; though I suppose his affection for me, or hunger, will force him to come to me at night; and to-morrow is a new day, and we shall see one another again."

The bustle of the puppet-show being quite over,

the company all supped together in peace and good fellowship, at the expense of Don Quixote, who was liberal to excess. He who carried the lances and halberds was off before day, and, after it was light, the scholar and the page came to take leave of Don Quixote, the one in order to return home, and the other to pursue his journey, and Don Quixote gave him a dozen reals to comfort him on the way. Master Peter had no mind to enter any farther into the game of question and answer with Don Quixote, whom he knew perfectly well; and therefore rose before the sun; and, gathering up the fragments of his show, and taking his ape, sallied forth in quest of adventures of his own. The innkeeper, who knew not Don Quixote, was astonished alike at his madness and liberality. In short, Sancho, by order of his master, paid him handsomely: and about eight in the morning, bidding him farewell, they left the inn, and went their way, where we will leave them, to attend to several other matters necessary to the better understanding of this famous history.

CHAP. X.

Wherein is related, who master Peter and his ape were; with the ill success Don Quixote had in the braying adventure, which he finished not as he wished and intended.

CID HAMET, the chronicler of this grand history,

begins this chapter with these words: "I swear as a catholic Christian:" and his translator says, that by his swearing in this manner, he being a Moor, as undoubtedly he was, he meant nothing more than that, as the catholic Christian, when he swears, does, or ought, to speak and swear the truth, so did he, in writing of Don Quixote, and so especially will he do, in declaring who master Peter was, and giving an account of the fortune-telling ape, who surprised all the villages round with his divinations. He then proceeds to observe, that whoever has read the former part of this history, must needs remember Gines de Passamonte, whom, among other galley-slaves, Don Quixote set at liberty in the sable mountain; a benefit, for which he had afterward small thanks, and worse payment, from that mischievous and misbehaving crew. This Gines de Passamonte, whom Don Quixote called Ginesillo de Parapilla, was the person who stole Sancho Panza's Dapple; and the how and the when not being particularised in the first part, through the neglect of the printers, many have ascribed this fault of the press, to want of memory in the author. But in short Gines stole him, while Sancho Panza was asleep upon his back, making use of the same trick and device that Brunelo did, who, while Sacripante was at the siege of Albraca, stole his horse from between his legs; and afterwards Sancho recovered him in the same way, as we have already related. This Gines, then, being afraid of

falling into the hands of justice, which was in pursuit of him, in order to chastise him for his rogueries and crimes, which were so many and so flagrant, that he himself wrote a large volume of them, resolved to pass over to the kingdom of Arragon, and, covering his left eye, he took up the trade of puppet-playing and legerdemain, both of which he understood perfectly. Afterwards, lighting upon some christian slaves redeemed from Barbary, he purchased his ape, which he taught, at a given signal, to leap upon his shoulder, and mutter, or seem to mutter, something in his ear. This done, before he entered any town with his puppets and his ape, he informed himself in some neighbouring village, or where he best could, of what had happened in the town, and to whom; and bearing the circumstances carefully in his memory, he exhibited his show, which was sometimes of one story, and sometimes of another, but always pleasant, gay, and in general sufficiently known to his audience. The show ended, he then propounded the abilities of his ape, telling the company, that he disclosed all past and present things, but pretended to no knowledge of what were to come. His price for answering interrogatories was two reals, but he lowered it, according as he found the pulse of his clients beat; and in families, of whom he knew particular anecdotes, if they were unwilling to pay, he would sometimes give the cue to his oracle, receive the communication, and then pour it forth gratis; and if he gained no money by this, the divination tallied so exactly with

facts, that he gained both credit and followers. In general, indeed, being a shrewd fellow, his answers to questions, respecting which he was totally uninformed, came so pat, that, nobody hampering him with cross-examinations, or pressing him to tell by what means his ape divined, he gulled every body, and filled his pockets. The moment he entered the inn, he knew Don Quixote and Sancho; which made it easy for him to excite their wonder, and that of the bystanders. But it would have cost him dear, had the knight directed his hand a little lower, when he cut off king Marsilio's head, and destroyed all his cavalry, as is related in the foregoing chapter.

This is all that offers concerning master Peter and the ape: and now returning to Don Quixote de la Mancha, be it known, that he determined, before he went to Saragossa, first to visit the banks of the river Hebro, and all the adjacent parts, since he had time enough and to spare before the tournaments began. With this view he pursued his journey, and travelled two days without lighting on any thing worth recording, till, on the third day, going up a hill, he heard a noise of drums, trumpets, and guns. At first he thought some regiment of soldiers was marching that way, and he clapped spurs to Rozinante, and ascended the hill to see them: and, when at the top, he perceived, as he thought, in the valley beneath, some two hundred men, armed with various weapons, spears, cross-bows, partizans, halberds, pikes, a few guns, and many targets. He rode down into the

vale, and drew so near to the squadron, that he saw the banners, and could distinguish their colours, and the devices they bore; especially one of white satin, on which was painted to the life an ass, of the little Sardinian breed, holding up its head, its mouth open, and its tongue out, in the act and posture, as it were, of braying, and round it were these two verses in large letters:

“ The bailiffs twain
Bray'd not in vain.”

From this motto, Don Quixote gathered, that the assembled host must belong to the braying town, and he communicated the discovery to Sancho, telling him what was written on the banner, and that the person who had given him an account of this affair was mistaken in calling the two brayers aldermen, since, according to the motto, they must have been bailiffs. To which Sancho answered, “ That breaks no squares, sir; for it may very well be, that the aldermen, who brayed, in process of time rose to be bailiffs, and therefore might properly be called by both titles; though it signifies nothing to the truth of the history, whether they were bailiffs or aldermen, so long as they both brayed; for a bailiff is as likely to bray as an alderman.” In conclusion, they found, that the derided town had sallied forth to attack another, which had carried the jest too far, greatly exceeding the decorum to be expected from good neighbours. Don Quixote advanced towards them, to the no small concern of Sancho, who never

loved to make one in such expeditions; and the squadron received him, taking him for one of their party: but when he lifted up his vizor, and with an easy and graceful deportment, approached the ass-banner, the chiefs of the army gathered round, to look at him, struck with the admiration incident to all those who saw him for the first time. Our knight, perceiving them so intent upon gazing at him, without addressing a word to him, or asking him a single question, resolved to take advantage of this silence, and, breaking his own, he raised his voice and said:

“ Good gentlemen, I earnestly entreat you, not to interrupt a discourse I shall make to you, till you find, that it disgusts and tires you; in which case, I will, upon the least sign, clap a seal on my lips, and a gag upon my tongue.” They all desired him to say what he pleased, for they would hear him with the utmost good will; and with this licence he proceeded. “ Gentlemen,” said he, “ I am a knight-errant, whose exercise is that of arms, and his profession that of succouring those who stand in need of succour, and relieving the distressed. Some days ago I was informed of your grievance, and the cause that induces you to resort to arms at every turn, to revenge yourselves on your enemies. In consequence, I have often pondered the question in my mind, and I find, that, according to the laws of duel, you are mistaken in thinking yourselves affronted; for no individual can affront a whole town, unless by accusing them of treason conjointly, as not knowing

who committed the treason, of which he accuses them. Of this we have an example in Don Diego Ordonnez de Lara, who challenged all the inhabitants of Zamora, because he did not know, that Vellido Dolfos alone had been guilty of the crime of killing his king; and therefore did he challenge them all; and the revenge and answer belonged to them all; but he went too far, and greatly exceeded the limits of combat; for he needed not have included the dead, the waters, the bread, the unborn, nor several other things set forth in the challenge. But let that pass; for, when choler overflows its dam, the tongue has no father, governor, or bridle to restrain it. As a single person, then, cannot affront a kingdom, province, city, republic, or a whole town, it is clear, there is no reason for your marching out to revenge an affront, which is in reality none. Would it not be a pretty thing, truly, if those who make watches¹ should endeavour to knock out every body's brains, who called them by their trade? or if the cheese-mongers, the costard-mongers, the fish-mongers, sope-boilers, with those of several other names and appellations, in every body's mouth, and common among the vulgar; should be ashamed of their occupation, and be perpetually taking revenge, and making sackbuts of their swords upon every quarrel, however trivial? No, no, God neither permits nor wills it. Men of wisdom, and well-ordered commonwealths, ought not to have recourse to arms, draw their swords, and hazard their lives and fortunes,

except upon four accounts: first, to defend the catholic faith; secondly, to defend their own lives, which is agreeable to the natural and divine law; thirdly, to defend their honour, family, or estate; and fourthly, to defend their king, in a just war; and, if we may add a fifth, which may be ranked with the second, it is in the defence of their country. To these principal causes several others might be added, both just and reasonable, which may oblige us to fly to arms. But to have recourse to them for trifles, things rather subjects for laughter and pastime, than for serious resentment, looks like a desertion of common sense. Besides, to take an unjust revenge, and no revenge can be just, is to act in direct opposition to the holy religion we profess, by which we are commanded to do good to our enemies, and to love those that hate us; precepts, which, though seemingly difficult, are really not so to any but those, who have less of God than of the world, and more of the flesh than of the spirit; for Jesus Christ, true God and man, who never lied, nor could, nor can lie, and who is our legislator, has told us, 'his yoke is easy, and his burden light;' and he would not enjoin any thing impossible to be performed. So that, gentlemen, you are bound by all laws divine and human, to keep the peace, pocket the offence, which is no offence at all, and return home in quiet."

"The devil fetch me," quoth Sancho to himself, "if this master of mine be not a tologue;² or, if not

so, as like one, as one egg is like another." Don Quixote took breath a little, and, perceiving that his auditors were still attentive, he was inclined to proceed in his harangue, and had certainly done so, if Sancho's acuteness had not interposed, who, availing himself of the pause, took up the cudgels for him, saying, "My master Don Quixote de la Mancha, once called the knight of the rueful countenance, and now the knight of the lions, is a sage gentleman, and understands Latin and the vulgar tongue like any bachelor of arts; and, in all he handles or advises, proceeds like an expert soldier, having all the laws and statutes of what is called duel at his fingers' ends; and so there is no more to be done, but to govern yourselves by his direction, and if you do amiss, let the blame be mine: besides, you have just been told, how foolish it is to be offended at hearing a man bray. I remember, when I was a boy, I brayed as often as I pleased, without any body's hindering me, and with such grace and propriety, that, whenever I did it, all the asses of the town brayed too, and yet for all that, I did not cease to be the son of my parents, who were very honest people, and, though for this rare ability I was envied by more than a few of the proudest of my neighbours, I cared not two farthings. And to convince you, that I speak the truth, do but stay and hearken; for this science, like that of swimming, once learned, is never forgotten."

Then, laying his hands to his nostrils, he began to

bray so strenuously, that the adjacent valleys resounded again ; upon which one of those, who stood close by him, believing he was mocking them, lifted up a pole which he had in his hand, and gave him such a polt with it, that poor Sancho Panza was brought to the ground. Don Quixote, seeing his squire so evil entreated, made at the striker with his lance, but so many interposed, that it was impossible for him to be revenged ; on the contrary, finding a shower of stones come thick upon him, and a thousand cross-bows presented, and as many guns levelled, he turned Rozinante about, and, as fast as he could gallop, got out from among them, recommending himself to God with all his heart, to deliver him from this danger, fearing, at every step, lest some bullet should enter at his back and come out at his breast ; and every moment fetching his breath, to try, whether it failed him or not. But, satisfied with seeing him fly, those of the squadron did not shoot after him. As for Sancho, they set him again upon his ass, though scarcely come to himself, and suffered him to follow his master ; not that he was able to guide the ass, but Dapple naturally took Rozinante's steps, not enduring to be a moment from him. Don Quixote, when at a good distance, turned his head, and seeing that Sancho followed, and finding that nobody pursued, he stopped till he came up. The squadron remained under arms till night, and the enemy not coming forth to battle, they then returned each to his own home, joyful and merry ; and had they known

the practice of the ancient Greeks, they would not have failed erecting a trophy in that place, where, without a blow, they had triumphed.

CHAP. XI.

Of things, which Benengeli says, he who reads them will know, if he read with attention.

WHEN the valiant man flies, it is plain he is over-matched; for it is the part of wisdom, to reserve itself for better occasions. This truth was verified in Don Quixote, who, giving way to the fury of the multitude, and the evil intentions of so resentful a squadron, took to his heels, and, without thinking of Sancho, or of the danger in which he left him, proceeded as far from the field, as he deemed sufficient for his safety. Sancho followed him athwart his beast, for so he had been mounted. At last he came up to him, his senses a little recovered, yet not so much so, but that he fell from Dapple at the feet of Rozinante, all battered and bruised, and in terrible anguish. Don Quixote alighted to examine his wounds, but, finding him whole from head to foot, with much choler said, "In an unlucky hour, Sancho, must thou needs show thy skill in braying: where, in God's name, didst thou learn, that it was becoming to name a halter in the house of a man that was hanged? To the music of braying, what countersign couldst thou expect but that of a cudgel? Give God thanks,

Sancho, that instead of crossing thy back with a cudgel, they did not make the sign of the cross on thee with a cimitar." "I am at present in no condition to answer," replied Sancho, "for methinks I speak through my shoulders; let us mount, and be gone from this place, and as for braying, I will have done with it, but I shall never have done with telling, that knights-errant fly, and leave their faithful squires to be beaten to powder by their enemies." "To retreat is not to fly," answered Don Quixote, "for be it known to thee, Sancho, that the valour, which has not prudence for its basis, is termed rashness, and the exploits of the rash are ascribed rather to their good fortune than their courage. I confess I did retreat, but I did not fly; and herein I imitated sundry valiant persons, who have reserved themselves for better times; and of this histories are full of examples, which, as they are of no profit to thee, or pleasure to me, I shall at present omit."

By this time Sancho was mounted, with the assistance of Don Quixote, who likewise bestrode *Rozinante*; and fair and softly they took the way toward a grove of poplars, which they perceived at the distance of about a quarter of a league. Sancho every now and then heaved a most profound sigh, accompanied with a piteous groan: and Don Quixote asking him the cause of such bitter moaning, he answered, that he was in such pain from the lowest point of his back-bone to the nape of his neck, that he was ready to swoon. "The cause of this pain," said the knight,

“ must doubtless be, that the pole with which they struck thee, being a long one, it took in thy whole back, where lie all the parts that give thee pain, and if it had reached farther, thy pain would have extended with it.” “ Before God,” quoth Sancho, “ your worship has brought me out of a grand doubt, and explained it in very fine terms. Body of me ! was the cause of my pain so hidden, that it was necessary to tell me, that I felt pain in all those parts which the pole reached ? If my ancles ached, you might not perhaps so easily guess, why they pained me, but to divine, that I am pained because beaten, is no great business. In faith, master of mine, other men’s harms hang by a hair : I descry land more and more every day, and what little I am to expect from keeping your worship company ;¹ for if this bout you let me be basted, we shall return again, and a hundred times again, to our old blanket-tossing and other follies ; which, if to-day they have fallen upon my back, to-morrow will fall upon my eyes. It would be much better for me, but that I am a barbarian, and shall never do any thing that is right while I live ; I say again, it would be much better for me, to return to my own house, and to my wife and children, to maintain and bring them up with the little God shall be pleased to give me, and not be following your worship through roadless roads, and pathless paths, drinking ill and eating worse. Then for sleeping, measure out, brother squire, seven feet of earth, and, if that be not sufficient, take as

many more, it is in your own power to dish up the mess, and stretch yourself to your heart's content.² I wish I may see the first, who set on foot knight-errantry, burnt to ashes, or at least the first that would needs be squires to such ideots, as all the knights-errant of former times must have been. I say nothing of the present, for, your worship being one of them, I am bound to pay them respect, and I am not ignorant besides, that your worship knows a point beyond the devil in all you talk and think."

"I would lay a good wager with thee, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that now thou art talking, and without interruption, thou hast no pain in any part of thy body. Talk on, my son, all that occurs to thy thoughts, whatever comes uppermost; for, so thou hast no pain, I shall take pleasure in the very trouble thy impertinences give me; and if thou hast so great a desire to return home to thy wife and children, God forbid I should hinder thee. Thou hast money of mine in thy hands; see how long it is since we entered upon this third sally from our town, and how much thou couldst have earned per month, and pay thyself." "When I served Thomas Carrasco, father of the bachelor Samson Carrasco, whom your worship knows full well," said Sancho, "I was paid two ducats a month, besides my victuals; with your worship I cannot tell what I might earn; though I am sure it is a greater drudgery to be a squire to a knight-errant, than servant to a farmer; for, in fact, we, who serve husbandmen, though we labour never so

hard in the daytime, let the worst come to the worst, at night we have a supper, and a bed to sleep on, which is more than I have had since I have served your worship, excepting the short time we were the guests of Don Diego de Miranda, the good cheer from the skimming of Camacho's kettle, and while I eat, drank, and slept at the house of Basilius: all the rest of the time have I laid me down on the hard ground, in the open air, subject to what are called the inclemencies of the heavens, living upon crusts of bread and scraps of cheese, and drinking, sometimes from the brook, and sometimes from the fountain, such water as we met with in our way."

"I confess, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote, "that all thou hast said is true; how much dost thou think thy wages ought to exceed what was given thee by farmer Thomas Carrasco?" "I think," quoth Sancho, "if your worship were to add two reals a month, I should deem myself well paid; I mean as to wages due for my labour; but as to the promise your worship made, of bestowing on me the government of an island, it would be just and reasonable you should add six reals more; which would make thirty in all." "Be it so," replied Don Quixote; "then, according to the wages thou hast allotted thyself, reckon, Sancho, in proportion, and see what I owe thee for the five and twenty days since we sallied from our town; and pay thyself, as I have already said, with thy own hand." "Body of me," quoth Sancho, "your worship is clean out in the reckoning, for, as to the

business of the promised island, we must compute from the day you promised me, to the present hour." "Why, how long is it since I promised it?" said Don Quixote. "If I remember right," answered Sancho, "it is about twenty years and three days, more or less." Here the knight, slapping his forehead with the palm of his hand, began to laugh heartily, and said, "Why, my rambles in the sable mountain, with the whole series of our excursions, scarcely occupy two months; and darest thou say, Sancho, that it is twenty years since I promised thee the island? I see thy drift, Sancho; thou hast a mind that thy wages should swallow up all the money thou hast of mine in thy possession; and if it be so, if such be thy desire, keep it, I give it thee freely, and much good may it do thee; for provided I get rid of so worthless a squire, I shall not repine at being left poor and penniless. But tell me, thou perverter of the squirely ordinances of knight-errantry, where hast thou seen or read, that any squire to a knight-errant ever presumed to article with his master, and say, so much per month must you give me to serve you? Lanch, lanch out, cut-throat, scoundrel, and hobgoblin, for such thou art; lanch, I say, into the *mare magnum* of their histories, and, if thou canst find, that any squire has said, or thought, what thou hast now said, I will give thee leave to nail it on my forehead, and to write fool upon my face, over and over again, in capitals. Turn about the bridle, or halter, of Dapple, and get thee

home, for not a step farther shalt thou go with me. O bread ill bestowed! O promises ill placed! O wretch, who hast more of the beast than of the man! Now, when I thought of settling thee, and in such a way, that, in spite of thy wife, thou shouldst have been styled your lordship, dost thou leave me? Now, when I had taken a firm and effectual resolution, to make thee governor of the best island in the world? But, as thou hast thyself often said, ‘honey is not for an ass’s mouth.’ An ass thou art, an ass thou wilt continue to be, and an ass thou wilt die; for I verily believe, thy life will reach its final period, before thou wilt perceive or be convinced what a beast thou art.”

Sancho looked very wistfully at his master all the while he was thus rating him; and so great was the compunction he felt, that the tears stood in his eyes, and, with a doleful and faint voice, he said, “Dear sir, I confess, that, to be a complete ass, I want nothing but a tail; if your worship therefore will be pleased to put me on one, I shall deem it well placed, and will serve your worship in the quality of an ass, as long as I may have to live. Pardon me, dear sir; have pity on my ignorance, and consider, that, if my tongue moves too freely, it proceeds more from infirmity than malice, and that ‘He who errs and mends, himself to God commends.’” “I should have wondered much, Sancho,” quoth Don Quixote, “if thou hadst not mingled some savoury proverb with thy talk. Well, I forgive thee, upon condition of thy

amendment, and that henceforward thou wilt show thyself less selfish, and endeavour to enlarge thy heart, and take courage, and strengthen thy mind to expect the accomplishment of my promises, which, though deferred, are not therefore desperate." Sancho answered, that he would, though he should be obliged to draw strength from weakness.

They now entered the grove of poplars; and Don Quixote accommodated himself at the foot of an elm, and Sancho at the foot of a beech; for such trees have always feet, though they have no hands. Sancho passed the night uneasily, the cold renewing the pain of his bruises, and Don Quixote in his wonted meditations; yet they both slept, and at break of day pursued their way towards the banks of the renowned Hebro, where befell them what shall be related in the next chapter.

CHAP. XII.

Of the famous adventure of the enchanted bark.

AT the expiration of two days after leaving the grove of poplars, Don Quixote and Sancho, travelling as softly as foot could fall, came to the river Hebro, the sight of which gave Don Quixote great pleasure, as he contemplated the verdure of its banks, the clearness of its waters, the smoothness of its current, and the abundance of its liquid crystal; and by the

cheerful prospect, a thousand amorous thoughts were brought to his remembrance, and particularly what he had seen in the cave of Montesinos; for though master Peter's ape had told him, that part of those things was true, and part false, he inclined rather to believe them all true, Sancho's opinion notwithstanding, who considered the whole account as a complete tissue of lies.

As they sauntered along in this manner, they perceived a small bark, without oars, or any sort of tackle, fastened to the trunk of a tree, which grew on the brink of the river. Don Quixote, looking every way round, and seeing nobody, alighted without more ado, and ordered Sancho to do the same, and to tie the beasts fast to the body of a willow, that opportunely presented itself. Sancho asked the reason of this hasty alighting and tying; and Don Quixote answered, "Thou must know, Sancho, that this vessel lies here for no other reason in the world, but to invite me to embark, and hasten to succour some knight, or person of high degree, who is in extreme distress; for such is the practice of enchanters in the books of chivalry, who, when some knight happens to be engaged in a difficulty, from which he cannot be delivered, but by the hand of another knight, though perhaps at the distance of two or three thousand leagues, or more, they either snatch him up in a cloud, or furnish him with a boat, and, in less than the twinkling of an eye, carry him through the air, or over the sea, whither they list, or where his as-

sistance is wanted. This bark, therefore, O Sancho, as sure as it is now day, is placed here for the self-same purpose; and, before the day be spent, make haste to fasten Dapple and Rozinante securely together, and the hand of God be our guide, for I would not fail to embark, though bare-footed friars themselves should entreat me to desist."¹ "Since it is so," answered Sancho, "and that your worship will every step be running into these same, how shall I call them? extravagancies, there is no remedy but to obey, and bow the head, giving heed to the proverb, Do what your master bids you, and sit down by him at table. But for all that, as to what pertains to the discharge of my conscience, I must warn your worship, that, to my mind, this same boat does not belong to the enchanted, but to some fishermen upon the river, for here they are said to catch the best shads in the world."

This remonstrance was made while he was tying the cattle, to leave them to the protection and care of enchanters, to the great grief of his soul. Don Quixote bid him be in no pain about forsaking either Dapple or Rozinante; for he, who was to convey their riders through ways and regions of such longitude, would take care to feed them. "I do not understand your longitudes," said Sancho, "nor have I heard such a word in all the days of my life." "Longitude," replied Don Quixote, "means length; but no wonder thou dost not understand it; for thou art not bound to know Latin; though some

there are, who pretend to know a great deal of it, and are quite as ignorant as thyself." "Well, now they are tied," quoth Sancho, "what must we do next?" "What?" answered Don Quixote, "why, bless ourselves, and weigh anchor; I mean, embark, and cut the rope by which the vessel is fastened:" and leaping into it, Sancho, following him, cut the cord, and the boat floated gently from the shore. When the squire saw himself a yard or two from the bank, he began to quake, fearing he should be lost; but nothing troubled him more than hearing his ass bray, and seeing Rozinante struggling to get loose; and he said to his master, "The ass brays, bemoaning our absence, and Rozinante is endeavouring to get loose, to throw himself into the river after us. O dearest friends, abide in peace, and may the madness, which separates us from you, converted into repentance, bring us quickly back to your sweet presence!" and he began to weep so bitterly, that Don Quixote was angry, and said, "Of what art thou afraid, cowardly creature? Why weepest thou, heart of butter? Who pursues, who hurts thee, soul of a house-rat? Or, in the midst of the bowels of abundance, what wantest thou, poor starveling? Art thou, peradventure, trudging barefoot over the Rhiphean mountains? No, but seated upon a bench, like an archduke, gliding smoothly down the stream of this charming river, whence, in a short space we shall issue out into the boundless ocean. But doubtless we are there already, for we must have gone at

least seven or eight hundred leagues. If I had an astrolabe, to take the elevation of the pole, I would tell the exact distance we have sailed ; though either I know little of navigation, or we have already passed, or shall presently pass, the equinoctial line, which divides and cuts the globe into two equal parts." " And when we arrive at that same line your worship speaks of," quoth Sancho, " how far shall we have travelled?" " A prodigious way," replied Don Quixote ; " for, of three hundred and sixty degrees, contained in the terraqueous globe, according to the computation of Ptolomy, the greatest geographer in the world, we shall have traversed, when we come to that line, one half." " By the Lord," quoth Sancho, " your worship has brought a very pretty fellow, that same Tolmy, how d'ye call him ? with his amputation, to vouch for the truth of what you say."

Don Quixote smiled at Sancho's blunders, but without regarding them, said, " Thou must know, Sancho, that one of the signs, by which the Spaniards, and those who embark at Cadiz for the East Indies, discover whether they have passed the equinoctial line, is, that all the lice upon every man's body in the ship die, not one remaining alive ; nor could one be found in the vessel, though its weight in gold were offered for it ; and therefore, Sancho, pass thy hand over thy thigh, and if thou lightest upon any thing alive, we shall be out of this doubt, and, if not, shall have passed the line." " I have no faith

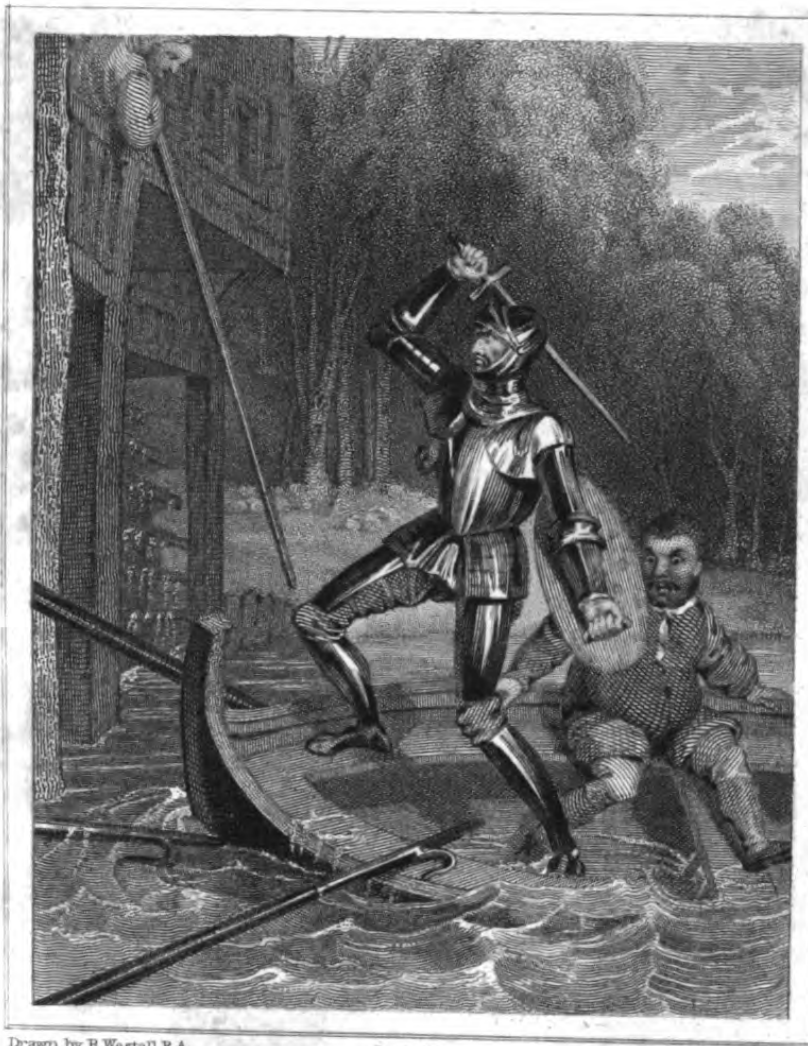
in all this," answered Sancho; "but for all that, I will do as your worship bids me, though I do not see what occasion there is for making the experiment, since my own eyes tell me, that we are not five yards from the bank, nor fallen two below our cattle, for yonder stand Rozinante and Dapple in the very place where we left them; and, taking aim as I do now,² I vow to God we do not move an ant's pace." "Sancho," said Don Quixote, "make the trial I bid thee, and give thyself no further concern; for thou dost not know what belongs to colures, lines, parallels, zodiacs, ecliptics, poles, solstices, equinoctials, planets, signs, points, and measures, of which the celestial and terrestrial globes are composed; for didst thou know all these things, or but a part of them, thou wouldst plainly perceive what parallels we have cut, what signs we have seen, what constellations we have left behind us, and what we are just now leaving. Again, therefore, I bid thee feel thyself all over, and fish; for I have no doubt thou wilt find thyself as clean, as a sheet of smooth and white paper." Sancho carried his hand softly and gently towards his left ham, and then lifted up his head, and looking significantly at his master, said, "Either the experiment is false, or we are not arrived where your worship says, no, not by a great many leagues." "Why," quoth Don Quixote, "hast thou caught something then?" "Ay, several somethings," answered Sancho; and shaking his fingers, he washed his whole hand in the river, down the

current of which the boat was gliding, moved by no secret influence, nor by any concealed enchanter, but merely by the stream, which was then smooth and calm.

Proceeding in this manner they presently discovered a large water-mill, standing in the midst of the river, and instantly Don Quixote exclaimed triumphantly to Sancho, "Behold, my friend, behold, yonder appears the city, castle, or fortress, in which some knight lies under oppression, or some queen, infanta, or princess in evil plight; for whose relief I am brought hither." "What the devil does your worship mean by a city, fortress, or castle?" quoth Sancho; "do you not perceive, that it is a mill, erected in the river for the grinding of corn?" "Peace, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote; "for, though it seems to be a mill, it is not so: have I not often told thee, that enchantments transform and change things from their natural shape? I do not say they change them really from one thing to another, but they do so in appearance, as we experienced in the transformation of Dulcinea, the sole refuge of my hopes."

The boat, being now in the middle of the current, began to move a little faster than it had hitherto done. The millers seeing it coming thus adrift, and knowing that it must presently fall into the mill-stream, ran in haste with long poles to stop it; and their faces and clothes being covered with meal, they made rather a ghostly appearance, which was little mended by the manner in which they bawled to our

knight and squire. "Devils of men," said they, "where are you going? are ye desperate, that you have a mind to drown yourselves, or be ground to pieces by the wheels?" "Did I not tell thee, Sancho," said Don Quixote, at this juncture, "that we were come where I must demonstrate, how far the valour of my arm extends? look, what murderers and felons come out against me; perfect hobgoblins, thinking with their ugly countenances to scare us. But ye shall see, rascals, ye shall see!" And, standing up in the boat, he began to threaten and revile the millers, exclaiming, "Ill meaning and worse advised scoundrels, set at liberty the person you keep under oppression in that your fortress or prison, be he of high or low degree; for know, I am Don Quixote de la Mancha, otherwise called the knight of the lions, for whom, by order of the high heavens, the happy termination of this adventure is reserved." And, drawing his sword, he began to fence with it in the air against the millers, who hearing, but not understanding his rhapsody, proceeded in their attempts to stop the boat, which was just entering into the eddy of the wheels. Sancho fell upon his knees, and prayed devoutly to Heaven to deliver him from so apparent a danger, which was effected by the diligence and agility of the millers, who, setting their poles against the boat, stopped it, though not so dexterously, but that they overset it, and tipped Don Quixote and Sancho both into the water. It was well for the knight, that he knew how to swim like a goose;



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DON QUIXOTE.

VOL. III.

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nevertheless did the weight of his armour sink him twice to the bottom, and but for the millers, who threw themselves into the river, and, as it were, craned them both up, they must inevitably have perished.³

When they were dragged on shore, more wet than thirsty, Sancho, kneeling, with hands joined and eyes uplifted, beseeched God, in a long and devout prayer, to deliver him thenceforward from the daring desires and enterprises of his master. And now came the fishermen, owners of the boat, which the mill-wheels had crushed to pieces; and, seeing it in this state, they began to strip Sancho, and demand reparation of his master, who, with great tranquillity, as if nothing had befallen him, told the millers and the fishermen he would pay for the boat with all his heart, upon condition they would deliver up to him, free and without ransom, the person or persons who were under oppression in their castle. "What persons, or what castle dost mean, madman?" answered one of the millers: "wouldst carry off those who come to grind their corn at our mill?" "Enough," thought Don Quixote to himself; "it will be preaching in the desert, to endeavour, by entreaty, to prevail with such rascalions to do any thing that is honourable: and, in this adventure, two able enchanters must have engaged, the one frustrating the attempts of the other, one providing me with a bark, and the other oversetting it: God help us! the world is nothing but machinations and tricks, plots and

counterplots: I can however do no more." Then, looking towards the mill, he raised his voice, and said, " Friends, whoever you are that are enclosed in this prison, pardon me, that, through my ill-fortune and yours, I am unable to deliver you from your affliction; this adventure being kept and reserved for some other knight." Having said this, he compounded with the fishermen, and paid fifty reals for the boat, which Sancho disbursed much against his will, saying, " A couple more of such embarkations will sink our whole capital." The fishermen and millers stood for a while gazing at these two figures, so much out of the fashion and semblance of other men; but not being able to comprehend either our knight's discourse or his questions, and considering both master and squire as madmen, they soon left them, and betook themselves to their mill, as the fishermen did to their huts; upon which Don Quixote and Sancho, like beasts themselves, returned to their beasts; and thus ended the adventure of the enchanted bark.⁴

CHAP. XIII.

Of what befell Don Quixote with a fair huntress.

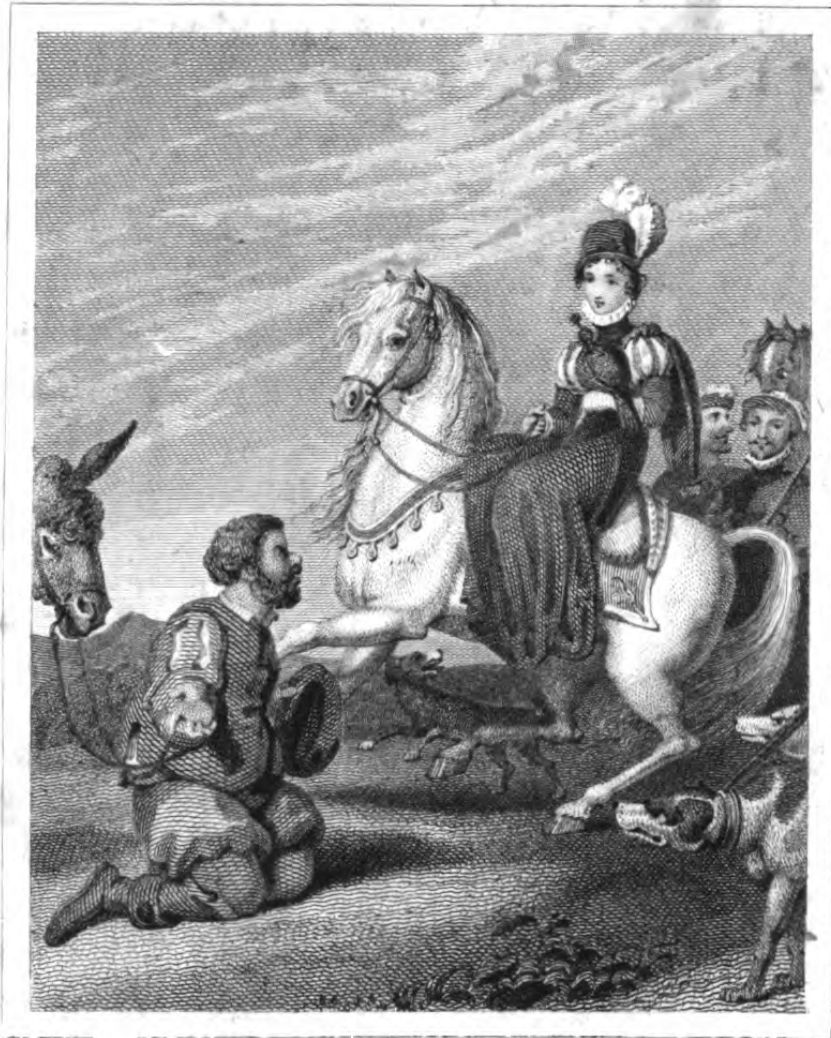
SUFFICIENTLY out of humour, and in the dumps, did the knight and squire arrive at their cattle; especially Sancho, who was grieved to the very soul, to have touched their capital with so heavy a hand;

all that was taken from thence seeming to him to be so much plucked from the very apples of his eyes. They mounted, without exchanging a word, and quitted the famous river ; Don Quixote buried in the thoughts of his love, and Sancho in those of his ferment, which he deemed for the present extremely remote : for, blockhead as he was, he saw well enough, that most, or all of his master's actions were extravagancies, and he waited for an opportunity, without settling accounts or discharges, to walk off, and march home. But fortune ordered matters quite contrary to his apprehensions.

It fell out then, that the next day, about sunset, on their quitting a wood, Don Quixote cast his eyes over a green meadow, and saw several persons assembled at the farther side of it, who, he soon perceived, were taking the diversion of hawking. Drawing nearer, he observed among the group a gallant lady upon a palfrey, or milk-white pad, with green furniture, and a side-saddle of cloth interwrought with silver. The lady also was arrayed in green, and her attire so rich and so full of fancy, that fancy herself seemed transformed into her. On her left hand she carried a hawk ; whence Don Quixote conjectured she must be a lady of high rank, and mistress of all the sportsmen about her, as in truth she was ; and he said to Sancho, “ Run, son Sancho, and tell that lady of the palfrey and the hawk, that I, the knight of the lions, salute her resplendent beauty, and, if her highness give me leave, I will wait upon her to

kiss her fair hands, and to serve her to the utmost of my power, in whatever her highness shall command : and take heed, Sancho, how thou demeanest thyself, and have a care not to interlard thy embassy with any of thy proverbs." " You have hit upon a notable word," quoth Sancho ; " interlarder, indeed ; why this to me ? as if this were the first time I had carried a message to high and mighty ladies in my life." " Excepting that to the lady Dulcinea," replied Don Quixote, " I know of none thou hast carried, at least none from me." " That is true," answered Sancho ; " but a good paymaster needs no surety : and where there is plenty, dinner is not long a dressing ; I mean there is no need of advising me : for I am prepared for every thing, and have a smattering of every thing." " I believe it, Sancho," quoth Don Quixote ; " so, go in a good hour, and God be with thee."

Sancho went off at a round rate, forcing Dapple out of his usual pace, till he came where the fair huntress was ; then alighting, and kneeling before her, he said, " Beauteous lady, that knight yonder, called the knight of the lions, is my master, and I am his squire, called at home Sancho Panza. This same knight of the lions, who not long ago was called he of the rueful countenance, sends by me to desire your grandeur would be pleased to give leave, that, with your liking, good-will, and consent, he may approach and accomplish his wishes, which, as he says, and I believe, are no other, than to serve your high-towering falconry and beauty : which, if your ladyship grant,



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you will do a thing that will redound to your grandeur's advantage, and he will receive a most signal favour and satisfaction."

"Truly, good squire," answered the lady, "you have delivered your message with all the circumstances, which such embassies require: rise up; for it is not fit the squire of so renowned a knight, as he of the rueful countenance, of whom we have already heard a great deal, should remain upon his knees; rise, friend, and tell your master, he may come and welcome; and that I and the duke my spouse are at his service in a country-seat we have at a little distance from hence." Sancho rose up, in admiration as well at the good lady's beauty, as her great breeding and courtesy, and especially at what she had said, that she had some knowledge of his master, the knight of the rueful countenance: and, if she did not call him knight of the lions, he concluded it was, because he had assumed that appellation so very lately. The duchess, whose title is not yet known, said to him, "Tell me, brother squire, is not this master of yours, of whom there is spreading through the world, a history in print, called The ingenious gentleman Don Quixote de la Mancha, who has for mistress of his affections one Dulcinea del Toboso?" "The very same," answered Sancho; "and I myself am that squire of his, called Sancho Panza, who is mentioned, or ought to be mentioned, in that same history, unless they have changed me in the cradle, I mean in the press." "I am very glad of all this,

quoth the duchess: "go therefore, brother Panza, and tell your master, he is heartily welcome to my estate, and that nothing could happen to me, that would have given me greater pleasure, than his arrival." With this agreeable answer, Sancho, infinitely delighted, returned to his master, to whom he recounted all that the great lady had said to him, extolling, in his rustic phrase, her beauty, good humour, and courteous behaviour, to the skies. Don Quixote, putting on his best airs, seated himself handsomely in his saddle, adjusted his vizor, enlivened Rozinante's mettle, and with a genteel assurance advanced to kiss the duchess's hand, who, having caused the duke her husband to be called, had informed him, while Don Quixote approached, of the purport of Sancho's message. As they had read the first part of this history, and learned from it the extravagant humour of the knight, they waited for him with impatience, expecting great pleasure from the visit, being fully determined to gratify his humour, and give him his own way, and treat him like a knight-errant, all the while he should stay, observing all the ceremonies usual in books of chivalry, of which they had read many, and were also extremely fond.

Don Quixote now approached, with his beaver up; and making a show of alighting, Sancho was hastening to hold his stirrup, but was so unlucky, that, in dismounting from Dapple, his foot caught in one of the stirrup ropes, in a manner that it was

impossible for him to disentangle himself; and he hung by it with his face and breast on the ground. The knight not being used to alight, without having his stirrup held, and thinking Sancho was doing his office, threw himself off with a swing, and the saddle, which was ill girted, and he came to the ground together, to his no small shame and mortification, and many a heavy curse did he mutter between his teeth on the unfortunate Sancho, who had still his legs in the hempen stocks. The duke ordered some of his sportsmen to assist the prostrate adventurers; and they raised up Don Quixote, who was in ill plight through this fall: yet limping, and as well as he could, he made shift to advance for the purpose of kneeling before the duke and his lady. But the duke would by no means suffer it: on the contrary, alighting himself, he went and embraced Don Quixote, saying, "I am very sorry, sir knight of the rueful countenance, that your first arrival at my estate should prove so unfortunate: but the carelessness of squires is often the occasion of worse mischances." "It could not be accounted unfortunate, O valorous prince," answered Don Quixote, "though I had fallen to the botton of the deep abyss; for the glory of having seen your highness would have raised me even from thence. My squire, God's curse light upon him, is better at letting loose his tongue to say unlucky things, than at fastening a saddle to make it sit firm; but whether down or up, on foot or on horseback, I shall always be at the service of your

highness, and of my lady duchess, your worthy consort, and worthy mistress of all beauty, and universal princess of courtesy." "Softly, dear signor Don Quixote de la Mancha," quoth the duke; "for where lady Donna Dulcinea del Toboso is, other beauties should be less praised."

Sancho Panza was now free from the noose; and happening to be near, before his master could answer, he said, "It cannot be denied, but must ever be affirmed, that my lady Dulcinea del Toboso is extremely beautiful: but where we are least aware, there starts the hare. I have heard, that what they call Nature, is like a potter, who makes earthen vessels; and he, who makes one handsome vessel, may also make two, three, or a hundred. This I say, because, on my faith, my lady the duchess comes not a whit behind my mistress the lady Dulcinea del Toboso." Don Quixote then turned to the duchess, and said, "I assure you, madam, never any knight-errant in the world had a more prating, or a more merry-conceited squire, than I have; and he will be sure to make my words good, should your highness be pleased to make use of my service for a day or two." To which the duchess answered, "I am glad to hear that honest Sancho is pleasant; it is a sign he is discreet; for pleasantry and good-humour, signor Don Quixote, as your worship well knows, dwell not in dull noddles; and since Sancho is gay and witty, from henceforward I pronounce him to be a right trusty squire." "And a prate-pace," added

Don Quixote. "So much the better," quoth the duke; "for many good things cannot be expressed in few words; but, that we may not throw away all our time upon them, come on, great knight of the rueful countenance." "Of the lions, your highness should say," quoth Sancho; "the rueful countenance is now no more." "Of the lions then let it be," continued the duke: "and again I say, come on, sir knight of the lions, to a castle of mine hard by, where you shall be received in a manner suitable to a person of so elevated a rank, and as the duchess and I are wont to receive all knights-errant, who honour it with their presence."

By this time Sancho had adjusted and well-girted Rozinante's saddle; and Don Quixote, mounting his steed, and the duke a very fine horse, they placed the duchess in the middle, and rode towards the castle. The duchess ordered Sancho to be near her, as she was mightily pleased with his conceits. Sancho was easily prevailed upon, and, winding himself in among the three, made a fourth in the conversation, to the great satisfaction of the duke and duchess, who deemed themselves singularly fortunate, in having to entertain in their castle so errant a knight, and so erring a squire.

CHAP. XIV.

Which treats of many and great things.

EXCESSIVE was the joy of Sancho, on seeing himself, to his thinking, a favourite of the duchess; not doubting, that he should find in her castle the same plenty, that he had experienced in the mansion of Don Diego, or under the humble roof of Basilius; for he was always a lover of good cheer, and consequently took every opportunity of regaling himself by the forelock, where, and whenever it presented itself. Now the history relates, that, before they came to the pleasure-house or castle, the duke rode on before, and gave all his servants their cue, in what manner they were to behave to Don Quixote; who no sooner arrived with the duchess at the gate, than two lacqueys or grooms issued out, clad in morning-gowns of fine crimson satin reaching to their heels; and taking the knight in their arms, said to him, without being noticed, "Go, great sir, and assist our lady the duchess to dismount." Don Quixote did so, and great compliments passed between them thereupon. But the obstinacy of the duchess prevailed, who would not descend from her palfrey, but in the arms of the duke, saying, she did not think herself worthy to charge so grand a knight with so unprofitable a burden. At length the duke performed the office, and they entered into a spacious court-yard, when two beautiful damsels came, and

threw over Don Quixote's shoulders a large mantle of the finest scarlet, and in an instant all the galleries of the court-yard were crowded with male and female servants, crying aloud, "Welcome, thou flower and cream of knights-errant!" and whole bottles of sweet-scented waters were sprinkled upon Don Quixote, and the duke and duchess; at all which the knight wondered greatly: and this was the first day that he was thoroughly convinced of his being a true knight-errant, and not an imaginary one, finding himself treated, just as he had read knights-errant were treated in former times.

Sancho, abandoning Dapple, tacked himself close to the duchess, and entered into the castle; but, his conscience soon pricking him, for having left his ass alone, he approached a reverend duenna, who, among others, came out to receive the duchess, and said to her in a whisper, "Mistress Gonzalez, or, what is your duennaship's name?" "Donna Rodriguez de Grijalva," answered the duenna; "what would you please to have with me, brother?" To which Sancho answered, "Be so good, sweetheart, as to step to the castle-gate, where you will find a dapple ass of mine; and be so kind as to order him to be put, or put him yourself, into the stable; for the poor thing is a little timorous, and cannot abide to be alone by any means in the world." "If the master be of a piece with the man," answered the duenna, "we are finely thriven. Go, brother, in an evil hour for you and him that brought you hither, and know, you and

your beast, that the duennas of this house are not accustomed to such offices." "Why truly," answered Sancho, "I have heard my master, who is the very mine-finder¹ of histories, in relating the story of Lancelot, when he from Britain came, say, that ladies took care of his person, and duennas of his horse; and, as to the particular of my ass, I would not change him for signor Lancelot's charger." "If you are a buffoon, brother," replied the duenna, "keep your jokes for a place where they may make a better figure, and where you may be paid for them; for from me you will get nothing for them but a fig." "That is pretty well, however," answered Sancho; "for I am sure it will be a ripe one; for if old be the game, there will be no danger of your losing it for want of a trick."² "You son of a whore," cried the duenna, all on fire with rage, "whether I am old or not, to God I am to give an account, and not to you, you rascally, garlic-eating stinkard." This she uttered so loud, that the duchess heard it, and turning about, and seeing the duenna so disturbed, and her eyes red as blood, she asked her with whom she was so angry. "With this good man here," answered the duenna, "who has desired me in good earnest, to go and set up an ass of his, that stands at the castle-gate; bringing me for a precedent, that the same thing was done, I know not where, by one Lancelot, and telling me, how certain ladies looked after him, and certain duennas after his steed; and to mend the matter, in mannerly terms, called me

old woman." "I should consider that for the greatest affront that could be offered me," answered the duchess; and, addressing herself to Sancho, she said, "Be assured, friend Sancho, that Donna Rodriguez is still in her youth, and wears that veil more for authority and the fashion, than on account of her years." "May the remainder of those I have to live never prosper," answered Sancho, "if I meant her ill: I only said it, because the tenderness I have for my ass is so great, that I thought I could not recommend him to a more charitable person, than to signora Donna Rodriguez." Don Quixote, who overheard all, said, "Is this discourse, Sancho, fit for such a place?" "Sir," answered Sancho, "every one must speak of his wants, be he where he will. Here I bethought me of Dapple, and here I spoke of him; and if I had thought of him in the stable, I had spoken of him there." On which the duke said, "Sancho is very much in the right, and not to be blamed in any thing: Dapple shall have provender to his heart's content; and let Sancho be under no farther concern, for he shall be treated like his own person."

With this conversation, pleasing to all but Don Quixote, they mounted the stairs, and the knight was conducted into a large hall, hung with rich tissue and cloth of gold and brocade. Six damsels unarmed him, and served him as pages, all instructed and tutored by the duke and duchess what they were to do, and how they were to behave towards

him, that he might imagine and see they used him like a knight-errant. Being unarmed, he remained in his strait breeches and shamoy doublet, lean, tall, and stiff, his sunken cheeks meeting and kissing each other; so strange a figure, that, if the damsels who waited upon him, had not taken care to contain themselves, according to the precise orders they had received, they must have burst with laughing. They desired he would suffer himself to be undressed, that they might shift him; but he would by no means consent, observing, that modesty was as becoming a knight-errant as courage; and he bade them give the shirt to Sancho, with whom shutting himself up in a room, in which was a rich bed, he stripped and shifted himself. And now finding himself alone with Sancho, he said to him, "Tell me, thou modern buffoon, and antique blockhead, dost thou think it a becoming thing, to dishonour and affront a duenna, so venerable and so worthy of respect? Was that a time to think of Dapple? Are these gentry likely to let our beasts fare poorly, who treat their owners so elegantly? For the love of God, Sancho, curb thyself, and do not discover the grain, lest it should be seen of how coarse a country web thou art spun. Look ye, sinner, the master is so much the more esteemed, by how much his servants are civiler and better bred; and one of the greatest advantages great persons have over others, is, that those they employ are as good as themselves. Dost thou not consider, plague to thyself, and torment to me, that, if people

perceive thou art a base-born clown, or a ridiculous fool, they will be apt to infer, that I am myself some gross cheat, some knight of the sharpening order, instead of the order of chivalry? No, no, friend Sancho, avoid, avoid those inconveniencies; for whoever sets up for a talker and a wit, is sure at the first trip he makes, to tumble down into a disgraced buffoon. Bridle thy tongue, reflect and deliberate upon thy words, before they are allowed to proceed out of thy mouth; and take notice, we are come to a place, from whence, by the help of God, and the valour of my arm, we may depart bettered three or even five fold³ in fortune and reputation." Sancho promised faithfully to sew up his mouth, or bite his tongue, before he spoke a word, that was not pat to the purpose, and well considered, as he commanded him, and that he need be under no pain as to that matter, for no discovery should be made by him to his prejudice.

Don Quixote then finished dressing, girded on his sword, threw the scarlet mantle over his shoulders, put on a green satin cap, which had been given him by the damsels, and, thus equipped, marched out into the great saloon, where he found numerous other damsels drawn up in two ranks, as many on one side as the other, and all provided with an equipage for washing his hands,⁴ which they administered with many reverences and abundance of ceremony. Then came twelve pages, with the gentleman-sewer at their head, to conduct him to the refectory, where

the noble hosts were waiting for him. By this train of attendants, he was led with great pomp and majesty, to another hall, where a rich table was spread with four covers only. The duke and duchess came to the hall-door to receive him, and with them a grave ecclesiastic; ⁵ one of those, who govern great men's houses; one of those, who, not being nobly born, know not how to instruct those that are; who would have the magnificence of the great measured by the narrowness of their own souls; who, pretending to frugality, drive those whose consciences they overrule into niggardliness. One of this species was the grave ecclesiastic, who accompanied the noble hosts to receive Don Quixote. A thousand courtesies passed upon the occasion; placing Don Quixote between them, they thus led him to the table, where they complimented him with the upper end, which he would have declined, but the importunities of the duke were not to be withstood. The ecclesiastic seated himself over against him, and the duke and duchess on each side.

Sancho, who was present all the while, surprised and astonished at the honour paid by the princes to his master, and perceiving the many entreaties that were employed to make him sit down at the head of the table, found his tongue unruly, and giving it licence, said, "If your honours will give me leave, I will tell you a story of what happened in our town concerning places at table." Scarcely had Sancho finished the sentence, when Don Quixote began to

tremble, believing, without doubt, he was going to utter some absurdity. Sancho observed, and understood him, and said, "Be not afraid, sir, of my breaking loose, or saying any thing, that is not pat to the purpose: I have not forgotten the advice your worship gave me a while ago, about talking much or little, well or ill." "I remember nothing of the matter, Sancho," answered Don Quixote: "say what thou wilt, so it be said quickly." "What I would say," quoth Sancho, "is very true, and cannot be otherwise, for my master Don Quixote, who is present, will not suffer me to lie." "Lie as much as thou wilt for me, Sancho," replied Don Quixote; "I will not be thy hinderance: but take heed what thou art going to say." "I have so heeded, and reheeded it," quoth Sancho, "that all is as safe as the repique in hand,⁶ as you will see by the performance." "Your graces," said Don Quixote, "would do well to order this blockhead to be turned out of doors; for he will be making a thousand foolish and troublesome blunders." "By the life of the duke," quoth the duchess; "Sancho shall not stir a jot from me: I love him much; knowing him to be mighty discreet." "Many such days as this," quoth Sancho, "may your holiness live, for the good opinion you have of me, though there may be little in me to deserve it: but the tale I would tell is this.

"A certain gentleman of our town, very rich, and of a good family—for he was descended from the Alamos of Medina del Campo, and married Donna

Mencia de Quinones, daughter of Don Alonzo de Marannon, knight of the order of St. James, who was drowned in the Herradura ; about whom that quarrel happened in our town some years ago, in which, I have reason to think, my master, Don Quixote, was concerned, and Tommy the madcap, son of Balvastro the smith, was hurt—Pray, good master of mine, is not all this true? Speak, I beseech your worship, that this noble company may not take me for some silly prating fellow, and 'perhaps a liar into the bargain." "Hitherto," said the ecclesiastic, "I take you rather for a prater than a liar ; but what I may think hereafter, I do not yet know." "Thou hast produced so many witnesses, and so many tokens," quoth Don Quixote, "that I cannot but say, it is likely enough thou wilt tell the truth : but go on, and shorten the story ; for otherwise it will take two complete days in telling." "He shall shorten nothing," quoth the duchess ; "and, to please me, he shall tell it his own way, though he should not have done these six days ; and should it take up as many, they would be the most agreeable I ever spent in my life."

"Well, then," proceeded Sancho, "this same gentleman, whom I know as well as I know my right hand from my left, for it is not a bow-shot from my house to his, invited a farmer, who was poor, but honest, to dinner." "Speed, friend, speed," said the ecclesiastic, "for you are going a way with your tale not to stop till you come to the other world." "I shall stop before we get half way thither, if it please

God," answered Sancho: "and so I proceed. This same farmer, coming to the said gentleman-inviter's house—God rest his soul, for he is dead and gone, by the same token it is reported he died like an angel; for I was not by, being at that time gone a reaping to Tembleque." "Pr'ythee, son," said the ecclesiastic, "come back quickly from Tembleque, and, without burying the gentleman, unless you have a mind to make more burials, make an end of your tale." "The business, then," quoth Sancho, "was this, that they being ready to sit down to table—methinks I see them now plainer than ever." The very displeasure, which the good ecclesiastic suffered by the length and pauses of Sancho's tale, was pleasure itself to the duke and duchess; but Don Quixote was quite vexed and angry. "I say then," quoth Sancho, "that the gentleman and farmer both standing, and just ready to sit down, the farmer disputed obstinately with the gentleman, to take the upper end of the table, and the gentleman, with as much positiveness, pressed the farmer to take it, saying, he ought to command in his own house. But the countryman, piquing himself upon his civility and good-breeding, would by no means sit down, till the gentleman, quite in a pet, laying both his hands upon the farmer's shoulders, thrust him into the chair by main force, saying, 'Sit thee down, chaff-threshing churl: for, let me sit where I will, that is the upper end to thee.' This is my tale, and truly I think it comes in pretty much to the purpose."

The natural brown of Don Quixote's face was speckled with a thousand colours: and the duke and duchess dissembled their laughter, that the knight, who understood Sancho's sarcastic insinuation, might not be quite abashed; and, to wave the discourse and prevent Sancho's running into more impertinences, the duchess asked Don Quixote, what news he had lately received of the lady Dulcinea, and whether he had sent her any presents of giants or caitiffs, since he must certainly have vanquished a great number. To which Don Quixote answered, "My misfortunes, madam, though they have had a beginning, will never have an end. Giants I have conquered, and caitiffs too, and have sent several; but where should they find her, transformed by enchantment, as she now is, into the ugliest country-wench that can be imagined?" "I do not know that," quoth Sancho Panza; "to me she appeared the most beautiful creature in the world; and for activity, and a certain spring she has, I am sure she will yield the palm to no tumbler. Faith, lady duchess, she skips from the ground upon an ass, as if she were a cat." "Have you seen her since she was enchanted, Sancho?" quoth the duke. "Seen her!" answered Sancho; "who the devil but I was the first that hit upon the business of her enchantment? Enchanted! she is as much enchanted as my father."

The ecclesiastic, when he heard them talk of giants, caitiffs, and enchantments, began to suspect, that this must be the very Don Quixote de la Mancha, whose

history the duke was so often reading ; and for which he had as often reprov'd him, telling him it was absurd to read such absurdities : and, being now assured of the truth of his suspicion, with much choler he said to the duke, “ Your excellency, sir, will have to give an account to God for this man’s doings. This Don Quixote, or Don Coxcomb, or how do you call him, I fancy, would hardly be so great an idiot, if your excellency did not encourage him, laying occasions in his way to go on in his follies and extravagances.” And turning the discourse to Don Quixote, he said, “ And you, Mr. addlepate,⁷ who has thrust it into your brainless head, that you are a knight-errant, and that you conquer giants and seize caitiffs? Be gone in a good hour, and in good hour is this said to you : return to your own house, and breed up your children, if you have any ; mind your affairs, and cease to ramble up and down the world, sucking the wind, and exposing yourself to the laughter of every body, those who know your infirmity, and those who do not. Where, with a mischief, have you ever found, that there have been, or are, knights-errant? Where in Spain are there giants, or where in La Mancha, caitiffs or Dulcineas enchanted, or the rest of the rabble rout of follies that are told of you?”

Don Quixote was attentive to every word of this venerable man ; and, finding that he now held his peace, with an ireful mien, and disturbed countenance,

regardless of the respect due to the duke and duchess, he started up, and said——But his answer deserves a chapter by itself.

CHAP. XV.

Of the answer Don Quixote gave to his reprover, with other grave and pleasant events.

DON QUIXOTE, starting up, and trembling from head to foot, as if he had quicksilver in his joints, with precipitate and disturbed speech, said, “ The place in which I am, and the presence of the exalted personages before whom I stand, together with the respect I always had, and still have, for your profession, sir, restrain and tie up the hands of my just indignation; and therefore, knowing besides, what every body else knows, that the weapons of gownmen, like those of women, are their tongues, I will with mine enter into combat with your reverence, from whom good counsels might have been expected, rather than opprobrious revilings. Pious and well-meant reproof demands a different behaviour and a different language; at least reproof in public, and so rudely given, exceeds all bounds of decent reprehension. Had it not been better, to begin with mildness than asperity, and, without knowledge of the fault, can it be right, to call the offender madman and idiot? I beseech your reverence to tell me, for which of the

follies you have seen in me is it, that you condemn and revile me, bidding me go home, and take care of my house, my wife and my children, without knowing whether I have any one of these? What! shall a man enter boldly into other men's habitations to govern the masters? Shall a poor pedagogue, who never saw more of the world than what is contained within a district of twenty or thirty leagues, set himself at random to prescribe laws to chivalry, and judge of knights-errant? And you deem it an idle scheme, and time thrown away, to range the world, not seeking its delights, but its austerities, by which good men aspire to the throne of immortality? If gentlemen, persons of wealth, birth, and quality, were to take me for a madman, I should consider it as an irreparable affront: but to be esteemed a fool by pedants, who never entered upon or trod the paths of chivalry, I value it not a farthing. A knight I am, and a knight I will die, if it be Heaven's good will. Some choose the spacious field of proud ambition; others the dirty way of servile and base flattery; others that of deceitful hypocrisy; and some that of true religion: but I, by the influence of my star, take the narrow path of knight-errantry, for the exercise of which I despise wealth, but not honour. I have redressed grievances, righted wrongs, chastised insolencies, vanquished giants, and trampled upon hobgoblins. I am in love, but only because knights-errant must be so; and, being so, I am no vicious lover, but a chaste Platonic one. My in-

tentions are uniformly directed to virtuous ends, to do good to all, and injury to none. Whether he, who means thus, acts thus, and lives in the practice of all this, deserves to be called a fool, let your grandeurs judge, most excellent duke and duchess."

"Well argued, i'faith!" quoth Sancho: "say no more in vindication of yourself, good my lord and master; for there is no more to be said, nor to be thought, nor to be persevered in, in the world; and besides, this gentleman denying, as he has denied, that there ever were, or are, knights-errant, no wonder if he knows nothing of what he has been talking of." "Peradventure," quoth the ecclesiastic, "you, brother, are that Sancho Panza they talk of, to whom your master has promised an island." "I am so," answered Sancho, "and he who deserves one, as well as any other he whatever. I am one of those, of whom they say, Associate with good men, and thou wilt be one of them; and of whom it is said again, Not with whom thou wert bred, but with whom thou hast fed, and, He that leaneth against a good tree, a good shelter findeth he. I have leaned to a good master, and have kept him company these many months, and shall be such another as he, if it be God's good pleasure; and, if he live, and I live, neither shall he want kingdoms to rule, nor I islands to govern." "That shall you not, friend Sancho," said the duke; "for, in the name of signor Don Quixote, I here promise you the government of one of mine, now vacant, and of no inconsiderable value."

“ Kneel, Sancho,” said Don Quixote, “ and kiss his excellency’s feet for the favour he has done thee.” Sancho did so. Which the ecclesiastic seeing, he rose from table in great wrath, saying, “ By the habit I wear, I could find in my heart to say, your excellency is as simple as these sinners: no wonder they are mad, when wise men authorise their follies. Your excellency may stay with them, if you please; but, while they are under this roof, I will abide under my own, and save myself the trouble of reproving what I cannot remedy.” And, without uttering another word, or eating another morsel, away he went, the entreaties of the duke and duchess not availing to stop him; indeed, the duke said but little, through laughter, occasioned by his impertinent indignation.

The laugh being over, and gravity resumed, the duke said to Don Quixote: “ Sir knight of the lions, you have answered so well for yourself, that nothing remains to be done in point of satisfaction for what, though it has the appearance of an affront, is by no means so; since, as women cannot give an affront, so neither can ecclesiastics, as your worship knows.” “ True, my lord duke,” answered Don Quixote, “ and the reason is, that whoever cannot receive an affront, cannot give one. Women, children, and churchmen, as they cannot defend themselves, though offended, so they cannot be affronted, because as your excellency better knows, between an injury and an affront, there is this difference; an affront

comes from a person who can give it, and when given can maintain it; an injury may come from any hand. For example: a man stands carelessly in the street; ten others armed fall upon him, and beat him; he draws his sword, as he ought to do; but the number of his adversaries hinder him from effecting his purpose, which is to revenge himself: this man is injured, but not affronted. Another example will confirm it fully: a man coming behind another, strikes him with a cudgel, and runs for it; the man struck pursues him, and cannot overtake him: he, who received the blows, received an injury, but no affront, because an affront must be maintained. If he, who gave the blow, though he did it basely and by stealth, draws his sword afterward, and stands firm, facing his enemy, he, who received the blow, is both injured and affronted; injured, because he was struck treacherously, and affronted, because he, who struck him, maintained what he had done by keeping his ground, and not stirring a foot. Therefore, according to the established laws of duel, I may be injured, but not affronted: for women and children can neither resent, nor fly, nor stand their ground. And so it is with men consecrated to holy orders, who have no weapons, offensive or defensive; and though naturally bound to defend themselves, yet can they not offend any body. So that, though I said before, I might be injured, I now affirm the contrary; for he, who cannot receive an affront, still less can he give one. For which reasons I neither ought, nor do I, resent

that good man's reproaches: yet I could have wished he had staid a little longer, that I might have convinced him of his error in thinking and saying, there are no knights-errant in the world, nor ever were: for had Amadis, or any one of his numerous descendants, heard this, I am persuaded it would not have fared over well with his reverence." "That I will swear," quoth Sancho: "they would have cleft him from top to bottom, like any pomegranate or over-ripe melon: they were not folks to be jested with in that manner. By my beads, I am very certain, had Reynaldos of Montalvan heard the little gentleman talk at that rate, he would have given him such a gag, that he would not have spoken another word for three years. Ay, ay, let him meddle with them, and see how he will escape out of their hands." The duchess was ready to die with laughter at hearing Sancho talk; and, in her opinion, he was more ridiculous and more mad than his master, and there were others of the same way of thinking.

At last, Don Quixote being calm, and dinner ended, the cloth was taken away, when there entered four damsels; one with a silver ewer, another with a silver basin, a third with two fine clean towels over her shoulder, and the fourth with her sleeves tucked up to her elbows, and in her white hands—for doubtless they were white—a wash-ball of Naples soap. She with the basin approached, and, with a genteel air and assurance, thrust it under the beard of Don Quixote; who, without speaking a word, and

wondering at the ceremony, believed it to be the custom of the country, instead of hands, to wash beards, and therefore stretched out his own as far as he could: instantly the ewer began to rain upon him, and the wash-ball damsel hurried over his beard with great dexterity of hand, raising large flakes of snow—for the lather was not less white—not only over the beard, but over the whole face of the obedient knight, insomuch that he was obliged to shut his eyes, whether he would or no. The duke and duchess, who were not in the secret, sat in anxious expectation of the issue of this extraordinary ablution. The barber-damsel, having lathered him completely, pretended that the water was all spent, and ordered the girl with the ewer to fetch more, observing, that signor Don Quixote would have the goodness to remain as he was till she came back, which he did, exhibiting the strangest and most ridiculous figure imaginable to the company, who seeing him with a neck half an ell long, and more than moderately brown, his eyes shut, and his whole visage thus in the suds, had need of great discretion to abstain from laughter. The damsels concerned in the jest held down their eyes, not daring to look at their lord and lady; who were divided between anger and attempts to maintain their gravity, not knowing whether to chastise the girls for their boldness, or reward them for the pleasure their device had afforded. At last the damsel of the ewer came, and an end being put to the washing of the knight, she who carried the

towels, wiped and dried him with much deliberation ; and all four at once, making him a profound reverence, were going off : but the duke, that Don Quixote might not smell the jest, called to the damsel with the basin, saying : “ Come, and wash me too, and take care you have water enough.” The arch and diligent wench obeyed, and putting the basin to the duke’s chin, as she had done to that of Don Quixote, the ceremony was expeditiously repeated ; and when he was washed, lathered, wiped, and dried, again dropping their curtsies, they withdrew. It was afterwards known, that the duke had sworn within himself, that, had they refused to serve him, as they had served the knight, he would have punished them for their pertness ; but by their ready compliance they discreetly made amends, and a second scouring probably prevented a third. Sancho, who was very attentive to the ceremonies, said to himself : “ God be my guide ! is it the custom, I wonder, of this place, to wash the beards of squires as well as of knights ? On my conscience and soul, I need it much : and, if they should give me a stroke of a razor, I should take it for a still greater favour.” “ What are you muttering, Sancho ? ” quoth the duchess. “ I was saying, madam,” answered Sancho, “ that in the courts of other princes, I have always heard, that when the cloth is taken away, they bring water to wash hands, and not suds to scour beards ; and therefore one must live long, to see much ; and he who lives a long life, must pass

through many evils ; not that I deem one of these same scourings an evil, for to my mind it must rather be a pleasure than a pain." " Give yourself no concern, friend Sancho," quoth the duchess ; " for I will order my damsels to wash you also, and lay you a bucking, if it be needful." " For the present, I shall be satisfied, as to my beard," answered Sancho : " for the rest, God will provide hereafter." " Here, Mr. sewer," said the duchess, " attend to what honest Sancho says, and do precisely as he would have you." The sewer answered, that signor Sancho should in all things be punctually obeyed ; and going himself to dinner, he took the squire with him, the duke and duchess remaining at table with Don Quixote, discoursing of many and various matters, but all relating to the profession of arms and chivalry.

The duchess entreated the knight, as he seemed to have so happy a memory, to delineate and describe the beauty and features of the lady Dulcinea del Toboso ; for, as fame proclaimed her, she must be the fairest creature in the world, and even in all La Mancha. Don Quixote sighed at the duchess's request, and said, " If I could pluck my heart from my bosom, and lay it before your highness upon the table in a dish, I might save my tongue the labour of telling what can hardly be conceived ; for there your excellency would see her painted to the life. But why should I attempt to delineate and describe, one by one, the perfections of the peerless Dulcinea ? which is a burden fitter for stronger shoulders, an

enterprise worthy the pencils of Parrhasius, Timantes, and Apelles, worthy the graving-tools of Lysippus, to exhibit her image in picture, marble, and bronze ; and requiring Ciceronian and Demosthenian rhetoric, to sound her praise." " What does signor Don Quixote mean by Demosthenian?" quoth the duchess : " it is a word I never heard before." " Demosthenian rhetoric," answered the knight, " means the rhetoric of Demosthenes, as Ciceronian means that of Cicero ; they were the two greatest orators and rhetoricians that ever lived." " They were so," said the duke ; " and you betray your ignorance in asking such a question ; nevertheless, signor Don Quixote would afford us infinite pleasure by describing the mistress of his affections ; for though the painting were but a rough draught, or sketch only, doubtless she would appear such as the most beautiful might envy." " Most certainly she would so," answered the knight, " had not the misfortune, which lately befell her, blotted her idea out of my mind ; a misfortune, that reduces me to a condition rather to bewail, than depict her : for your grandeurs must know, that, going a few days ago to kiss her hands, and receive her benediction, commands, and licence for this third sally, I found her quite a different person from her I sought for. I found her enchanted, converted from a princess into a country wench, from beautiful to ugly, from an angel to a devil, from fragrant to pestiferous, from courtly to rustic, from light to darkness, from a sober lady to a jumping Joan ;¹ in

fine, from Dulcinea del Toboso, to a clownish drab of Sayago.”² “God protect me,” cried the duke, raising his voice; “who can have done this terrible mischief? Who has deprived the world, thus malignantly, of the beauty that cheered, the good humour that entertained, and the modesty that did it so much honour?” “Who?” answered Don Quixote, “who could it be, but a malicious enchanter, one of the many invisible ones that persecute me; one of that cursed race, born into the world to obscure and annihilate the exploits of the good, and to brighten and extol the deeds of the wicked? Enchanters have always persecuted me; enchanters still persecute me; and by enchanters I shall continue to be persecuted, till they have tumbled me and my lofty chivalries into the profound abyss of oblivion: and they wound me where I am most sensible; for to deprive a knight-errant of his mistress, is to deprive him of the eyes with which he sees, the sun that enlightens, and the food that sustains him: a knight-errant without a mistress, being, as I have often said, and now repeat, like a tree without leaves, a building without cement, and a shadow without the body by which it is produced.”

“Certainly we can press your worship no farther,” quoth the duchess: “but, if we are to believe the history of signor Don Quixote, lately published with the general applause of nations, we must infer, if I remember rightly, that your worship never saw the lady Dulcinea, and that there is no such personage

in the world, she being an imaginary lady only, begotten and born of your own brain, and dressed out with all the graces and perfections of your fancy." "A great deal may be said upon that subject," answered Don Quixote: "God knows whether there be a Dulcinea in the world or not, and whether she be imaginary or not imaginary: these are things, of which the proof is not to be too nicely inquired into. I neither begot, nor brought her forth, though I contemplate her as endowed with all qualities which may render her famous over the face of the earth; such as, beautiful without blemish, grave without pride, amorous with modesty, obliging from courtesy, courteous as being well-bred; and finally of high descent, because beauty shines more resplendent and displays more exalted degrees of perfection, when matched with noble blood, than in subjects of mean extraction." "True," quoth the duke: "yet signor Don Quixote must give me leave to make an observation, which the history of his exploits forces upon me; that, supposing it be allowed, that there is a Dulcinea, in Toboso, or out of it, and that she is beautiful to the degree, your worship represents her, in respect of pedigree, she cannot be upon a level with the Orianas, the Alastrajareas, Madasimas, and others of that description, of whose glory histories of chivalry are full, as your worship well knows."

"To this I answer," replied Don Quixote, "that Dulcinea is the daughter of her own works, that excellence ennobles blood, and that a virtuous person

of the lowest rank, is more to be valued, than a vicious one even of the highest. Besides, Dulcinea has endowments, that may raise her to be a queen, with crown, and sceptre: for the merit of beauty and virtue conjoined in woman can work still greater miracles, and, though not formally, has, intrinsically, superior advantages in store for her." "Signor Don Quixote," cried the duchess, "you tread with great caution, and, as the saying is, with the plummet in hand; and for my part, I believe, and will make all my family believe, even my lord duke himself, if need be, that there is a Dulcinea, in Toboso, that she is now living, is beautiful, well-born, and well-deserving that such a knight as signor Don Quixote should be her servant; which is the highest commendation I can bestow upon her. But I cannot get rid of a scruple, and I bear my friend Sancho Panza a little grudge on account of it: which is, that the said Sancho Panza, as the history relates, found the said lady Dulcinea, when he carried her a letter from your worship, winnowing a sack of wheat; and by the same token it says it was red wheat: an employment that suggests a doubt of her high birth."

To which Don Quixote answered, "Madam, your grandeur must know, that, whether directed by the inscrutable will of the destinies, or ordered through the malice of some envious enchanter, most or all of the things, which have befallen me, exceed the ordinary bounds of what happen to other knights-errant: and it is a circumstance well known, that

all or most of the famous knights-errant had particular privileges, one being exempted from the power of enchantment ; another having his flesh so impenetrable, that he could not be wounded ; as was the case of the renowned Orlando, one of the twelve peers of France, of whom it is related, that he was nowhere vulnerable, but in the sole of his left foot, and there only by the point of a large pin, and no other weapon whatever : so that, when Bernardo del Carpio killed him in Roncesvalles, perceiving he could not wound him with steel, he lifted him from the ground, and squeezed him to death between his arms, recollecting the manner in which Hercules slew Antæus, that fierce giant, who was said to be a son of the earth. Hence I would infer, that, perhaps, I myself may have some one of those privileges : not that of being invulnerable ; for experience has often shown me, that I am made of tender flesh, and by no means impenetrable ; nor that of not being subject to enchantment, for I have found myself confined in a cage, in which the whole world, by any other force, could never have shut me up : but, since I freed myself from thence, I am inclined to believe enchantment can no longer touch me ; and therefore do the workers of such iniquity, seeing they cannot practise their artifices upon my person, revenge themselves upon what I love best, and would take away my life by evil entreating Dulcinea, in whom and for whom I live : accordingly I am of opinion, that, when my squire carried her my message, they had transformed

her into a country-wench, busied in the mean employment of winnowing wheat. But I have before said, that the wheat was not red, nor indeed was it wheat at all, but grains of oriental pearl: and in proof of this, I must tell your grandeurs, that coming lately through Toboso, I could not find my Dulcinea's palace; and that the next day, while Sancho my squire saw her in her own proper figure, the most beautiful being on the globe, to me she appeared a coarse ugly country bumpkin, and not well-spoken either, whereas Dulcinea is discretion itself: and since I neither am, nor in all likelihood can be, enchanted, my enemies enchant, injure, metamorphose, and transform her; in her, revenging themselves on me; and till I see her restored to her former state, I shall live for her dear sake in perpetual tears.

“All this I have said, that no injurious stress may be laid upon what Sancho reported of Dulcinea's sifting and winnowing wheat; for since she was changed to me, no wonder if she were in like manner metamorphosed to him. Dulcinea is well-born, of distinguished rank, allied to the genteelest families of Toboso, which are many, ancient, good, and noble; and no doubt the peerless Dulcinea has a large share in their qualifications, and the town will on her account be famous and renowned in the ages to come, as Troy for Helen, and Spain has been for Cava,³ though upon better grounds, and a juster title. Then, on the part of Sancho Panza, I would have your grandeurs understand, that he is one of the most in-

genious squires that ever served knight-errant: he has indeed, at times, certain simplicities, that it is an amusement to consider, whether he has in him most of the obtuse or acute: he has roguery enough to pass for a knave, and sufficient negligence to confirm him a dunce: he doubts of every thing, and believes every thing: when I imagine he is falling headlong into stupidity, out come such smart sayings, that they raise him to the skies. In short, I would not exchange him for any other squire, though a city were given me to boot: and therefore am I in doubt, whether I shall do well to send him to the government your grandeur has been pleased to bestow upon him; though I perceive in him so great a fitness for the business of governing, that, with a little polish of the understanding, he would be as much master of the art, as the king is of his customs. Besides, we know by experience, that, to be a governor, there is no need of much ability, or much learning; for a hundred may be found that can scarcely read, and yet in governing are as sharp as hawks. The main point is good intention, and a desire to do every thing right, and there will never be wanting counsellors to advise and direct what is to be done; as in the case of military governors, who, being sword-men, and not scholars, have an assistant on the bench. My counsel to him would be, All bribes to refuse, but insist on his dues; with some other little matters, which lie in my breast, and shall be delivered in proper time,

for Sancho's benefit, and the welfare of the island he is to govern."

Thus far had the duke, the duchess, and Don Quixote, proceeded in their discourse, when an uproar of many voices was heard in the palace, and presently Sancho rushed into the hall in a fright, with a dish-clout for a slabbering-bib, and a number of kitchen-boys, and other menial servants after him. One carried a tray with water, which, by its colour and filth, appeared to be dish-water. He followed and persecuted him, endeavouring with much eagerness to place the tray under his chin; while another scullion seemed as solicitous to wash his beard. "What is the matter, brothers?" quoth the duchess, "what is the matter? what would you do to this good man? do you forget that he is a governor elect?" To which the roguish barber-scullion answered, "Madam, this gentleman will not suffer himself to be washed, as is the custom of the house, and as our lord the duke and his master have been." "Yes, I will," answered Sancho, in great wrath; "but I would have cleaner towels, and clearer suds, and less filthy hands: for there is no such difference between me and my master, that he should be washed with angel-water, and I with the devil's ley. The customs of countries, and of princes' palaces, are so far good, as they are not troublesome: but this custom of scouring is worse than that of the whipping penitents. My beard is clean, and I have no need of such re-

freshings ; and he, who offers to scour me, or touch a hair of my head, I mean of my beard, with due reverence be it spoken, I will give him such a dowse, that my fist shall be set fast in his skull : for saramonies and soapings like these look more like jibes than becoming courtesy to guests." The duchess was ready to die with laughing, to see the rage, and hear the reasonings of Sancho. But Don Quixote was not quite pleased, to see his squire accoutred with a filthy towel, and baited by a kitchen-rabble : and making a low bow to the duke and duchess, as if begging leave to speak, he said to the scullions with a solemn voice, " Hark ye, gentlemen cavaliers, be pleased to let the young man alone, and return from whence you came, or to any other place you list ; for my squire is as clean as another man, and these trays are as unpleasant to him as a narrow-necked jug. Take my advice, and let him alone ; for neither he nor I understand such jesting." Sancho caught the words out of his master's mouth, and proceeded, saying, " No, no, let them go on with their jokes ; for I will endure it, as much as it is now night. Let them bring a comb, or what else they please, and let them curry this beard, and if they find any thing in it that offends against cleanliness, let them shear me cross-wise."

Here the duchess, still laughing, said, " Sancho Panza is right in whatever he has said, and will be so in whatever he shall farther say : he is clean, and, as he observes, needs no washing ; and, if he does not

like our custom, he is at his own disposal: ⁴ besides, as ministers of cleanliness, you have been extremely remiss and careless, and I may say presumptuous, in bringing to such a personage, and such a beard, your trays and dish-clouts, instead of towels of Dutch diaper, and ewers and basons of pure gold: in short, you are a parcel of scoundrels, ill-born, and ill-behaved, and cannot help showing the grudge you bear to the squires of knights-errant." The roguish servants, and even the sewer who came with them, believing that the duchess spoke in earnest, they took Sancho's dish-clout from off his neck, and with some confusion and shame slunk away and left him: while he, finding himself freed from what he thought an imminent danger, went and kneeled before the duchess, and said, "From great folks great favours are to be expected: that, which your ladyship has conferred on me to-day, cannot be repaid with less than the desire of seeing myself dubbed a knight-errant, that I may employ the rest of my life in the service of so high a lady. A peasant I am; Sancho Panza is my name; married I am; children I have; and I serve as a squire: if with any one of these I can be serviceable to your grandeur, I shall not be slower in obeying, than your ladyship in commanding." "It plainly appears, Sancho," answered the duchess, "that you have learned to be courteous in the school of courtesy itself. I mean, it is evident, you have been bred in the bosom of signor Don Quixote, who must needs be the cream of complaisance, and the flower of cere-

mony, or saramony, as you say. Well may it fare with such a master, and such a man, the one the pole-star of knight-errantry, and the other the bright luminary of squirely fidelity! Rise up, friend Sancho; for I will make you amends for your civility, by prevailing with my lord duke to perform, with all expedition, the promise he has made you of the government."

Thus ended the conversation, and Don Quixote withdrew to repose himself during the heat of the day; while the duchess requested Sancho, if he had no inclination to sleep, to pass the afternoon with her and her damsels in a cool and pleasant apartment. Sancho answered, that, though he was wont to sleep four or five hours a day, during the afternoon heats of the summer, to wait upon her goodness, he would that day endeavour with all his might not to close his eyes, and would be obedient to her commands: they accordingly left the dinner-room, and the duke did the same, to give fresh orders for treating Don Quixote as a knight-errant, without deviating a tittle from the style, in which, as we read, the knights of former times were treated.



NOTES.

PREFACE.

Note	Page
1,	1, In the famous sea-fight of Lepanto.
2,	2, Lopez de Vega.

PART II. BOOK I.

CHAP. I.

- 1, 10. In allusion to the game at chess, so common then in Spain.
- 2, 11. So Agesilan, king of Cholcos, upon the news of the Russians intending to invade Greece, and besiege Constantinople, advises the emperor Amadis to publish a tournament, and summon all the christian knights-errant from all kingdoms, to grace the ensuing nuptials, and oppose the enemy in so critical a time of need and danger. Amad. de Gaul, b. 13, ch. 2.
- 3, 16. Certain churches, with indulgences, appointed to be visited, either for pardon of sins, or for procuring blessings. Madmen, probably, in their lucid intervals, were obliged to this exercise.
- 4, 23. Luis Barahona de Soto.
- 5, ib. Lopez de Vega.

CHAP. II.

Note Page

- 1, 30. A sort of fruit introduced by the Moors to be boiled with or without flesh. Sancho mistakes Berengena for Benengeli.
- 2, ib. The Arabic name Cid does not properly signify a lord, but a chieftain or commander.

CHAP. III.

- 1, 37. Literally, "For the 'grama' (grass) I could venture on it, but for the 'tica,' I neither put in nor take out, for I understand it not." The reader will easily see the necessity of deviating here from the original.
- 2, ib. In opposition to those descended from Moors, or Jews.
- 3, 38. The proverb entire is, "De Paja o de héno el jergon Iléno," that is, "the bed or tick full of hay or straw," meaning, so it be filled, it is no matter with what.
- 4, ib. A Spaniard, who wrote a great many volumes of divinity.
- 5, 41. Here is one remarkable instance of forgetfulness in criticising another: for Gines de Passamonte is expressly mentioned as the thief, both when the ass was stolen and when he was recovered.
- 6, ib. Literally, "shall be stuck upon St. Lucia's thorn;" supposed to be a cant phrase for the rack; for which the Royal Dictionary produces no other voucher but this passage.

CHAP. IV.

- 1, 47. "Santiago, y cierra Espana," is the cry of the Spaniards when they fall on in battle.
- 2, 49. The first was Alonso de Ercilla, author of the *Araucanica*; the second, Juan Ruso of Cordova, author of the

Note Page

Austriada; and the third, Christopher Verves of Valencia, who wrote the *Montsenrato*. By the half, Cervantes modestly alludes to himself.

CHAP. V.

- 1, 58. This is a literal version of the Spanish proverb, the meaning of which, I suppose, is, Match your daughter with your neighbour's son.
- 2, 57. A sport on the word *Almohada*, which signifies a cushion, and was also the surname of a famous race of the Arabs in Africa.
- 3, 59. In Italy and Spain they carry in procession, on Palm-Sunday, a palm-branch, the leaves of which are platted and interwoven with great art and nicety.

CHAP. VI.

- 1, ib. So it is in the original "impertinente:" but I suspect the irony is here broken by the transcriber or printer, and not by the author himself, and that it should be "importante," important, which carries on the grave ridicule of the history.
- 2, 62. A coat of black canvas, painted over with flames and devils, worn by heretics, when going to be burnt, by order of the Inquisition.
- 3, 63. The zealots now and then, and the young jesuits frequently, in Italy and Spain, get upon a bulk, and hold forth in the streets.
- 4, 67. Toothpicks in Spain are made of long shavings of boards, split and reduced to a straw's breadth, and wound up like small wax tapers.

CHAP. VII.

- 1, 69. "Venturas." A play upon the word "ventura," which signifies both good luck, and also adventures.

Note Page

- 2, 70. A word made on purpose, answerable to the original "bachilear."
 3, ib. But just now Sancho corrected his wife for saying "revolved" instead of "resolved." See Chap. V.

CHAP. VIII.

- 1, 80. Garcilasso.
 2, 85. The chapels of saints, in Roman-catholic countries, where miracles are pretended to be wrought, are thus furnished.
 3, 87. Diego de Alcalá was one of them, and has one of the richest, most adorned, and most frequented churches in Spain devoted to him. The other was Salvador de Ota. Both sainted in the reign of Philip II.
 4, 88. Here Cervantes has made large amends for the several strokes of satire upon the clergy occasionally scattered up and down in this work. The master and man are in a very devout vein, and give the preference to the whipping-friar before the slashing knight-errant.

CHAP. IX.

- 1, 92. A doleful ditty, like our Chevy-Chace. It began, "Mala la huvistes Franceses en essa Roncesvalles," &c.

CHAP. X.

- 1, 95. The floor raised at the upper end of the rooms of state in Spain, where the ladies sit upon cushions to receive visits.
 2, 103. The original makes her say, "Stand still, while I curry thy hide, my father-in-law's ass;" which we are told, in the dictionaries, is a proverbial expression used by the peasants when they beat their wives, and is here supposed to be addressed by the country-wench to the ass upon which she rode.

Note Page

- 3, 105. A small fish in those seas, which they dry as the Dutch do herrings.

CHAP. XI.

- 1, 109. "Heches unos bausanes." Bausan is a figure made like a man, and stuffed with straw; which used formerly to be set on walls where the garrison was weak, to make it appear stronger; and hence it came to signify a fool or stupid person, one that stands gazing at any thing, as if he were out of his senses.

CHAP. XII.

- 1, 120. The author here quotes either the beginning of some old song, or of some well-known proverb, the remainder of which we cannot supply, and consequently are unable to complete the sense.

CHAP. XIII.

- 1, 130. A small hint of what is to be expected from this knight.
2, 131. Literally, "a squire of water and wool." The Spaniards generally have a footman solely to wait upon them to mass, especially upon grand days; who step before to the font, and sprinkle their masters or mistresses with holy water, but neither eat nor drink in the house.
3, ib. A pod so called in La Mancha, with flat seeds in it, which green or ripe is harsh, but sweet and pleasant after it is dried.

CHAP. XIV.

- 1, 135. A brass statue on a steeple in Seville, which serves for a weathercock. Here, and in some other places, the

Note Page

- jest seems a little too open: but Don Quixote is so serious and so intent, that he can see no double entendres.
- 2, ib. Two large statues in that town, supposed to have been set up by Metellus, in the time of the Romans.
- 3, 139. In the tilts and tournaments, the seconds were a kind of godfathers to the principals, and certain ceremonies were performed upon those occasions.
- 4, ib. Some small offences are fined, in Spain, at a pound or two of white wax for the tapers in churches, &c.—and confessors pretty frequently enjoin it as a penance.
- 5, 147. In like manner Don Sylves, in the adventurous island, having encountered and defeated several princes, one after another, finds, upon unlacing their helmets, that they are all his intimate friends; and therefore concludes, they must be enchanted, and not men, but hobgoblins. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 14, ch. 32.
- 6, 148. So (in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 6, ch. 59,) Birmartes, having unhorsed the duke of Calabria, holding his scimeter over him, as if he would cut off his head, says aloud to him, “ Knight, confess that your mistress is nothing in beauty to the princess Ononia, else you die.”

CHAP. XVII.

- 1, 169. Don Quixote here seems to imitate the bravery of Don Rogel of Greece, who, in the presence of an illustrious company, resolves to attack two terrible enchanted lions. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 13, ch. 49.
- 2, 174. So prince Spheramond, going to attack the serpent at the gate of the chief city of Parthia, alights from his horse, lest it should be frightened and unruly. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 18, ch. 35.

BOOK II. CHAP. I.

Note Page

- 1, 182. In allusion to the beginning of a song in the *Diana* of Montemayor.
- 2, 183. A satire on the tedious prolixity of many authors, especially romance-writers, who frequently digress from the principal subject, to entertain the reader with descriptions of palaces, which they give with all the minute exactness of architects, rather than as historians.
- 3, ib. An old woman's remedy for that ailment.
- 4, 185. A kind of paraphrase or comment, much in use in that age.
- 5, 186. Alluding to a fabulous story in the *Theatre of the Gods*.
- 6, 188. The son's answer carries on the metaphor used in the father's question.
- 7, 193. *Parcere subjectis, et debellare superbos.* Virg. *Æn.* 6.

CHAP. II.

- 1, 196. "Zapateadores." Dancers that strike the soles of their shoes with the palms of their hands in time and measure.
- 2, 200. The people about Zamora, the poorest in Spain.
- 3, ib. Some unpolite part of the city of Toledo, like our Billingsgate, or Wapping.

CHAP. III.

- 1, 206. Before the savoury smell had debauched Sancho's judgment, his passion was strong for Basilius; but a lover of his paunch will be partial for a meal's meat. Observe how he vilifies poor Basilius.
- 2, 210. It was usual formerly in Spain, when they danced,

Note Page

- especially with women, instead of taking hands, for each dancer to hold the corner of an handkerchief, and thus to dance in a circle, the handkerchief serving to link the performers together in a kind of chain.
- 3, 210. A town of Castile famous for that instrument.
- 4, 211. At the espousals of the princes at Constantinople, to entertain the court, there appears a moving castle, the outside formed of precious stones, &c. On the frieze is written, "The glory of faithful lovers, and the purgatory of unfaithful." A Cupid sits enthroned within, to crown the constant with roses, and the inconstant with nettles. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 13, ch. 54.
- 5, 216. The very words of Horace:
 "Improba mors æquo pulsat pede pauperum tabernas,
 Regumque turres."

CHAP. IV.

- 1, 118. "Patena." A plate, or medal, with an image engraved on it, worn on the breast by way of ornament.
- 2, ib. At that time Antwerp, and other towns of the Low Countries, were the grand mart of all Europe for trade and exchange.

CHAP. V.

- 1, 227. Roderigo Dias de Bivar, commonly called Cid, a great Spanish commander against the Moors.

CHAP. VI.

- 1, 243. So (in *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 5, ch. 56,) Amadis and his queen Oriana, with all the other principal heroes of the romance, are enchanted by Urganda, in the Forbidden

Note Page

- Chamber in the Firm Island, all seated in chairs of state, and there to remain, till some one of their posterity should dissolve the charm.
- 2, 245. This phrase probably arose from hence, that losers usually shuffle the cards more than winners, and cry, patience.
- 3, 249. Observe, that Don Quixote, being actually caught by Sancho telling lies, dares not, as usual, be angry at his sauciness.
- 4, 252. A rich German family of Augsburg, made noble by Charles the Fifth. The name is Fugger, and wonderful stories are told of their riches, the greatest part of the money spent in that prince's wars having past through their hands.
- 5, ib. A great voyager, astronomer, and cosmographer, who first begun the designs of the Portuguese on the East Indies, by the Cape of Good Hope. He was fourth son to John the First.
- 6, 253. Among other extravagant passages in the old romances, intended to be ridiculed in this adventure of Montesinos's cave, the author seems particularly to have had in view that of the two young princes Spheramond and Amadis d'Astre; who coming to a fountain-side, find a damsel ready to be devoured by a lion: they prepare to rescue her, when the earth opens, and swallows up both damsel and lion: the princes rush after them into the cavern, and, after feeling their way in the dark, come to a spacious court, where they meet an old man and an old woman, who conduct them into a fine hall: there they see thrones, and personages seated on them with imperial crowns on their heads; likewise battles, sea-fights, and a thousand wonderful things: as they are about to ask the meaning of this, the whole vanishes, and they find themselves again by the fountain-side. *Amadis de Gaul*, b. 14, ch. 71.

CHAP. VII.

- | Note | Page | |
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| 1, | 256. | The Conde de Lemos, Don Pedro Fernandez de Castro. |
| 2, | 260. | A sneaking trick of a pitiful beggarly fellow. |

CHAP. VIII.

- 1, 266. "Lo sostenido de la voz." It means the lengthening or holding out of a note.
- 2, ib. Alluding to the civility of complimenting one another to drink first.
- 3, ib. Pueblo del Rebùsno.
- 4, ib. Alluding to the game of chess.
- 5, 274. The allusion is to a superstition among gamblers, in use every where, especially at games of chance, namely, to pick up from the ground the first card they light on, and set their money on it.
- 6, 276. "El Truxaman." So the Turks call an interpreter.

CHAP. IX.

- 1, ib. "Conticuere omnes." Virg. *Æn.* l. 2. init.
- 2, 277. "Narrantis conjux pendet ab ore viri." Ovid. *Epist.* l. v. 30.
- 3, 278. The royal palace, now that of the inquisition.
- 4, 279. In Spain, as the malefactors pass along the streets, it is cried before them—Such a one to be whipped, hanged, &c. for such a crime.
- 5, 282. The last king of the Goths in Spain, overthrown by the Moors.
- 6, 287. Here, in the original, is a jingle of words, "no para tomar el mono, sino lamona," which it is impossible to preserve in the translation. Mono signifies an ape, and mona, in familiar language, is used for being drunk,

Note Page

or drunkenness: perhaps, because men in liquor often play apish tricks.

CHAP. X.

- 1, 294. Literally, "the people of the town of Reloxa;" an imaginary town, formed from the word "relox," a clock or watch. The phrase is humorous in the original, and well adapted to the occasion, but would not have been intelligible in the translation.
- 2, 295. Tologo; a blunder of Sancho's for teologo, a divine.

CHAP. XI.

- 1, 300. Here again Sancho grows very saucy, and his master very patient; for the Don had left him in the lurch somewhat too abruptly for his character of intrepid, and therefore bears all Sancho says.
- 2, 301. The very language of Don Quixote himself, when he talked of arms and letters in the inn.

CHAP. XII.

- 1, 307. In Spain, so great is the reverence for those dirty gentlemen, that it is next to impious to refuse compliance with any thing they request.
- 2, 310. Sancho, aiming, as with a gun, at some mark on the shore, could perceive what way the boat was making.
- 3, 313. Literally, "there had been Troy for them both." "Aqui sue Troya," "here stood Troy," is a Spanish proverb denoting something ruined or destroyed.
- 4, 314. This adventure is evidently borrowed from Amadis de

Note Page

Gaul, (b. 9, ch. 77,) where Amadis de Greece and his damsel or squire Finistea take a fisherman's boat, and put to sea, at the mercy of the winds and waves, till they are thrown upon an island, where their boat is split into a thousand pieces against the rocks.

CHAP. XIV.

- 1, 324. "Zabori." A discoverer of mines, and who has a share in the property. A child born between Holy Thursday noon, and Good Friday noon, supposed to see seven yards into the ground. It is a popish old wife's fable, first learned from the Moors, and still believed by the vulgar in Spain and Portugal.
- 2, ib. A metaphor from card-playing.
- 3, 327. Literally, "in a tierce or a quint." An allusion to the game of piquet.
- 4, ib. It is the custom in Italy and Spain to bring water and a towel to strangers.
- 5, 328. The character of this ecclesiastic is probably a satire on some monk or clergyman, who had fallen foul of the author.
- 6, 329. Alluding to the game of piquet, in which the repique may be safe against the greatest cards in appearance.
- 7, 333. Literally, "soul of a pitcher."

CHAP. XV.

- 1, 343. Alluding to her jumping upon the ass.
- 2, 344. Of the territory of Zamora. The phrase is applied to poor people in general.
- 3, 348. A nickname of count Julian's daughter, who, having

Note Page

been ravished by king Rodrigo, occasioned the bringing of the Moors into Spain. Her true name was Florinda: but, as she was the cause of Spain being betrayed to the Moors, the name is left off by females of the human, and given only to those of the canine race.

4, 352. Literally, his soul is in his hand.

END OF VOL. III.



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